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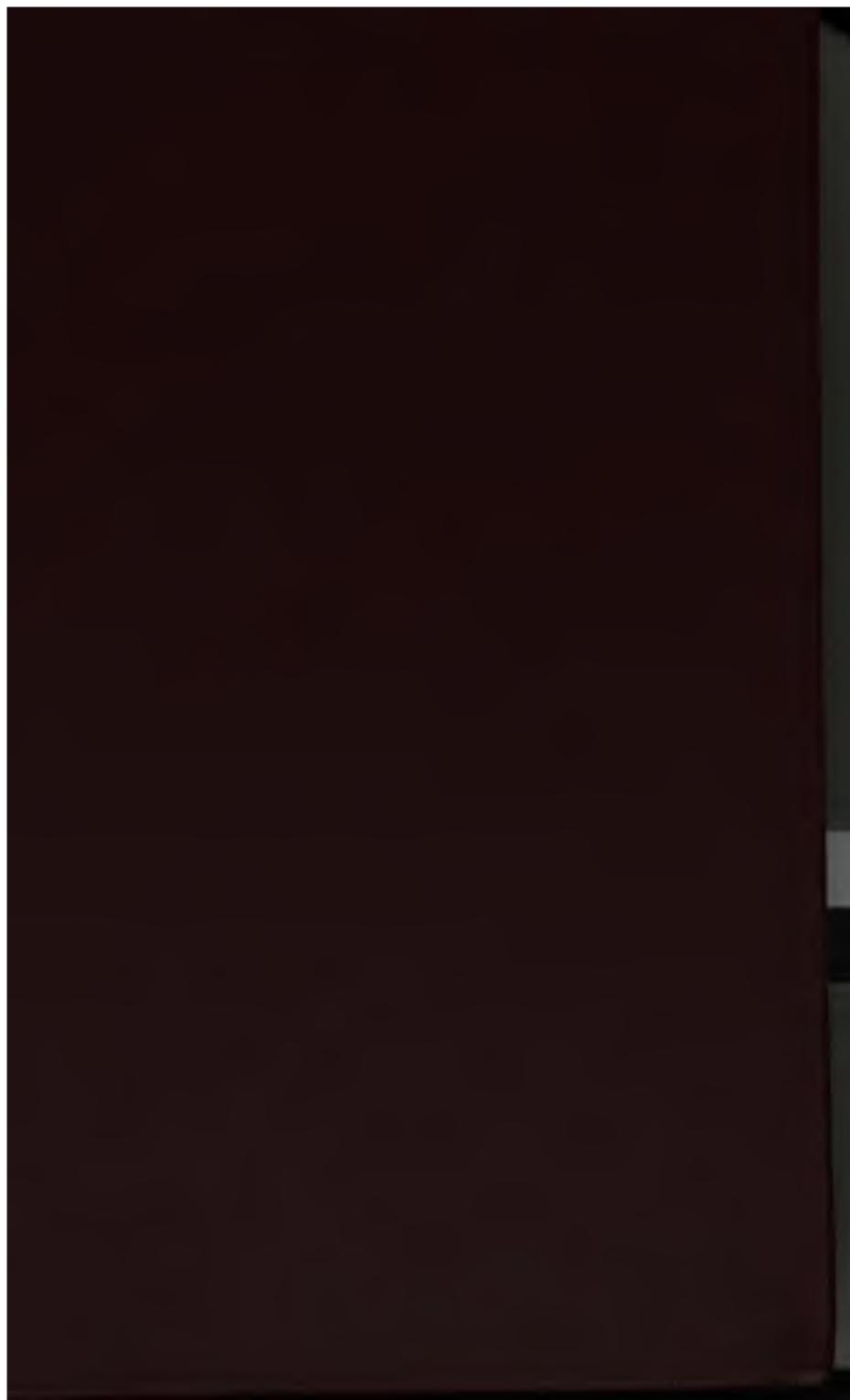
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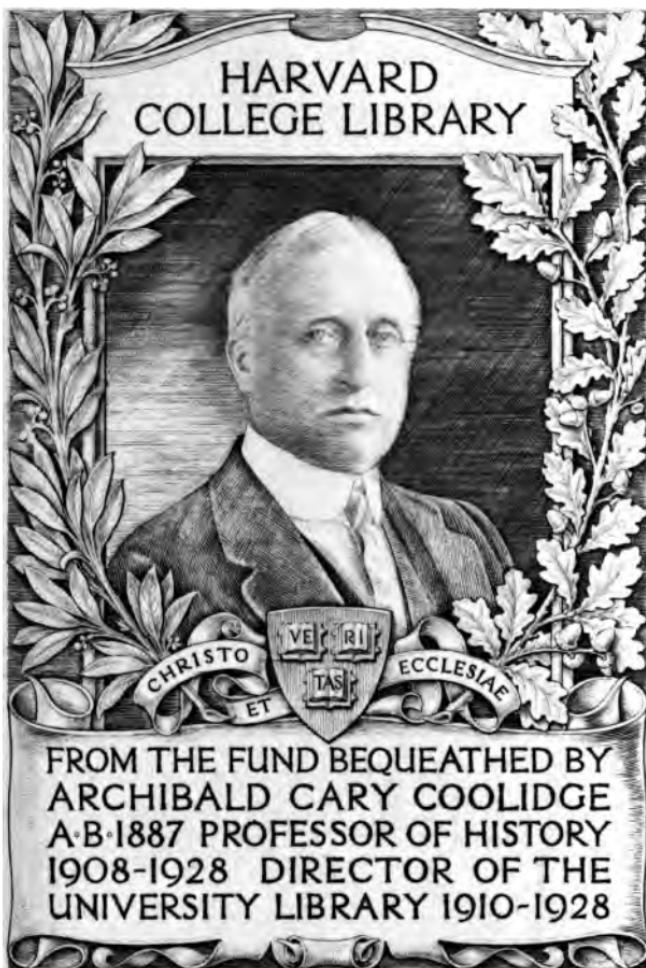
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CARNAC.—THEBES.

Ruins of the Great Hall of Rameses.

Land of the Morning



THE GOLDEN GATE.

"Do good in thy good pleasure to Zion ; build thou the walls of Jerusalem."—PSALM li. 10.

"When the Lord shall build up Zion, he shall appear in his glory"—PSALM cii. 18.

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Thoughts
ON THE
END OF THE MORNING;
A Record of ~~Our~~ Visits
TO
PALESTINE.

BY
H. B. Whitaker Churton, M.A.,
VICAR OF ICKLESHAM, SUSSEX;
CHAPLAIN TO THE LORD BISHOP OF CHICHESTER;
AND LATE PREACHER OF THE CHARTERHOUSE.

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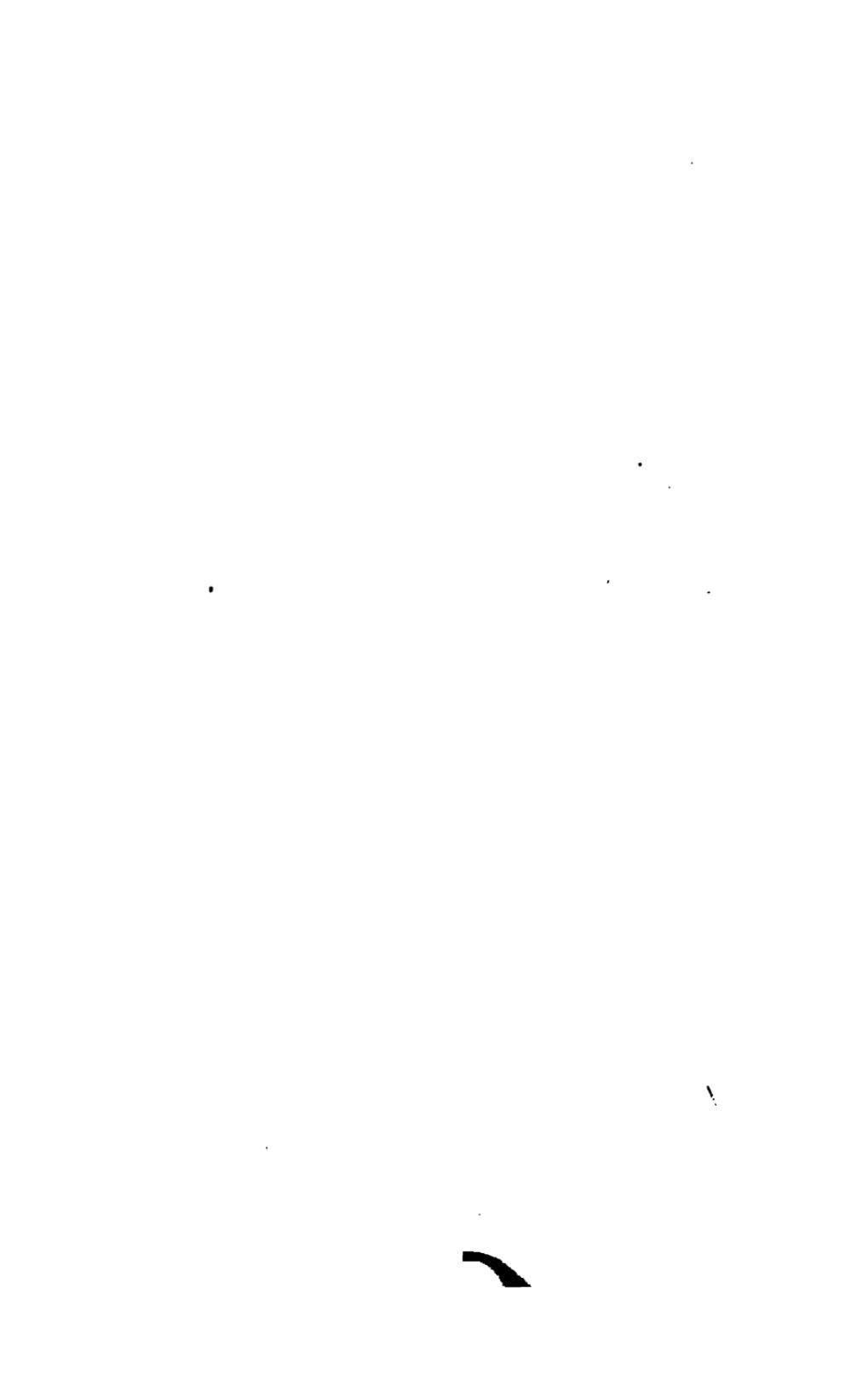
TO

AN ELDER BROTHER

These Pages

ARE AFFECTIONATELY

AND GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.



PREFACE.

THE following pages contain a simple, but it is hoped a not inaccurate record of two journeys, undertaken at three years' interval, to Palestine. The writer's object, however, has been to give such a view of the Land of the Morning, as may not merely describe its present darkness and desolation, but also point to brighter days to come. As once of old, it was from that country that the "Day-spring from on high" first visited the benighted nations of the earth; so it is his belief, from twenty years' study of Scripture, that light is yet to shine forth mediately from Jerusalem and from her people, and immediately from her King, in perhaps a yet darker day of the Gentiles, "when darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the nations." Then will an unwonted Morning arise upon the earth, when "it shall come to pass that at eventide there shall be light." And, as the writer is led to believe, then through the infinite mercy of God will a brighter morning once more appear, issuing from the Jews, and "beginning" as of old "at Jerusalem."

The moral position of England and her dependancies at the present period, is on all hands acknowledged to be unparalleled throughout history. England and her people are now to the world in some measure what Jerusalem and her people were to the surrounding nations eighteen hundred years ago, and previously, as "the light of the world," "the salt of the earth," and "a city set on a hill." No one perhaps, who has not been resident some time out of England, can enter fully into the feeling of deep gratitude and thankfulness, which a return to England, after absence in other countries, is calculated to produce. The English Church and nation, and the state of Christianity, and Christian principle generally throughout our country would seem, when contemplated in such a point of view, to preclude all discontent, and to make all murmurings and repinings appear not merely as base ingratitude, but even as absolute madness. Let it not be supposed that this statement is made to palliate our numberless deficiencies and inconsistencies, or our many and fearful national sins. Our state as a nation possessing so much knowledge of God and His revealed will, and yet showing so little love and obedience to Him, is fearful indeed. The writer would only urge the paramount duty of thankfulness, and of that character of content, which is perfectly consistent with earnest aspirations after something continually higher and better.

To the Jewish nation of old, one especial cause of
desolation, was their want of gratitude and thankfulness:
because thou servedst not the LORD thy God with
righteousness and gladness of heart, for the abundance of all
things."* As the pampered and fastidious may learn a
lesson from the poor and famishing; as the healthy may
learn the blessing of health from visiting the bed of sickness
and suffering: so may we in England learn a remedy
(unhappily we need it) for our repining over our
military and Civil condition, by visiting not only the
European continent, but the degraded nations and de-
teriorated Churches of the East, and observing even there
the Devil's intrusive yet wily tyranny.† But the time is
fast approaching when men's eyes will be turned from Rome to
Jerusalem.‡ Jerusalem has yet to fulfil in reality, what

* Deut. xxviii. 47.

† It would have involved too much extraneous matter to do more
than merely allude here to the long autocratic arm of the Czar of
Russia. That mysterious power while it sways the Greek Church,
even in its remotest members, seems daily acquiring fresh prominence
and strength to rise up eventually as the final but frustrated oppressor
of Israel. See Isaiah, liv. 15, 16, 17. Ezekiel, xxxviii. xxxix. 1-22.
Thankful, indeed, ought we to be, that in that fearful warfare the part
apparently to be taken by England and her dependencies ("the mer-
chants of Tarshish, and all the young lions thereof,") is opposition
and remonstrance rather than co-operation, in so unjustifiable an
invasion.

‡ It is to be feared that Jerusalem and Judea, since the days of

Rome has for many centuries boastfully professed. Rome has long presented in travesty by false assumption and mockery, what Jerusalem shall one day present in faithfulness, fullness, and truth. Yet even at the present moment, there is more of true Catholicity and true Unity to be found in England and her Church, and her spreading off-shoot the Episcopal Church of Ameriea, than in any other. Unlike the Roman or Greek Church, the Church of England, while she holds and pronounces what is Christian verity, anathematizes no other Church or body of Christians, either authoritatively or practically: on the contrary, by her societies—such *e.g.* as the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Church Missionary Society, and the Mission Societies of America, she promotes, and actually maintains such friendly inter-

the Crusaders, has in great measure ceased to occupy its place in the interest of the Christian Church: In 1349, a bidding prayer was in use, directing to pray “for the Patriarch of Jerusalem, for the Holy Land, and for the Holy Cross.” In 1483, we still find a prayer “for the Holy Land, and for the Holy Cross;” but in 1509—the prayer for the Holy Land is omitted, and only the prayer for the (material) Cross retained: so easy is it to retain the evil, and omit the good. (See Forms of Bidding Prayer—Oxford, 1840, pages 11, 29, 40.) Before the Reformation, there was a separate Collect for Good Friday, solely and specifically in behalf of the Jews: “We pray also for the Jews that believe not, that God would take away the veil from their hearts, &c.”

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course with the Greek, the Coptic, the Armenian and other Eastern Churches, as is best calculated, by setting before them the truth of God's word, to lead them away from their long-maintained errors. Our Liturgy, embodying more of Scripture, and of substantive Scriptural Truth, than any other existing and living Liturgy throughout the world, has been a most important means of presenting a code of Divine truth, and an example of sober yet fervent devotion to more nations of the world than any other, and has thus tended, however imperfectly, to a subordinate fulfilment of those gracious promises of an unity of faith and of worship throughout the world : "The LORD shall be king over all the earth : in that day shall there be one LORD and His Name one :"* "For then will I turn to the nations a pure language, that they may all call upon the Name of the LORD, to serve Him with one consent."† These, however, are prophecies in the Jewish Scriptures; and to the Jews in their full accomplishment do they belong.

The writer believes that the spiritual well-being and maintenance of essential doctrinal truth, by various communities and sects in England, is attributable in a far greater degree than is usually supposed or imagined, to the fixed Articles and established Liturgy of our Church. Our Prayer Book is often an unconscious standard : it serves to

* Zeechariah, xiv. 9.

† Zephaniah, iii. 9.

fix, settle, and make definite the faith, even of those who combat many of its details. Here, however, regarding Love as the present test of life and vitality, as well as the matter of the momentous inquiry in the Last Day's Judgment, the writer cannot omit alluding to the extensive Missionary exertions of the Wesleyans in the West Indies and elsewhere,—of the Baptists in Burmah, and in many ocean-islands, and of the “Board of Missions” of the Americans in the Levant, in Ooromiah, and elsewhere in the Far East. The Missions of America are founded and carried on with a strength and solidity, and upon a broad and firm basis, too often, alas! unknown to those of the mother country. Happy would it be for England, as a sender forth of Missions and Missionaries, if her committees at home, instead of setting on foot so many fresh Missionary stations, would rather direct their attention and efforts to strengthen, and render more efficient those which already exist. The Missionary efforts also of the Moravian Church are, humanly speaking, beyond all praise: their number of heathen congregations surpass the number of their own congregations, and their converts nearly double the number of their own body.

It may safely be asserted that our Church Missions, whether by the Society for Propagating the Gospel, the Church Missionary, or the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, are not supported to one-third the

extent, which their several claims deserve at the hands of our laity and our Church generally. The Clergy of our Church, are however, from various causes, becoming yearly more unable to contribute largely to these great objects. But is this the case with all, or most of our laity? England has opened her market to the world, but where is yet the proportionately free course and mission of the Gospel among all countries?

Soon, it may be, the evangelizing of the world will pass from Gentile to Jewish hands; and not England and London, but Judæa and Jerusalem will be the irradiating centre of the light of Christ's Truth. O let us do our work in our day; and while it is yet our day and our duty, let us up and be doing. Let us, while yet we may, and so far as we can, attend to and follow out the standing orders of our Chief Captain,—the parting command of our Lord, "going" or at least sending "into all the world, and preaching the Gospel to every creature," and "teaching all nations."

ICKLESHAM, *Whitsuntide*, 1851.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

THE plan and purpose of God's providence over the various nations of the earth, as regards the offer of salvation already or hereafter to be made to them, is a subject which deserves our most earnest inquiry. We are told in that very remarkable song and prophecy, the Song of Moses—a type (to say the least of it) of the song of the redeemed, that from the very first, the arrangement and apportioning of the different nations of the earth was so ordered as all to have reference to one nation in particular :

“When the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance,
When he separated the sons of Adam,
He fixed the bounds of the nations
According to the number of the children of Israel.”

DEUT. xxxii. 8.

And we may consider such arrangements as extensively and successively developed alike in all Biblical and in all profane history. Regarding, however, such a declaration

as a clue to what may be termed the religious national history of the world, we find in the Word of God, both in the Old and New Testament, justice is everywhere done alike to Jew and to Gentile, and boundless mercy shewn to both. It, therefore, cannot but be highly displeasing to Him, who is the Father of mercies to both, if we view and interpret His Word with a prejudice in our own favour as Gentiles, without considering the intimations of His mercy to the Jews. Such injustice is at once more palpable and more insidious in our dealing with the expressions of the New Testament;—more palpable, because we ~~cannot~~ deny to the Jew what is (so to speak) more our own to give;—more insidious, because, being our own, we may fallaciously persuade ourselves that the Jew has, therefore, nationally, no share in it.

Waiving, then, for the present, the promises to Israel contained in the Old Testament, do we find no *indications* of similar promises to Israel in the New Testament?—no *incidental recognitions* here of a former arrangement as still existing and maintained?

Let us, for the sake of illustration, suppose a legal document conveying certain rights and privileges to all the nations of Europe, but with particular *allusions* to England and the dynasty of Queen Victoria, reaching back indirectly a thousand years to the days of Alfred. At the same time, let us suppose, also, the existence of a still

more ancient document, affecting *more exclusively* England and her sovereigns, and conveying to this our land and its ruler special privileges and honours. Such, as it seems, is the light in which we should view the position of Israel, in order to secure ourselves from the blindness of self-love, and to lead us to contemplate God's promises to *them* with the same interest as if they were our own. Such, at least, was the spirit of David; should it not be ours also?

“O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity !
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count Thy people's triumph mine.”

PSALM cvi. 4, 5.

For greater clearness, let us classify the various texts and allusions to Israel in the New Testament, under four particulars :

- I. Her King.
- II. Her Princes.
- III. Her People.
- IV. Her City.

I. The KINGSHIP of the Messiah is a subject pervading, more or less, the whole of the New Testament. He is spoken of, not only as King of Saints, but more frequently and specially as King of Israel, and King of the Jews.

Thus by the angel Gabriel, before his birth, He is foretold to the blessed Virgin, as one to whom "the Lord God shall give the throne of his father David," and who "shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever." (St Luke i. 32, 33.)

And similar to this is the *tone* of the song of Zecharias, where, being filled with the Holy Spirit and prophesying, he "blesses the Lord God of Israel" for having "raised up an *horn* of salvation for them in the house of his servant David," &c. (St. Luke, i. 68, 69.) The impression and natural expectation of those who heard such an expression would be a powerful *ruler*, who should deliver the nation of Judah and Israel. (See v. 71, 74.)*

What, moreover, was the inquiry of the divinely-guided wise men, shortly after His birth? "Where," they ask in Jerusalem, "is he that is born King of the Jews?" If, as early tradition asserts, and as is intimated in Isaiah lx. 3, the Magi were Kings themselves, their inquiry as Gentile Kings is the more observable. As kings of the nations, they seek and worship, as all kings shall finally worship,† the King of the Jews. Our Lord Himself subsequently

* By comparison of St. Matt. i. 23, with Isaiah vii. 14, and viii. 8, it is plain that Jesus is Immanuel, that His land is Immanuel's land, and that Immanuel's land is pre-eminently Judea. (See also D. Kimchi's Commentary on Isaiah vii. viii.)

† See Psalm lxxii. 10, 11.

acknowledges His kingdom (1.) in the parable of the pounds; (2.) in His triumphal entry to Jerusalem; and (3.) in His discourse with Pilate.

(1.) The parable alluded to was delivered, we are told, to correct the mistaken notion, that the kingdom of God should *immediately* appear, our Lord being now near to Jerusalem. In this parable, our blessed Saviour describes himself as departing *without*, but returning *with*, a kingdom. The natural inference from the passage in its context surely is, that hereafter that kingdom, inasmuch as He returns to the same parties, will appear either in, or connected with, Jerusalem. (St. Luke xix. 11, 12, 15.)

(2.) The triumphal entry into Jerusalem was accompanied by acclamations and shouts of praise to her King—the King of Zion and Jerusalem, (Zech. ix. 9,)—acclamations which our Saviour both refused to rebuke, and also did not correct, as faulty or mistaken: “Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord.” (St. Luke, xix. 38.) And in St. Mark we find these still more distinct expressions: “Blessed be the kingdom of our father David, that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest.” (St. Mark, xi. 10.)

And, (3.) in answer to Pilate’s inquiry, our Lord owns His kingdom; but adds, “*now* is my kingdom not from hence.” (St. John, xviii. 36.) And it was no doubt divinely ordered that Pilate, though requested to do so,

refused to alter the writing upon the cross, and would not permit the title to be so changed as to become a mere accusation. What he had written, he had written, and would not alter: "THIS IS JESUS, THE KING OF THE JEWS." (St. Matt. xxvii. 37; St. John, xix. 19-22.) And after His resurrection, his reply to the disciples (Acts, i. 6,) was not a denial that He would eventually restore the kingdom to Israel, but a deferring and concealment of the future time and season of such restoration: "It is not for *you* to know the times or the seasons," &c. It seems plain, then, from these and many other passages of the New Testament, (*e. g.* St. John, i. 49-51; Acts, ii. 30; xiii. 22, 23, 34; xv. 16,) that a Davidical and Israelitic kingdom is yet to be revealed, and that the King of that kingdom is Christ.*

But, II., not only is a King of Israel revealed in the New Testament, but under Him are certain PRINCES and judges. Our blessed Lord distinctly promises to St. Peter and his brother Apostles twelve thrones of judgment. And the sphere of this their authority is distinctly defined—a tribe to an apostle and an apostle to a tribe. "Ye also shall sit on twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of

* Ben Ezra, the Spanish Romanist, applies the prophetic descriptions of Rev. xii. to the Jewish Church, and understands v. 5 of Christ's spiritual birth among them. (Compare Gen. xxxvii. 9-11; also Isaiah, lxvi. 7-9.)

Israel." (St. Matt. xix. 27, 28.) And the same promise, first made to them as His followers, is afterwards, just before His suffering, most touchingly repeated to them as His companions in tribulation: "Ye are they which have continued with me in my temptations. And I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me; that ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom, and sit on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel." (St. Luke, xxii. 28-30.)* And here it is obvious to notice, that if the apostles are thus to be princes and judges of Israel, Christ their Lord must be (as Nathaniel owned Him to be) the King of Israel, and that the kingdom in which He is King and they are princes, must be emphatically and pre-eminently the kingdom of Israel.

III. And this thought leads us on to the consideration of such promises in the New Testament as affect Israel as a PEOPLE. We may begin with Mary's inspired song of praise, in echoing answer, as it were, to the declaration of the Angel Gabriel, already alluded to. That prophetic song concludes with these memorable words: "He hath holpen (*i. e.* raised by the hand, as weak, or from the ground) his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy; as he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed for ever." (St. Luke i. 54, 55.) And on this same point St. Paul states broadly that the covenants and promises of God are

* Compare Isaiah xxvii. 1; Psalm xlvi. 16; and Psalm cxxii. 5.

Israel's, not merely issuing *from them*, but appertaining and belonging *to them*. Theirs is the adoption of sons, and theirs is the glory;* theirs are the covenants; theirs are the promises. The terms here used are too wide, too comprehensive to allow of our restricting them to the Old Testament only. (Rom. ix. 4.)† And when brought before Agrippa, St. Paul grounds his defence upon the general hope of his nation: “I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our Fathers: unto which promise our twelve tribes instantly serving God day and night hope to come.” (Acts, xxvi. 6, 7.) Can we say that this hope, as a national hope and as a national promise, has yet been fulfilled? Or can we suppose that St. Paul herein was deceiving himself with a false hope by a misinterpretation of the promise? Or, again, can we imagine St. Peter deceived, when, on the evening, as is probable, of that same day of Pentecost on which the Holy Spirit was given, he thus addressed his brother Israelites: “Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord; and he shall send Jesus Christ, which before was preached unto you: whom

* Compare St. Luke, ii. 32.

† The promises to Israel contained in Rom. xi. are separately considered in the Sermon on Rom. xi. 24, preached before the University of Oxford. See p. 324.

the heaven must receive until the times of restitution of all things, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began." (Acts, iii. 19-21).

These seasons of refreshing—these times of the restoring and setting right of all things, promised principally, if not solely, through the lips of Israelites, and addressed by St. Peter to a Jewish audience—cannot surely, in fairness, be interpreted without a special reference to Israel. By whom, to this very hour, are "times of refreshing" more needed, than by them? Who upon earth—not even excepting the decayed Eastern Churches—more need a reinstatement into what they have lost, than Israel? Who, if enlightened by God's Holy Spirit, would long more earnestly than they for the times of restitution of all things? Not only is their land, and home, and kingdom lost: they have lost far more than these. The Scripture treasures, written by their own countrymen, have passed into other hands; the Gospel written by them is in the keeping of others; the Messiah, preached first by men of their own nation, has become more ours than theirs for nearly twice a thousand years.

But shall it be so for ever? Are the first and rightful owners of the New Testament Scriptures to continue always as aliens? Assuredly not. Our own New Testament Scriptures, while they plainly and repeatedly make it known everywhere that the salvation of God is sent to

as Gentiles, yet clearly intimate that, as Israel's Messiah should, through their unbelief, become ours, so shall, hereafter, our Messiah be acknowledged to be theirs. St. Paul plainly tells us, that although to this day, "when Moses is read, the veil is upon their hearts," yet "when it shall turn to the Lord, the veil shall be taken away." Is there not here a latent national blessing—a distinct intimation that a day is yet coming when Israel shall be no longer blinded, but, turning to the Lord, the veil shall be taken away?*

Moreover, a definite time is fixed for the withdrawing the curse, which definite time cannot but be the commencement of a blessing to *them*, whose inheritance is a distinguishing blessing: "I will bless them that bless thee" (Gen. xii. 3). And again: "Blessed is he that blesseth thee" (Num. xxiv. 9). St. Paul tell us, with the distinct purpose that we as Gentiles should be kept humble by this assurance, that "blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in" (Rom. xi. 25). As surely, then, as the day will come when the fulness of the Gentiles shall have come in, so certainly will that blindness be taken away, and Israel shall behold in Jesus of Nazareth *their* Messiah and ours.

But it will be urged, that Israel's national conversion

* 2 Cor. iii. 12-16. Compare also Isaiah, xxv. 6-8 with Rom. xi. 15.

or acceptance of Jesus as their Messiah, does not imply their restoration to a land of temporal promise. Christianity, it may be objected, supplies spiritual hopes and spiritual promises. Israel, therefore, when converted, will look, not to Canaan, but to heaven. To this we will not urge the antecedent and apparent proprieties of the case, that *where* our Lord was rejected, there He should be received —*where* He was set at nought, there He should be set on high. Let us refer rather to our Lord's own statements—His own words in St. Luke especially, in that which may be regarded as peculiarly a Gospel for us Gentiles.

And this brings us,

IV., to promises made to the CITY. Here let us again for a moment transpose the case to our own country and capital—to England and London. Let us in thought substitute for a moment our own metropolis, London, as spoken of and addressed in the following passage: “It cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not! Behold your house is left unto you desolate: and verily I say unto you, Ye shall not see me, until the time come when ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord” (Luke, xiii. 33-35). According as we would interpret this concluding

promise, were it in favour of our metropolis at some period yet future, so, and in no other manner, let us, in fairness, apply it to Jerusalem herself. Neither is this an isolated, solitary text. We find our Lord uses similar expressions, though not quite so full and so express, upon another occasion, in St. Matthew: “O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. For I say unto you, Ye shall not see me henceforth, till ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord” (Matt. xxiii. 37-39).

Moreover, we are not left wholly in uncertainty as to the time when Jesus shall be hailed by Jerusalem as her Saviour, her King, and her God. Our Lord's own words afterwards point to the close of the desolation of the city—the time when their house shall no longer be left to them desolate. He plainly intimates that the trampling upon Jerusalem by the Gentiles shall not be for ever: * “They” (the Jewish people) “shall be led away captive into all nations, and Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled”

* It is observable, that even after the crowning guilt of the crucifixion, Jerusalem is still called “the Holy City.”—St. Matt. xxvii. 52, 53.

(St. Luke, xxi. 23, 24). Can we, as Gentile Christians, read this, and yet suppose, or act as if we supposed, that our time is to last for ever, and Jerusalem's day return never? Is it possible to look upon ourselves nationally and ecclesiastically, and fondly dream of perpetual national mercy to ourselves, and restored mercy to Israel never? Or can we view, in its fair connexion, such a declaration as is contained in Psalm cii. 13-22, and yet vaguely suppose that Zion and Jerusalem simply mean ours or any other Gentile Church in desolation and distress?* If we are permitted, as undoubtedly we are, by appropriation, to consider every Christian congregation a Jerusalem, and every Christian Church a Zion, yet let us not defraud the CITY OF THE GREAT KING of her royal and rightful prerogative;† nor say of ourselves, in like pride with her people of old, "The temple of the LORD, the temple of the LORD, the temple of the LORD are these."‡ The strength of our Gentile Church rests in humility towards our elder and disinherited brother, and in Scriptural justice and fairness to Israel and Jerusalem, whether spoken of in the Old or in the New Testament. We, as Gentiles, shall lose nothing, but gain much, by allowing to Israel and to Jerusalem their due prominence and their distinct share in the everlasting

* Compare also the remarkable closing repetition of Psalms xiv. and liii.

† St. Matt. v. 35.

‡ Jeremiah, vii. 1-4.

promises.* There are judgments clearly and closely awaiting the Gentile Church sufficient to make "the ears of every one that heareth them to tingle."† Our escape and safety lies in submission and humility—in humble diligence, and hearty devotedness—"to-day, while it is called to-day," ere the dawning day of the repentant Jew bring with it the national doom of the unrepentant Gentile.

As the latter chapters of this work bear upon the restoration of the Jewish capital, so, inferentially, they bear also upon the return of the Messiah. The writer cannot refrain from noticing how different is the interest shown usually by the Jew upon this subject, from the interest commonly felt and shown by Christians. To the Jew, except to such as are sunk in a careless Rationalism, the subject of Messiah's coming awakens all his liveliest hopes and brightest anticipations: upon the bare mention of it he is at once alive and interested. The Christian, on the other hand, though he expects no less, but rather greater

* See Mudge's "Essay on Missions," pp. 60-78. London, 1842.

† *E.g.* Isaiah, xxiv. 17-23; lxv. 15, 16; Jer. xlvi. 28; li. 19-26; Joel, iii. 9-16; Obadiah, 15-17; Micah, iv. 13; v. 8, 9, 15; vii. 16, 17; Zeph. iii. 8.

benefit and blessing than the Jew, for the most part regards that event with comparative coldness and indifference : he calculates what he supposes the probably intervening events, and satisfies himself with a general idea and persuasion that it will not be in his days—that it cannot be *now*.

Surely it was not always so. The Apostles and early Church seem in their simple faith to have expected their Lord's return from year to year, and from day to day with the definiteness and distinctness with which the Jews now expect Elijah, rather than with the vague and ill-defined expectations of Christians generally at the present day. Now that nearly two thousand years have rolled away since His departure, is it not to be feared that our state of mind resembles too nearly that of the scoffers, whom Saint Peter describes as asking “Where is the promise of His coming,” rather than the mind indicated by the Psalmist, or the beloved Disciple? The former implies that His present state is as night: “My soul waiteth for the LORD more than they that watch for the morning.” The latter closes his book of prophetic history with such an earnest prayer as this: “Even so, come, Lord Jesus.”

The writer believes, that among other means of rendering our views of the return of our blessed Lord more definite, and consequently more affecting, and practically effective, the study of Jewish prophecy in connection with

the New Testament, is by no means the least or lowest. It is a happy and hallowing thought to forget death, as the New Testament comparatively forgets, and, as it were, ignores it to the Christian, in the brighter and nearer thought of our Lord's return. The expectation of that return, while it brings us, as it were, on the very confines of heaven, brings us also upon common ground with the Jew. We expect a Messiah; we, too, look for a Jerusalem: we, too, with the forefathers of the Jews, "look for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." We have, as they, definite and distinct promises of a King, and a City, and a Kingdom, and a Dominion. Let us show by our words, our ways, and our actions, that our desires and anticipations are as clear, as distinct, and definite as theirs. Let us live as "seeking a city to come,"* as praying for a "Kingdom to come,"† and as actually and earnestly looking for the coming of our King, of Whom we daily own in faithful thanksgiving, "Thine is the kingdom."

ICKLESHAM, *Whitsuntide*, 1852.

* See Hebrews, xiii, 14., with Gal. iv., 26. † St. Matt. vi., 10, 13.

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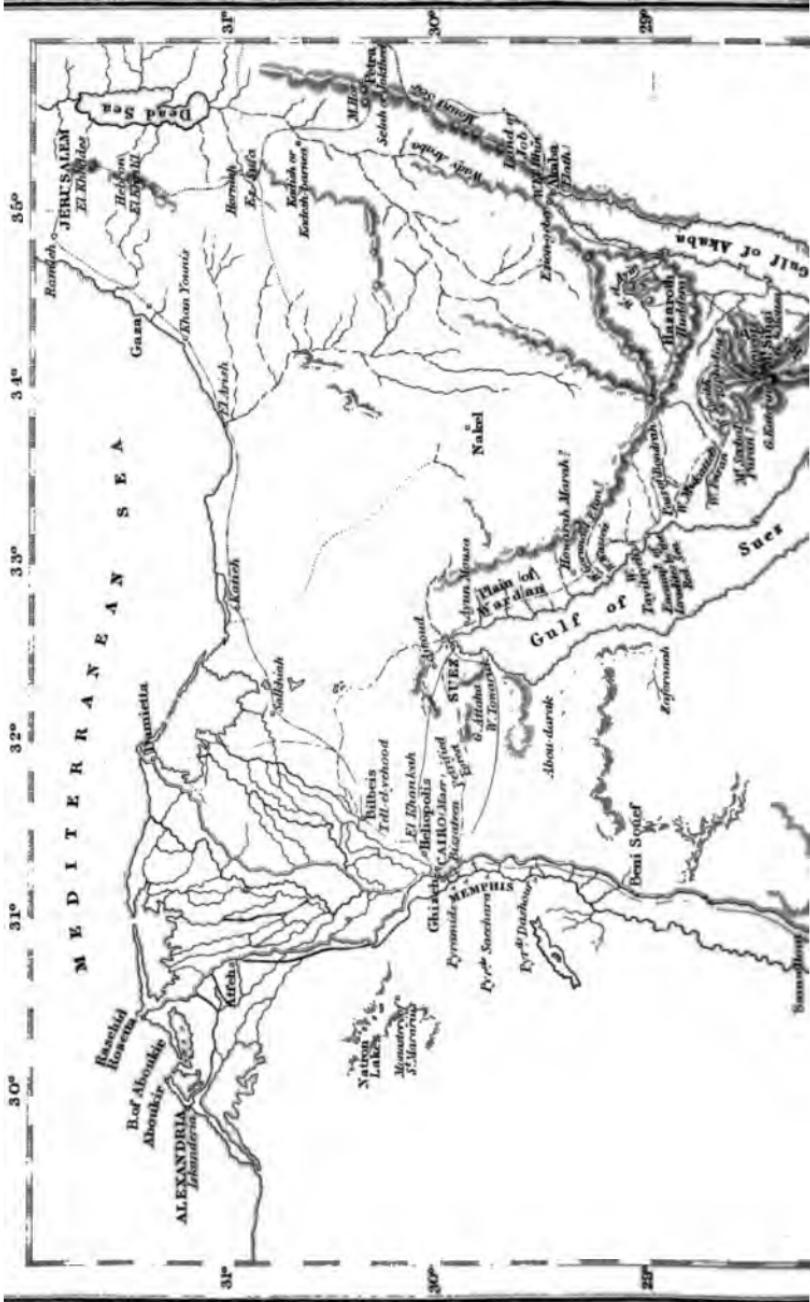
•• The writer is sorry he cannot assent to the claim urged by Mr. Pool in his recent work, *Horæ Ægyptiacæ*, alluded to in pages 12 and 60, in favour of the Septuagint Chronology, in preference to the received Hebrew Chronology of the Old Testament. Far too high antiquity is claimed for the early monuments of Egypt in Memphis and Thebes, and elsewhere. Sir Gardner Wilkinson's dates appear to approximate much nearer to the truth.

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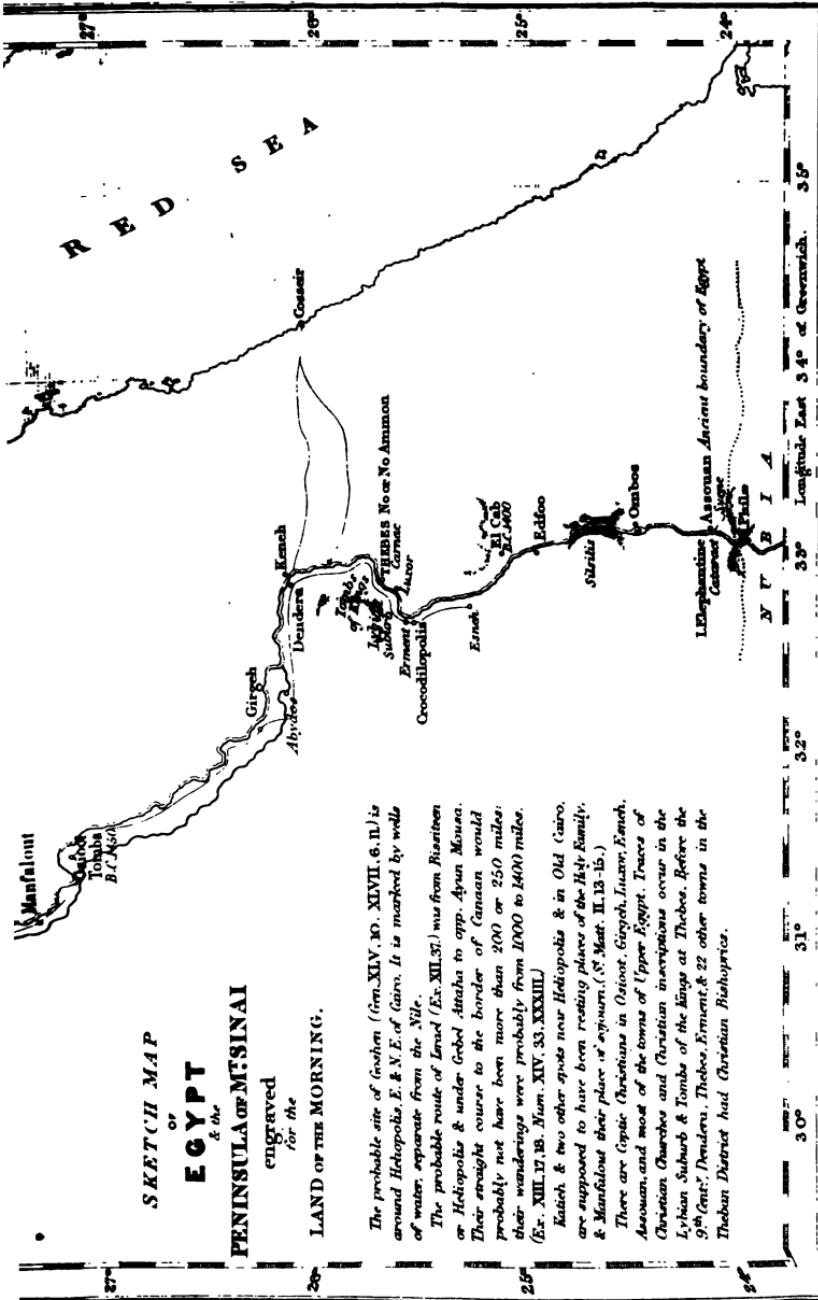
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M E D I A R A N S E A



SKETCH MAP
 OR
Egypt
 & the
 PENINSULA OF SINAI
 engraved
 for the
 LAND OF THE MORNING.



The probable site of *Israhel* (Ex. XIV. 6. II.) is around Heliopolis, E. & N.E. of Cairo. It is marked by wells of water, separate from the Nile.

The probable route of *Israel* (Ex. XII. 37) was from Rameses or Heliopolis & under Gebel Ataba to opp. Apam. Moab. Their straight course to the border of Canaan would probably not have been more than 200 or 250 miles: their wanderings were probably from 1000 to 1400 miles. (Ex. XII. 17. Num. XX. 33. XXXII.)

Kaitch & two other sites near Heliopolis & in Old Cairo, are supposed to have been resting places of the Hyksos family, & Mansufat their place of sepulture. (S. Mat. II. 13-15.)

There are Coptic *Hierarchies* in Sais, Girgeh, Iunus, Finch, Aswan, and most of the towns of Upper Egypt. Traces of Christian Churches and *Christian inscriptions* occur in the Lybian Suburb & Tombs of the Kings at Thebes. Before the 9th Cent. Dendara, Thebes, Erment, & 22 other towns in the Theban District had Christian Bishropries.

Limenite, ancient boundary of Egypt



THOUGHTS
ON THE
LAND OF THE MORNING.

CHAPTER I.

"The **LORD** shall be known to Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the **LORD** in that day."—**ISAIAH, xix. 21.**

"Now with the cross, as with a staff alone,
Religion, like a pilgrim, westward bent,
Knocking at all doors ever as she went.
To Egypt first she came."—**GEORGE HERBERT.**

HAVING been urged by my physician to spend the winter abroad, and being thus for a while providentially removed from my regular sphere of duty, I could find no greater satisfaction out of England than in revisiting, after an interval of three years, the eastern lands of the Bible—the early homes of our faith. Accordingly I left England late in the Autumn of 1849. Our party consisted of five—two ladies and three gentlemen. The former will be designated in the following pages as K. and A.; the latter as T., W., and H. After an interesting visit to

the Vaudois Valleys of Piedmont, of which some account may shortly appear in a separate volume, we spent Christmas at Malta. A gloom was, however, cast upon the whole English society in the island, owing to the recent tidings of the death of the lamented Queen Adelaïde. It was sadly interesting to hear sermons to her memory in the noble church raised by her munificence at Valetta.*

Before New-Year's Day we found ourselves in the harbour of Alexandria, and so far on our way to that once-favoured Land of the Morning, where "the Dayspring from on high" first visited our fallen and benighted race. Already we were on scriptural ground: the place reminded us of the Ptolemies and the Septuagint, and of Apollos, mighty in the Scriptures, of St. Mark, and above all, of Him whose early infancy was passed in exile in the land whose shores we had now reached.

Just before entering the harbour, the lovely azure-blue of the bright sky-coloured Mediterranean suddenly changes to a dull and muddy green. But our eyes were now drawn away to the high floating flags of the different European consulates, and to the various shipping, traders, and Turkish men-of-war, in the harbour—to poor Mchemet Ali's new but now dismantled palace, and (last but not least) to the numerous and varied eastern costumes now crowding around us.

* Along the eastern portico, somewhat retired from public view, runs the following simple inscription:—

"D. O. M. ECCLESIAM HANC COLLEGIATAM ADELAIDA REGINA
GRATO ANIMO DICAVIT. MDCCXLIV."

We had left Malta on Wednesday evening ; and, as the voyage usually occupies nearly four days, it was now two o'clock on Sunday afternoon—the last Sunday of the year—before we crossed between the foaming breakers which on either side mark the narrow entrance of the harbour of Alexandria.

On a former occasion, in March, 1847, we had seen here a large number of the Pasha's line-of-battle ships lying at anchor, and the edge of the quay was then lined with about twenty or thirty camels, kneeling in readiness to receive a burden, like a coach-load, of "overland" boxes, iron-strengthened chests, and portmanteaus, water-proof bags, &c. Now, the coast was comparatively clear ; and under the guidance of Hassan Ali, a young Nubian from the first cataract, we made our way to the English church. The service had already commenced, and the first words we heard on entering were, "Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem ; praise thy God, O Sion." As Palestine and Jerusalem were our object, these words occurring first on our landing were, perhaps, the more noticed, as the last sermon we had heard in Malta was on the text, "They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward." It was in this service that we joined for the first time in the form of prayer for the Sultan of Constantinople and the Pasha of Egypt.*

* The prayer for the Sultan, used also at Cairo, Jerusalem, Jaffa, Beyrouth, and elsewhere in Syria, where English congregations assemble, is as follows :—"O Lord God Almighty, who rulest over all the kingdoms of the nations, and in whose hand is power and might : Give Thy grace and blessing to his Majesty the Ruler of this Empire under whose sceptre we are graciously permitted to worship Thee in

Monday, December 31st. On going to the British Consul's, we found him engaged with others on a committee for St. Mark's Church. It stands on a noble site, liberally given by Mehemet Ali, extending to about three acres. When the walls were rising, the somewhat singular sight might frequently be observed of Mahometan labourers on the walls of a Christian church performing their devotions towards Mecca. All employed were Mahometans, except the builder, an Italian, and Mr. Wild, the architect. It is in a kind of Byzantine or Greco-Arabic style: the stone is from Malta; which, however, is less durable, it is feared, than the stone of the country, although more easily procured. While at the meeting, tidings were brought of a grant of £400 from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Government have, I believe, given £1500. It is to be hoped that this building, intended for English service for the British residents and travellers passing to and from India, may be opened eventually for a service in

peace and quietness. Grant him long to live in happiness, and to govern the nations subject to his rule with benignity, wisdom, and righteousness. Lead him into the way of peace, that we and all Thy people in this vast empire may continue to lead a quiet and peaceful life in all godliness; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Mchemet Ali, although I am not aware that, like Darius (see Ezra, vi. 10), he requested the prayers of aliens and of another faith, yet did not object to being prayed for by Christians. Abbas Pasha has civilly declined; and the prayer we heard was used inadvertently, and has since, I conclude, been discontinued. The Jews in Babylon were directed to pray for Babylon, and inclusively, of course, for its king. Their prayer was remarkably answered in Nebuchadnezzar. (See Jer. xxix. 7; Dan. iv. 34-37; and 1 Tim. ii. 1, 2.)

Arabic, as at Cairo and Jerusalem. Should a Jewish missionary be stationed here, a Hebrew service might also be added. Who can say what benefit might hence, in course of time, arise to the more conscientious Mahometan, as well as the Jew, who, among other causes, are both (as worshippers of one God) repelled from Christianity by the idolatrous practices of the Latin and Oriental churches around them? After the usual visits to Cleopatra's Needle, and to Pompey's Pillar, we went in the afternoon into a small palm-grove of mixed date-palms and bananas, and got into conversation with the owner. He said he had one hundred and seventy-five trees, making a return of £40 or £50 yearly, according as there are many or few people in Alexandria. Sometimes, he says, when the demand has been great, he has made as much as £70 or £75. This statement was, I suppose, not the nett, but the gross return. The plentiful, thick-hanging, brownish red clusters under the wide circular-spreading frond, seemed to impress us strongly with a sense of the abundant and bountiful providence of God. Every part of the palm is useful: the leaves for baskets, the leaf-stems for cafasses—(the wicker-work box or crate of the country)—the fruit-stems for strong ropes, the knotted trunk for water-courses. On asking, "How old are the trees?" he made answer, "Like man, they are good for fifty years; then they are of no use, but die away." What a blessed contrast to this is the condition of the true Christian, who, in this respect excelling the palm, "brings forth more fruit in his old age!" Or, as Diodati well expresses it (Psalm, xcii. 14), "Nell' estrema vecchiezza ancor frutteranno."

Afterwards we went with Hanafi Effendi, who is connected with the Transit Office, to call on his friend Raffaello Effendi, who bears the high-sounding title of "Minister of the Naval Affairs of Egypt." We found him busy in court, but went, by invitation, to his house at five. Seated on his divan, we partook of the usual routine of liqueur with sweetmeats, coffee, &c., the former served by the Effendi, the latter by his little boy Theodore, a nice lad about eleven or twelve, who, in withdrawing our emptied cup, gracefully kissed our hand. His father is a Roman Catholic Copt. The next day I called and brought the little fellow a story-book in French, *La Route Perdue*. He pressed me to enter, but I had not time.

At a New-Year's Day dinner at Mr. Chassaud's the Vice-consul, we met Mr. Gilbert, the Consul. It was remarked that Abbas Pasha has dismissed several French officials who held office at Cairo and here under Mehemet Ali. This accounts for his being in little favour with France. He is also more of a Mahometan than Mehemet Ali. There are, it is said, about 2000 Jews, or 500 Jewish families, in Alexandria, chiefly in good circumstances. They have, I believe, four synagogues. No very favourable account is given of the Armenians. There are a few here; but in Constantinople the Turks are said, as regards matters of business and finance, to be quite in their power. There is a saying at Genoa, "One Genoese, a match for two Jews;" and again, "Nato a Genoa; allevato a Malta; cresciuto in Grecia." "But," said an Italian at dinner to-day, "one Armenian will get round ten Jews, and any number of Turks." Any reproach, however, cast upon an entire body or class of men is

deservedly of little weight. The American missionaries of the Levant (Mr. Dwight and others) speak very highly of the Armenians for honesty and uprightness. The pure truths of Christianity seem to have found much readier entrance among them than among the Greeks. Two Armenian priests, who had, by means of studying the Scriptures, been convinced of the errors held in their own church, expressed their resolution to maintain the truth by declaring, to the party threatening them with persecution, that they might, if they pleased, chop them in pieces like tobacco, but that nothing should induce them again to teach as truth the errors from which they had been now delivered.

No monuments of extreme antiquity exist in Alexandria. Not far from the new church of St. Mark is an old hieroglyphic stone, perhaps of 500 years b.c. The Austrian Consul's house and exotic garden is said to occupy the site of the famous library of the Ptolemies ; burnt rolls having been dug up there, it is said, together with other evidence to identify the spot. Franks resident here say they know the faces of natives, but not names ; for all have different names each, and nicknames, and every third or fourth person is a Mahomet, or Hassan, or Ali, or Ibrahim, &c. For instance, our Nubian Hassan's nickname is *Saad allail* (night lion), from his courageousness,—a quality, however, which, whether he possessed or not, we had no opportunity of testing.

Cairo, January 4th, 1850. We arrived here safe, after a journey from Alexandria of about twenty-nine hours, leaving it at nine a.m. the day before yesterday, and arriving

at Boulàk, the port of Cairo, about two P.M. yesterday. A suspension bridge is commenced at about five miles below Cairo, at the embankment which shuts off the eastern branch of the Nile. As I gazed on the pier at Boulàk to see if our old friend, our former dragoman, Ibrahim Salim, might perchance be among them, I heard his "How d'ye do, sir?" close to me, and his swarthy hand was stretched out towards me with hearty welcome. On board the steamer was a rice merchant, named Hanhòri, from Damietta, quite an oriental gentleman, with magnificent cashmere girdle, and fingers glittering with large brilliant rings. There was also a young Jew of Leghorn: he spoke of there being "twelve per cent of Jews" in that city of 80,000 or 90,000, equal to 9,500. On conversing with him, he said that he was satisfied there was one God, and that "it would be a disgrace to him (per me sarebbe un' avvilimento) to read or even to think of Christianity." I tried to show how Christianity agreed with the prophets. Among others on board was a young Greek of Latakia in Syria: his frequent answer to any inquiry as to his future movements, &c., was, "Iddio lo sa." There was also a young Copt of Cairo, named Armenius Thaddrous (Theodorus), aged twenty-one, recently at Mr. Lieder's school. He maintained (as is no doubt true) that the Copts were the ancient owners and natives of Egypt, and said also that there were many MSS. at Osioot, in the monasteries there. Volumes, however—such, for instance, as worn-out service books of their liturgy—of no great antiquity, are frequently produced on inquiry after manuscripts. On leaving Alexandria we soon saw on our left the plains and bay of Aboukir; shortly after, we noticed on the right

bank of canal three large falcons hovering round and round the carcase of a camel, reminding us of St. Luke, xvii. 37. About five P.M. we arrived at Atfeh, the juncture of the Mehmoudieh Canal, with the Nile. Entering it by three flood-gates, we pass on to a little Nile steamer, also under the Pasha's colours, red pendant with white crescent and star. On leaving the canal, eight or ten swarthy-armed Egyptians tug round our drawn boat, crying in a half wild chant repeatedly, "O Allah, help us!" At ten a gibbous and rather clouded moon rose on our left over the masts of a sunken *Dahabiyyeh*, a recent Nile wreck. We passed the night, however, without accident to our somewhat crowded steamer, and by about ten o'clock the next morning the Ghizeh pyramids were in sight in blue distance. On board the "Delta" steamer we noticed the poor furnace men at their meal of *pilau* (rice with butter, oil, &c.). Each, one after another, dipped his hand in one and the same dish (Matt. xxvi. 23; Mark, xiv. 20; John, xiii. 26). One of the Egyptian officers on board twice had water poured upon his hands, by an Egyptian Arab youth of fourteen or sixteen. The officer, with white soap in his hands, had the water poured upon them out of a vessel like a coffee-pot, and the basin which received the water was a perforated circular vessel, like a colander. It reminded us forcibly of 2 Kings, iii. 11, where Elisha is described as Elijah's servant.

In Cairo to-day we have seen many runners with chariots. Every chariot has a forerunner on foot to prepare the way, often with a long whip. The speed and agility of these runners are surprising. Chiefly the royal family have carriages: yesterday we passed, riding in a

curicle, the late Pasha's son-in-law, and to-day Abbas Pasha's carriage with four beautiful white horses. Both had out-runners. All this put us constantly in mind of Elijah's running before Ahab (1 Kings, xviii. 46).

Cairo, January 5th. To-day and yesterday have been a good deal occupied in procuring a boat for the Nile. The abstract of contract was drawn out yesterday, and it was engrossed and signed to-day. The Rais Ibrahim has already five vessels up the Nile, and the Consuls' clerks, &c., volunteered to say that he was the most honest of all the Rais's here. The sub-Rais, captain of the vessel, which is of 200 *ardebs* of wheat burden,* is a Nubian, named Hassan-Seid-Achmet, of whom Mrs. Lieder says, he is to be gentle in his manners, "sweet as honey." In the midst, however, of these preparations, we have seen a good deal of the kind Lieders, and have called and seen Mr. Lauria, the Jewish missionary. Mr. Lieder's school (the Church Missionary Institute) has, alas! been relinquished, owing to the expense of such an establishment, and the (supposed) inadequate appearance of fruit. The girls' day-school, however, is still continued. I have sometimes feared that committees at home are tempted (owing to the pressure of public opinion, and the precocious wishes of subscribers at home) to look for fruit too soon in some of their stations abroad, and too broadly visible than is, perhaps, always consistent with the mysterious ways and secret workings of God's providence. The permanent fruit of the Spirit is ever later in time, and less manifest, than the works of the flesh; and there

* The *ardeb* is nearly five bushels.

is a promise peculiarly applicable to this country:—"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it *after many days.*" (See Eccles. xi. 1-6.) To-day, being Sabbath (Saturday), Mr. Lauria has Jews calling upon him all day; his field of usefulness seems greatly opening, and a school is now called for. On his conversion, some years ago, his wife was compelled to divorce him, and his only child, a little girl, was forcibly torn from him, and he now does not know whether or not she may be living; she would be, if living, about eleven now. His wife, after two years, herself became a Christian, and joined him again. She is since dead, and he is left alone; and yet not alone. Besides the latticed windows, the carrying of children on the shoulder, the pouring water on the hands, and other Scripture customs, I have to-day noticed another. Near an arched door, at the port of Cairo, I noticed two boys, about twelve or fourteen, one of whom deliberately pulled out of his bosom, and gave from thence to his companion, not less than nine or ten flat loaves of bread (Neh. v. 13.; Luke, vi. 38).

Cairo, Monday, January 7th. Yesterday we went, at half-past ten, to the missionary church, near Mr. Lieder's, where Mr. Crusè read the service, and preached an excellent Epiphany sermon on Isaiah, lxv., 1. The newly-consecrated Bishop of Madras was present, being only a few hours, from four A.M., to three P.M., in Cairo, on his way to India. He pronounced the blessing, and we afterwards met him at Mr. Lieder's, and saw him passing out of Cairo by the Shoobra-road gate, in a van, for the Desert and Suez. To-day Mr. L., the Jewish

missionary, called ; we conversed nearly two hours about Jewish prophecies, such as Ezek. xlvi. ; Zech. xiv. ; &c. Dr. Lepsius, he says, has argued that the Pentateuch is of as late a date as the second temple, because it is nowhere mentioned in the prophets. And yet " law," " covenant," " testimony," &c., clearly refer to the Pentateuch. Also the Hebrew of the Pentateuch by its one gender, and by other internal grammatical evidence, proves its being of an earlier date. Miss M. has borrowed from Warburton and Jacob Briant, &c., as if such views were original to herself, and as regarded Osiris as among the most ancient, he being, rather, as one might say, of the middle ages of Egyptian mythology. Had she treated Jupiter Ammon with equal respect, she would have perhaps been more consistent with her own views, in raising a degraded idolatry to the level of a saving faith. Scripture, however, contains within itself accurate and compendious data for a complete chronology, which may eventually be illustrated, but can never be corrected by the many thousand records inscribed on Egyptian tombs and temples. Mr. Lauria, who, we hope, may possibly join us to Jerusalem, spoke of the Karaite Jews, as about 500 in Cairo. Like the Copt Christians, so the Karaite Jews profess to represent, the former, the Ancient Egyptians, the latter, the ancient Jews of Egypt. The entire Jewish population of Cairo is stated as above 1000 families, or 5000 souls. Yesterday we had a singular scene in the *Esbekiah*—the garden-square of Cairo—among the acacias, tamarisks, &c. Ibrahim's wife and little boy (two months old) came to see A., at her request. Being ashamed to come into the hotel, she remained near a water reservoir in the

garden walks, standing with her maid and child under an old sycamore (wild fig). She was covered up in her bridal dress of silk; the poor child's face (according to Egyptian custom) is not to be washed for a year and a day. However, on our return from Upper Egypt, we succeeded, I believe, in breaking the spell of this unclean superstition. To-day some of our party visited the Citadel of Cairo, and "Joseph's Well," descending between 300 and 400 feet, and raising water at the lower ledge by asses. It is a singular excavation, but probably of Saracenic date, and not, in its present form at least, any work of the Joseph of Scripture. Our party were hurried very precipitately out of the new mosque on the Citadel, by a soldier, although no services yet go on in it. Usually only ruined mosques are open to Christians.

On the Nile, January 9th. This morning, previous to leaving Cairo, we all went up to the Citadel, expecting to see the return and reception of the *Mach-mil*, or sacred camel, laden with two copies of the Koran from Mecca, together with the return of the pilgrims. Abbas Pasha receives it with great ceremony in the Roomaliyeh, or broad square below the Citadel. This, however, we did not see, as it takes place to-morrow, and not to-day: we, however, saw what is called Joseph's well, now at work, and with the sun shining, and partially lighting up the shaft, it is extremely picturesque. The well is an immense Sakia, drawing up a small but constant supply, not of Nile, but of well water. A sunk shaft of about thirty feet square, descends some 250 feet through the soft rock; a hundred buckets ascending scatter, as usual, a wasted

shower of drops of water, at this depth almost resembling the Staubbach in Switzerland. It is worked by two oxen above, and at the depth of 250 feet commences a second and narrower shaft of about equal depth. The immense line of buckets ascending and descending, the shower of wasted drops, the sound of creaking wheels and gurgling water, the excavated shaft of bare rock and the sunny light above, altogether form a very picturesque and singular scene. We went into the still unfinished mosque of the Citadel : at first glance the building appears to have made but little progress, since we were here three years ago. One feature, however, must not be overlooked : in the north-west angle, under a small but lofty gilded dome of alabaster marble is now the tomb of Mehemet Ali, the shroud covered with rich cashmere, and the floor of the enclosed railed-off angle, about twenty-five feet square, covered with a new and magnificent Turkey carpet. Three years ago, we passed one evening into his richly-scented garden, where he sat in his little citadel palace. Now, on our return, we find his tomb, close adjoining the spot where he slaughtered the Mamelukes, and where he used to enjoy his evening repose. To-day on leaving the Citadel we went into the mosque of Sultan Hassan, of the sixteenth century. It is now in a desolated state, but the arabesque work, external and internal, is still very beautiful. Within are reading-desk, pulpit, ablution-fountain, and many chains for lamps, hanging down a hundred feet, or upwards, from the arched roof: all is open to the air, and much is open to the sky. We proceeded through old Cairo, which is chiefly bare heaps and ruined houses, to our boat, a new and newly painted blue Dahabiyyeh, belonging to Rais Ibrahim, a Cairo

shipowner. Our own captain, Rais Ibrahim's employée, is (as was stated) Hassan-Seid-Achmet, a gentle-faced one-eyed Nubian : he has under him for our crew a steersman and eight rowers. At half-past two P.M., we set out with a fresh, cool, and favourable north wind, and by help of our large, high, triangular forsesail, and small sail aft, we have passed Roda island, and first the Ghizeh, then the Sacchàra pyramids, &c., with a pretty strong stream against us. Palms and fresh green waving fields of sugar-cane are the chief things we notice to-day, beside various large and sharp-lined pyramids. Our crew, however, entertain us not a little with their half-barbarous, but yet well-timed and well-tuned music—a reed-pipe of seven notes, a jar-tambour, and, above all, the human voice divine. They repeat continually the same words in dictated chorus, “My dear Hassan, how do you do?” &c. Another of equal importance was much as follows : “Two women coming from the village with jar for water.”—“O how beautiful! who ever saw the like of them.”—“Bring the coffee, and fill the cups.” To-night we noticed, soon after sunset, the beautiful pillar of white light tracking a portion of the sun’s path, like a regular bright “milky way,” after the sun is gone down. Miss Martineau well denominates it “the after-glow.” Our crew in turns watch five and five for two hours: thus, if the wind is favourable, we hope to proceed all night. Orion is now menacingly high above us, and the tail-star of the Great Bear is lost in the horizon.

CHAPTER II.

“The land of Egypt, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs.”—DEUTERONOMY, xi. 10.

“And thou art still a fruitful land,
A land of herbs—thou strewed thy strand
With giant heaps of ruined idol-fanes.”

January 11th. Yesterday, after breakfasting on deck in the open air about half-past eight, the sun here now rising about ten minutes to seven, we walked on shore through fields of fresh springing corn, and fields of fine beans in full flower and fragrance, such as might be usually seen in July in England. There were also fields of lupins in flower. Here and there was ploughing going on with single yokes of oxen, the soil being fine, light, soft, rich, black, and sandy; we passed several small flocks of thirty or forty brown and black sheep, and a few goats. H., in our walk to-day, shot a crested hoopoo, a crocodile bird, an ibis all white, a snipe, and a dove. To-day, our fair north wind, which filled both our sails and carried us along at four or five miles an hour, has dropped, and, after calm, a slight breath of south wind has sprung up; so we have only been tracking and rowing, and making the slow progress of about two miles

an hour. Being Friday, the Mahometan Sabbath, the red flag with crescent and star, and pendant to match, are flying from our sail-yard and stern. Birds have been more plentiful—storks, herons, cranes, and pelicans, and numerous flights of wild ducks and wild geese, and pigeons almost numberless. The last stunted false pyramid we passed yesterday afternoon, some fifty miles above the pyramids of Ghizeh; so that the district of Memphis appears to be solely the pyramid district, at that time perhaps not so very far from the sea. At noon we passed Beni Assouat, whence was dug the alabaster for Mehemet Ali's mosque at the Citadel of Cairo.

January 14th. The last day or two the Nile has been less rapid, and placid and calm, like an extensive island-covered lake. On Saturday (*January 11th*), in our daily walk on shore, we saw and heard the summer-like hum of bees among the long tufted grass, and noticed butterflies fluttering about, besides the springing and chirping of several kinds of little grasshoppers. As in Cairo we saw rooms open on the house-tops, filled with stores of onions, so here we passed to-day through a field where two boys, one about fourteen or fifteen, entirely naked from head to foot, were planting two acres or upwards with onions. Soon after we passed an old man, digging with a short mattock or hoe, like a pick-axe. He appealed to his age, and weakness, and poverty, and begged, coming and kissing first my hand, then my brother's hand, who gave him two five-para pieces (equal to a half-penny and half-farthing), for which he was very thankful. Our guide, an Egyptian, one of our crew, pulled up a thistle (*Carduus*

benedictus), and, taking off the leaves, eat the stem like celery. (Num. xi. 5.)

Egypt appears as a slave in Hagar (Gen. xvi. 1), according to the curse (Gen. ix. 25); but there is an encouraging promise to missionary labours here, in Psalm lxviii. 31, and Isaiah, xix. 19-25. The one-eyed state of this oppressed nation is a striking instance of Canaan's curse and slavery.

On Saturday evening we told our poor one-eyed Rais Ibrahim our purpose to stop the next day. As, however, the message was not direct to him, he replied it was not the Mahometan Sabbath, and, as they were Mahometans, they should go on. Accordingly, we found our crew tracking and pulling away on shore next morning as usual. After our breakfast, we held consultation, and, upon the whole, determined for this day to allow them to track till noon, and then to rest, except in case of a fair wind. We called our Rais, and by Ali, our Cairo interpreter, signified our wish that no tracking or rowing should take place on Sundays, but that it should be so much taken out of the fifteen days of stopping allowed us by our contract. To this our Rais, of course, assented, and immediately signified to his five men tracking on the shore that after mid-day they were to stop. The poor fellows answered by a volley of "Kateèr kheiràk" ("thank you"), and immediately doubled their then pace and exertion, so that we went at once twice as fast as before. It was now about half-past ten, or a quarter to eleven, and we soon after proceeded with our Sunday service, in our open front cabin. The men, according to order, came on board at noon: they had not been on board more than ten minutes, and we were still

in the middle of reading our Communion Service, when a brisk breeze sprung up from the north; our two sails were set in a minute, and on we went merrily. Thus we had a practical proof how much more six days' work are than six-sevenths, and thus we not only did not lose, but clearly gained time, and made progress on our voyage by even thus far attempting to keep the Sunday. And, as we said before, we spoke to the Rais, so we still believe we shall not lose anything by it even in the matter of our journey, setting aside higher considerations.

In the afternoon, in our walk this day, we passed upwards of 300 wild geese in one flock, walking about very quietly upon the shallow sands of the Nile, twenty or twenty-five yards from us. There are many sparrow-hawks, just the same as in England as to size and plumage; beautifully elegant water-wagtails, black and white, very tame and fearless; quails on the shallow water's edge, like little partridges; the beautiful pure white ibis, and pigeons innumerable. H. shot fourteen on Saturday, and twenty-eight this morning (Tuesday), before breakfast. Our food is chiefly eggs, and chickens, and mutton, all three very small, but good-tasted, and very cheap to our English ideas. For instance, on Saturday we paid for half a small sheep 22 piastres (4s. 6d.); and to-day Ibrahim purchased about $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of butter for $4\frac{1}{2}$ pi. ($11\frac{1}{4}$ d.) 4 chickens at $1\frac{1}{4}$ pi. (3d. half-farthing) each, and above 100 eggs for 4 pi. and 15 paras (about 11d.). Our fruits, besides the fresh black dates at Alexandria and Cairo, have been lately the fresh green sugar-cane; half-dozen canes, four or five feet tall, for $\frac{1}{2}$ pi. ($1\frac{1}{4}$ d.)

On Sunday afternoon I tried to explain to the Rais

and steersman, and one of the crew who came up to us, the reason of our keeping Sunday, narrating, as simply as I could, the Son of God, Jesus, Son of Mary, raising the little girl, the widow's only son, Lazarus his friend, and, at last, Himself, to life again. They listened, as amused and interested, and yet half incredulous; but the poor steersman laughed outright at Jesus being the Son of God. We talked about prayer: they said—"We Musselmen pray four times a day;" they then spoke of prayer at twelve on Friday as being peculiarly efficacious. The steersman remarked, "God made everything in six days." "Yes," said I, "so it is in our book: let us talk about that next Sunday." So our discussion stands over till that day; but in the midst of it the poor Rais was already off to attend to the care of his vessel.

January 16th. Yesterday, about two p.m., as the wind was blowing us along briskly from the north, two dark heads were seen by the side of our boats, swimming against a strong current. One of the swimmers, seizing an outer garment of one of our crew, suddenly sprung on deck, and cried to us, "Hawaja, Nazrāni àna" ("Sir, a Christian am I.") He and his comrade were two Copts, from the neighbouring ancient convent of Sitteh. They occupy a semi-catacomb church on the Gebel-el-Tier (Hill of Birds), and are said to be almost the oldest church in Egypt. The poor man's name was Shawàli. I brought him a Psalter and New Testament in Arabic; out of the first he read fluently Psalm i., and in the New Testament he read to me John, ii. 1-10. I asked what MSS. they had in their convent. He said they had the Gospels,

several copies in Arabic, and their own Coptic, and many other books. There were, he said, eight persons in the convent. We gave him eight five-para pieces (equal to $2\frac{1}{2}d.$); he immediately put the pieces into his mouth, cast off his single borrowed garment, sprang naked overboard into the eddying waters, and was off with his companion back to his convent. About half-past four, three quarters of an hour before sunset, we saw on the left bank the first *shadoofs*. Four men, two on each stage, raise the Nile water in rude wicker baskets, two by two on a stage, the baskets being fastened to the end of a rude palm-fibre rope, and balance-pole. Notwithstanding, however, the aid of the balance-weight, it is said to be the hardest work in Egypt; the men are relayed every two hours. There were nineteen or twenty boats laden with sugar-cane, to carry down to Cairo. Many acres of cane were now in cutting. At a little before sunset we saw immense swarms of wild fowl on a sand-shoal on the right; among them were four or five tall white pelicans, standing like so many kings among their smaller subjects. Near some of the sugar-cane fields, where now the rude shadoofs raise the Nile water, a tall European factory chimney rises, which, ere long, is to raise it by steam. There are also two at Minyeh, which we passed to-day. Outside one of them, we saw a little gang of Fellahin workmen, running at a sort of quick march to a dusty spot, and hastily filling some flag-baskets with the dusty soil. In a minute or two they crossed us back again, and we observed that they had a “taskmaster” at their heels, who occasionally “hastened them” with the touch of a long white stick, which he had in his hand; he did not, however, use it violently, but we

sometimes heard the sound of his voice, which seemed not a little imperious. We afterwards, one evening, in Cairo, saw a similar scene—about 50 or 60 poor Fellahins, after their day's labours, driven, like a herd of cattle, into their prison-like barracks to the sound of the lash, ready for the next morning's labours.

January 17th. To-day we have visited the tombs and other excavated remains of Beni Hassan. These, with the Ghizeh Pyramids, are reckoned the most ancient of all Egypt, but certainly disappointed me as to any appearance of very remote antiquity ; they are a line of excavations in one, and one only, stratum of limestone rock, about 250 or 300 feet above the Nile. Going through shallow water, thither, we saw on the water's edge three long shapeless masses, like huge logs of wood. They proved to be crocodiles; the first we had seen. One soon after took slowly to the water. They appeared about twenty feet long. On entering the first tomb on the north, the four pillars remind one strongly of Tuscan—they are simply and gracefully fluted. The historic hieroglyphics were chiefly at the top, on the right, in three and in two compartments, together about a yard high. Among the various paintings, I noticed two women sitting on the ground, and playing each a huge moon-shaped harp of seven strings. The chequered roof, divided into three by massive architecture, is painted in yellow and in white squares, each five inches square, and marked diagonally with red and blue crosses alternately. The second tomb is similar ; lines of the hieroglyphics run all round at the bottom, like a deep



skirting, and also at top, on the left part. Sir Gardener Wilkinson, states that it is the tomb of one Nephon, and has the name of Osirtasen I. introduced; this gives the probable date, B. C. about 1700. We then pass eight other lesser excavations; in the third were many footprints of last night's jackals in the sand. The fifth and seventh appear to have been wells; the seventh has a few entrance hieroglyphics. We now come to the three consecutive tombs, opening laterally into each other; the first about thirty-six feet by fifty, with some inferior and irregular-shaped figures, its inner compartment is about thirty-six feet by ten. The next is twenty-five feet by thirty, all plain; no sculpture, or drawings at all. The third is thirty-nine feet by sixty-nine, and about fifteen feet high: it has six rich and graceful lotus-capitalled pillars (four abstracted), which are party-coloured, green, red, and blue. On the east wall are black outline figures wrestling; not distinctively Egyptian in character, except it be by their large feet. After these three consecutive tombs, is a smaller one, with three times three similar lotus-capitalled pillars, and a tenth on the right. Then follow seven small excavations, and then a larger one, with two lotus pillars, and six square wells in it; one had been excavated to the depth of about thirty feet. Such, briefly, are the Beni Hassan remains: making full allowance for this rainless climate, they bear no great marks of very high antiquity, still less can they be urged as evidence to upset the commonly received Scripture chronology. Descending, we had a beautiful view of the Nile valley, here about ten or twelve miles broad. On its shallows we saw one huge eagle watching sixteen pelicans, and about two hundred

white ibises. Beneath the hill, on either side, about half or three quarters of a mile distant, lie two roofless, deserted villages: the inhabitants were notorious as thieves and plunderers, and were destroyed, about thirty years ago, by Ibrahim Pasha, who, with soldiers, fired the villages, and killed all the inhabitants, young and old, male and female.

Mr. and Mrs. S., whom we met this evening, and who brought with them a load of mummy crocodiles, from eight or ten inches to eight or ten feet long, said that the average annually of persons in this district (Upper Egypt) eaten by crocodiles is not more than four or five; but those bitten by scorpions (not fatal, if attended to) amount to 2,000.

Off Assouat, January 21st. Last evening, Sunday, a little before sunset we passed the town of Manfaloot: it stands close upon the Nile, and with its palms and shipping, and three or four minarets, more resembling London church towers, it looks rather unusually pretty for a Nile village. It is traditionally the place of the sojourn of Joseph and Mary with the infant Saviour, upon occasion of their divinely-ordered flight into Egypt, as Katieh, between Cairo and El Arish, is traditionally the spot of their temporary resting-place.

WRITTEN NEAR MANFALOOT, THE SUPPOSED PLACE OF
SOJOURN OF THE INFANT SAVIOUR.

(St. MATT. ii. 13-15, and 19-23.)

O SAVIOUR meek, Thine earliest years
To Egypt's land were given,
With Joseph and thy mother blest,
From Israel's confines driven.

Ere Rachel for her children wept,
 Cut off by Herod's sword,
 Thou from too early death art snatched,
 Warned by the angel's word.

Those early flowers of martyrdom
 In Bethlalem's plains mown down,
 Slain for Thy sake, (their own the gain,)
 Shall form thy earliest crown.

But Thou, as man to teach us men,
 Must walk awhile this earth,
 Waiting Thy cross, and rising day—
 Thy new, Thy heaven-owned birth.

With Thee by earliest sufferings taught,
 Cradled 'neath wintry skies,
 Forth to a land accursed of heaven
 Thine outcast mother flies.

Where Canaan's curse on Egypt fell,
 A slave of slaves to be,*
 Here dwelt Thine infancy, for Thou
 A curse for us must be.†

Tho' Israel's, David's seed from heaven
 Thou to Thine own didst come,
 Yet was not Israel's land Thy land,
 Nor David's town Thy home.

So, Lord, from earthly homes most dear,
 My weaned heart set Thou free,
 No home on earth to know, but still
 To find my home in Thee.

* Genesis, ix. 25.

† Galatians, iii. 13.

CHAPTER III.

“ To whom art thou thus like in glory and in greatness among the trees of Eden? yet shalt thou be brought down with the trees of Eden unto the nether parts of the earth. This is Pharaoh and all his multitude, saith the LORD GOD.”—EZEK. xxxi. 18.

“ Nor is Osiris seen
On Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud;
He feels from Judah’s land
The dreaded Infant’s hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eye.”—MILTON.

January 23rd. Since Manfaloot, which we passed on Sunday evening, the banks of the Nile have been enlivened with very few other trees, besides the constant and countless groves of unvaried date-palm. Gardens of date-palms, less tall, (*e. g.*, twenty-five or thirty feet, instead of fifty or sixty feet, or upwards,) but more graceful, are now mingled with a delicate small-leaved acacia, with small round yellow flowers, and long reddish pods. These acacias are of round and simple form, and average about fifteen feet high. Among the gardens yesterday of hanging-leaved palms, we noticed a few lemon-trees and cactuses, and also the fan-leaved doom-palm, as yet quite new to us; it is small, growing not more than fifteen or twenty feet high,

and is chiefly marked by its stiff fan-shaped leaves, and hard brown fruit, differing from the date, as the Spanish from the horse chesnut. We here noticed a singular tremulous horizontal motion of the leaves of our old friend, the date-palm. The wind caught them at right angles, and caused a very curious life-like motion, like the twitching or shaking of muscles, as if the tree had been instinct with muscular life. It was like the tremulousness of the reeds, which we afterwards noticed on the turbid and swift eddies of Jordan.

It is curious to see the Arab's notion and measurement of time ; the poor fellows, our crew and dragomans, seem to have no idea scarcely of hours, beyond sunrise, noon, and sunset. The Rais's second in command, however, who is our boat's *stroke* in rowing, goes a step farther than this, and sometimes as we walk sticks his thumb and forefinger dial-wise into the sand, and shows us by the shadow of his finger, not only twelve o'clock, but when it is ten and two.

For ancient Egyptian history Herodotus seems principally to have got his information at Memphis. The following points are very noticeable as bearing against certain modern schemes of chronology :—

Book II. Ch. 99. Menes, 1st king.

- .. Ch. 100. List of 330 kings, (Ch. 142, 340 kings and priests, both offices, as in Melchizedec, united).
- .. Ch. 144. Osiris (Bacchus), a modern deity.
- .. Ch. 147. Twelve kings at once over 12 parts of Egypt.
- .. Ch. 165, 166. Perhaps the nomes or districts had kings severally.

Herodotus's account of the circumcised nations of the

east (Ch. 104) indicates less antiquity than Lepsius would allow. No nation would adopt it without a revelation originally; and Herodotus states that the Phœnicians, who had intercourse with the Greeks, dropped it. The 330 names of kings appear a round number. Herodotus's testimony points to Memphis as the most ancient locality of empire, with every probability in its favour. Previous to the Pharaoh of the times of Joseph, Egypt appears to have been governed only by petty princes, like England in Saxon times, or like the lesser kingdoms of modern Italy.

January 25th. Yesterday and to-day the doom-palm has become quite familiar to us, growing to a height of thirty feet or upwards, with its base, stems, and singular fan-shaped leaves; we have walked through small gardens of cotton and castor-oil trees, both in flower, pale green and bright yellow, and also through extensive irrigated fields of millet (Arabic *Doora*); the name millet is from the multitude of its little grains. The doves are extremely beautiful, also the little green birds, called from their short little double note, *zik-zik*, flocking in the acacias. We have just passed Dendera, and to-morrow hope to reach Thebes. The innumerable pigeons, occupying tall castellated buildings, like fortresses in India, are kept for various purposes, but especially for guano; the little flocks of black and brown sheep also are kept, not perhaps so much for food or wool, as to manure the ground. For the rest, I believe the Nile and its many *shadoofs* suffice.

January 26th, 27th, and 28th, Thebes. On Saturday evening on arriving here about ten p.m., T. and I rode up in

the fine bright moonlight to the temple of Luxor, which is only about one-third of a mile off, and was in view, with its one remaining obelisk, from the boat, before we landed. Our poor guides from the village scampered off like the wind on our saying "book," and running like mad creatures with flying tartan-like shawls and flowing dresses, hastened to their houses in the town of Luxor, and brought them. We read one or two testimonials by the strong moonlight; and, amid howling of dogs, rode up first to the obelisk and ruined propylon-towers, and then under the colonnade of the temple. Its two rows of massive round columns, with simple broad-spreading lotus capitals looked very grand and calmly majestic by this light. On Sunday afternoon, after service, we all walked to Carnac, about two miles: the approach is by a level of tufted grass, a poor village of low dried-earth huts, and little hollows here and there of pretty untrimmed date-palms. We first notice the long sunken hollow of the Ram-sphinx avenue: each are ten or twelve feet from breast to tail. Not a head remains, except two or three broken and prostrate in the dust. The first pylon at the end of the long avenue of sphinxes is of very grand dimensions: The imposing sun-emblem (Re-Phra-Pharoh), a son as it were upheld by a fish-like or lizard-like monster on either side with large outspread wings, glitters high on the frieze projecting above. On the pylon noble relief sculptures appear everywhere, five majestic compartments of three large figures each (the simplest, yet perhaps most perfect group,) rise one above another. Traces of green, and red, and blue colouring appear everywhere in the sculptured figures, and on the roof, &c., thanks to this dry and rainless climate. Hence

we went on (1.) to the Grand Carnac Hall of Rameses II.; it is stupendous, but seems almost overloaded with pillars; in the transepts (so to call them) the intercolumnar space is no more than the diameter of the columns themselves. Their number is about 140; twelve feet in diameter, and nearly seventy in height. (2.) Next we noticed on our right a very neat, simple, and chaste-styled, colonnade of sixteen-sided pillars, running north and south, very small in comparison with those of Rameses; this style has been supposed to be of the date of Osirtasen, the friend of Joseph; (B. C. 1706, and subsequent,) it is certainly very early. (3.) Then follows the low, heavy, cumbrous, square-columned hall of Thothmes III., hitherto regarded as the Pharaoh of Exodus. If this supposition be true, he has painted his roof with mimic stars of five rays of gold, and glowing blue sky, as a heaven, himself never to enter there. All is heavy: the architraves singularly and remarkably so, like a heavy frowning, and overhanging eye-brow. Sir G. Wilkinson remarks that the capitals here have an uncouth inverted appearance, as if they were bases. Salt pools are here, and wolves, jackals, and hyænas cross the plain in numbers at night to drink at the river. Coming by moonlight the next day (Monday), we admired the lovely gracefulness of the low untrimmed palms more than ever. Entering by the north, the solitary pillar, (only one of its kind is left,) with full-blown lotus capital, was striking indeed; rising against the full moon in solemn and lonely majesty. The great hall with its one hundred and forty pillars, and its one leaning pillar among them, looked better than by daylight. How splendid it must have been in its glory, more than 3,000 years ago, with the Nile, not as now a mile and a

half distant, but rolling and rising close beneath it on the north. The sure word, however, of foretold destruction has been accomplished, and Ammon-No has been “rent asunder.” (See Jer. xlvi. 25, and Ezekiel, xxx. 16.)

Monday, January 28th. We visited the Lybian suburb, (1.) going first to Goorneh, and then the Rame-seum, a temple with eight (once sixteen) Osiride columns; here lies, rent in pieces, and prostrate, a gigantic Rameses of red granite; as to size, it beats hollow Domitian’s colossal sandalled foot in the Capitol, at Rome, &c. Belzoni, in 1815, took the head of the lesser black granite statue hence to England. (2.) Amunoph’s, and other tombs of exquisitely sculptured *limestone* underground. Lepsius, on whose shoulders are laid all recent acts of Vandalism, broke off, we are informed, and carried away five feet of a beautiful arch *here*. In tomb “No. 35,” (for all are ticketed, like an exhibition,) a man plays a nine-stringed harp: that of Israel’s shepherd-king had one string more. Here, as we approached a bare hill, rising opposite about a furlong distant, two jackals started up, and made off up the hill, along two separate ravines, and stood at bay about a quarter of a mile off. (3.) We proceeded to Deir-el-Medin, a temple dated from Ptolemy Philopater (B. C. 221) and Physcon (B. C. 145). Philopater presents offerings to Osiris, and Physcon to an obscene Chem (Ham), like Priapus. Before Chem stands the human dog, Anubis. Well does Milton designate these idols as “the brutish gods of Nile.” The later temples increase upon the earlier ones in obscenity and filthiness. Hence we passed amid fallen and falling

catacomb arches of unburnt brick, over many an acre of rifled mummy-pits, and then crossed about two acres of strewed broken pottery. (See *Jer. xix. 1, 10, 11*; and *Isaiah, xxx. 14*.) Thence we ascended (4) to Medinat Aboo. Here are sculptures, supposed to be of Tirhaka, the opponent of Sennacherib (*Isaiah, xxxvii. 9*), b. c. 714, defaced by Ptolemy Lathyrus. Here, in sculpture, three pig-like figures drive back a rejected soul, condemned in the judgment, weighed, and found wanting. The middle of one hall is occupied by scattered broken granite pillars, of a comparatively diminutive Christian church, perhaps of the fourth century. The little eastern (it is actually north-east) tribune, with the bishop's throne and presbytery, is still traceable. Under a giant figure in the arch of a gateway of this temple is written up, by some unhappy French republican, "JOLLOIS, AN. 7." How pitiable is this puny effort for immortalizing infidelity. Darkness has its hour: the day is Christ's. Near here are observable, of an earlier date, and more deeply sunken, a few (two or three) sixteen-sided pillars; then appear six clustering lotus columns; a little beyond which is sculptured a barbaric conqueror, cutting off the heads of ten men at one stroke of the sword in his right hand, holding them by the hair of their heads with his left; they hold up their hands in desperate entreaty. We returned across a green plain of corn, wheat, and vetches, with flocks of sheep and goats, and mixed camels, horses, and asses, to (5) the pair of Colossi. They are two gigantic sitting statues of about fifty feet high, the eastern one (the celebrated vocal Memnon) rings, when struck, like metal, or like an eastern millstone—I could easily imagine

its morning music.* Here I purchased a scarabæus for ten piastres, (2s.) ; they appear in the oval cartouches from what has been termed “the XVIth” to the latest dynasties.

One wrong reminds us of another. As the donkey-boy was causing my little animal to fly over the plain, by fields of millet, and vetches, and lentils, now in flower, the over-goaded beast resented and kicked him, grazing the side of his left knee. Upon this he threatened the animal by shaking at him a short palm-stick, and at the same time held up to me his right hand with its poor stunted, maimed forefinger, and uttering the short, sententious expression, “Mehemet Ali mush taib,” (*not a good man*). I explained to him that Mehemet Ali was dead, and I hoped Abbas Pasha was better. Our attentive and courteous crew now started up (two of them) from a hollow, and, unawares, joined A., running nimbly as her supporters on either side of her donkey, swiftly over the fine dry irrigated grass, and across the sand recently left dry by the receding river, down to the *Sandal* our little boat, and then rowed us, with our placid Rais, across the Nile, back to our bright blue *Dahabiye*, our larger boat, moored under Luxor.

On Tuesday early we left Thebes, hoping, as is usually the plan, to see more of it on our return. At two P.M., we went on shore to see a little ruined temple of Cleopatra, (B.C. 40)—lotus pillared and interscreened. Wednesday at one, P.M., at Esneh, we went to the beautiful temple of the Cæsars. A Copt, named Bootrus (Peter), came from the Copt convent to the boat. He read to me St. John, iii. 1-8, and Psalm i.; I gave him an Arabic Psalter and Testament.

* See Keble's *Christian Year*—First Sunday after Epiphany, stanza 2.

Assouan, February 1st. We arrived here safe, D. G., about five P.M., after a prosperous voyage of twenty-three days. This is the ancient Syene, called in Ezekiel, "the tower of Syene" (Ezek. xxix. 10; and xxx. 6). Many have been our mercies by land and sea up to this, our probably furthest point from our beloved home and country; favourable weather, though winter; favourable winds, though late; here, also, an excellent boat, good Rais, and amicable crew, and faithful servants, and (last, not least) kind friends in Cairo.

Yesterday, about nine A.M., in a sandy-clouded day, very mild, we passed Edfoo on our right, and, about three P.M., the wind being strong, we stopped under the rocks and rock-quarries of Silsilis (the chain). These are the sandstone quarries of clean, close, reddish-brown grain, from which most of the Theban temples were built. The sand drifted is of a beautiful tint, a kind of fawn-colour, and extremely fine. Here grow tall, milky-leaved shrubs (*the coloquintida*), about six feet high, the milk of which blinds the eye. The Arabs call it "ushar." Here too grow, neatly planted in rows of three degrees of forwardness, lupins along the sandy shore left by the Nile. Most are in flower, and will be ripe to eat in a month. Our guide has a half rifle, half gun, with steel, from Cairo; though a wild-looking kind of Arab, he has two neat rolls of the Koran, well sewed up in leather, with his dagger, on his left side. He hunts wild rabbits and gazelles on the opposite mountain. Now he has just shot a large falcon on a rock above us, sitting of course. In the cavern-temples above, is Horus (B. C. 1408), soon after the death of Joshua! Horus leads captive Cush (Ethiopia)

in every posture of a poor prisoner ; some have their arms pinioned together behind the back, some over-head, some their hands together, in every severe and hard posture (see Gen. ix. 25 ; and x. 6). On the walls are cartouches, of Horus and of Rameses II. Over the head of Father Nile (a long-wigged gentleman), offering water-lilies, lotus, and fruits, runs first a Coptic, then an Arabic inscription, though old, quite modern here.

To-day, up to Elephantinè, has been our prettiest journey, but that island in itself has no very peculiar beauty.



ISLAND OF PHILÆ.

Tuesday, February 5th. Last evening we left Assouan, and are now turning our faces northward and homeward. The bright star, far below Orion and Sirius will now begin to sink to us, and the Bear in the north soon cease to dip his tail-stars and his feet. We visited the famed sacred island of Philæ on Saturday ; the propylons and porticoes rise very handsomely on approaching from the west. The island itself is, perhaps, four or five acres. Two covered ways of steps go down from within the temples to the water's edge. Within a dark chamber of

Osiris's temple, on the right hand, is Horus, a fine grown boy, ten years old, at least, suckled by his mother, Isis. This reminds one of the Berkshire boys, that sometimes, if report says true, are suckled till going to the plough. We went up the eastern propylon tower: it has an excellant, well-lighted, easy, quadrangular stair, of about 120 steps, the lights ascending or descending according to the stairs. The Sicnite rocks, (so called from this very place, and resembling Cornish Serpentine at the Lizard) of red and black granite, look everywhere to advantage amid the pure, bright, fawn-coloured sands, and palms, and green fringed banks of wheat, lupins, and a dwarf, pink flowering bean. While K. and A. sketched, our guide read to me, with some puzzling as to words and meaning, Psalm. viii.* On Sunday we visited one or two Copt families in Assouan. I inquired for Zeitoom, a Copt, whose fine, tall well-bred ass I had ridden across the desert road to Mahattah yesterday, the first village in Nubia. We found three Copts in the Bazaar, one was basket-making. A. asked him, "Why, as being a Nazrani, he was working on the Ahad (first day)?" His answer was ready: "We have no church and no books; what can we do?" I almost immediately answered by pulling out of my pocket an Arabic Psalter, which I offered him.

* Mahometans, such as can read, rarely, I believe, object to David's Psalms. The title-page of the common Arabic Psalter seems to have been framed (though without any compromise of truth or of principle) with some reference to their own usages at the beginning of their sacred books. It usually runs as follows:—"In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, one God. The Book of the Psalms of David the King and the Prophet," &c.

A lad about ten soon read to me Psalm ii. and viii., and we left the Psalter with him. We afterwards went to Zeitoom's, and saw there the poor old Copt schoolmaster. He is partly blind. On leaving, I gave him five piastres. There were no children in the school to-day, but on Monday morning we went again about eight. We then found the schoolmaster seated on a matting against the wall, with a bowl of fire before him on the floor, and his scholars (three girls and two boys) around it. The room was lofty enough, but had no window, being lit by a large opening—a kind of wide open doorless doorway—into which the mourning sun was pouring its bright rays against the smoke of the fire of charcoal within. They read their slates to us, and the old man then drew out a well-worn Bible, and made one of his scholars read here and there in it, titles of books and chapters, and then one or two verses. They would have been very glad of a new copy, if I had had one to dispose of. This is the third time already in Egypt that I have been asked for Arabic Bibles—at Cairo by Mr. Crusè; at Esneh by Butros, a Coptic monk there; and now here at the little Coptic school, Assouan. Young Zeitoom brought out his books to show us; he had a good well-used large Arabic Testament, a kind of diatessaron, with coloured maps in Arabic (here I showed him Malta, Jerusalem, &c.) He also produced a handsome quarto volume, a Coptic and Arabic Psalter. All were English printed books. A younger brother (Hanah Zeitoom), about fifteen, followed me to our boat, earnestly asking for a Psalter. I said he might at present use his brother's, and I would try and send him, one if I could, by some friend. We took coffee (sugared),

and passed a handsome pipe,* and bid them salâm. A Copt of another family, Joseph Jâcoob, came with the Zeitooms, and begged a book. I gave him a Psalter. We left Assouan last evening, and this morning visited Com Ombos, a Ptolemaic temple (Philometor, b. c. 160), and gateway of Thothmes III.

February 7th. Between Esneh and Thebes. Yesteday morning we went rather early to the handsomely proportioned Ptolemaic temple of Edfoo. We walked to it for about half an hour through irrigated fields of millet, now grazed over by small lean cows, not unlike small Alderney, and brown sheep and goats. A low millet-stalk shed was in the middle of most of the fields, for the shelter of the keeper of cattle from the powerful sun, powerful even now in mid-winter. The solitary hoopoo, here and there, was sitting on a mud heap, or by a palm, and giving three hoops to its answering mate. The temple has fine high propylon towers with large well-formed figures; they have above ground now one hundred and fifty-six steps, at about four and a half or five inches deep, and one foot wide; the staircase being rectangular, six steps by nine, amid walls twice nine feet thick, besides seven feet space in the rectangle centre. Within is a colonnaded court, and vestibule or portico, with beautiful and varied palm capitals, consisting of both

* In the Coptic houses we have been in elsewhere, as the Bishop's at Esneh, and the Moottran's at Osioot, the pipe was not passed, but only coffee, in the usual diminutive Oriental cups (smaller than even Dr. Johnson's teacups), always with the pounded grounds, and without the western luxuries of milk and sugar. To Orientals it is food, and not drink only, and is offered at almost any hour of the day.

date and doom palm-leaves. The columns are eighteen in number, and are three deep alike ; this has a pleasing effect at any angle of view. In the afternoon we rode on little asses along a desert wady or dry torrent bed, raised and very wide to the Pharaonic little temples of El Cab. The most distant one has four small but well-proportioned pillars, of fourteen sides each, and a raised carved face towards the centre ; they have a simple abacus, but a head for a kind of capital beneath it. The cartouches of Thothmes IV. (B.C. 1446), and Amunoph III. (B.C. 1430), the former probably the grandson, the latter the great grandson, of the Pharaoh of Exodus, abound upon its walls. We then returned to a very simple little chapel, only about fourteen feet by eleven feet, having cartouches on its walls of Rameses II. Afterwards, about sunset, we returned to an interestingly sculptured tomb on the sand-stone mountains ; it has all kinds of agricultural work upon it, ploughing, and sowing, and harvesting, reaping wheat, barley, and millet. There are also two vessels, one with well-filled bulging sail, and red-tinted sailyard. The sail itself is white and colourless. There are wheels on the cabin-roof, one on the roof of the vessel which is being rowed down the streams, and one on the roof of the sailing vessel. Some say they are wheels of carriages : if so, the horses below are in size but like dogs. They seem more probably part of the vessel itself, perhaps of the steerage. Our crew rowing and singing through the calm night till two o'clock this morning, amusing themselves with tales, and riddles, &c.,* we found ourselves under the walls of

* The following is a specimen—a puzzle which this evening amused for a long time our Rais and Ibrahim :—A dollar (colonnato)

Esneh, a principal town of Upper Egypt. T. and I visited the Coptic quarter: there are perhaps 300 Copts in the place. Through the market of millet, onions, sugar-cane, pipe-bowls of red earth, and indigo-dyed cottons, (the usual dress of the women,) we passed along a deep secluded alley to one of the two Coptic churches, the more ancient of the two here. The church is small, and divided as usual into three compartments, and is solemnly and pleasantly lighted only from above. About twenty Copts, young and old, were soon collected in the man's compartment of this venerable looking building. The priest read portions to us of the Bible in Arabic; among others he read Matt. xviii. 10-14. He was a middle-aged man, of a pleasing, but rather pain-marked countenance; his only effort of discipline, while we were present, was requiring silence while he read the passages of Scripture. Close by the little screened-off altar, but separate from it, was a small, dark, arched room, with an old carved arm-chair and table. About three books lay on the table, and four or five in the chair. "That," said they, pointing to the forsaken-looking chair, "is the Bishop's *koorsi*, when he comes here; he comes sometimes; he lives at Luxor." I tried to express to the priest, how much better it was to read the Scriptures in Arabic, which all could understand, than in Coptic.* From the church we went along one

to any one who will tie forty camels down to seven pegs, without putting an even number on any—a mere impossibility.

* In his late pastoral visit (Oct. and Nov. 1849) to Egypt, Bishop Gobat directed the attention of the missionaries in Cairo to the importance of endeavouring, in some principal provincial town, to establish Scripture-readers under their direction. "In general," says Bishop

narrow street up to the priest's house: here we took coffee, and saw his little niece, about five years old, her neck and breast covered (like the Syrian children at Nazareth, and elsewhere in Syria especially) with strung piastrés, to which I added three. Here too we saw the priest's father, brother, and uncles. Thence we went to the school, conducted by a poor blind schoolmaster. It contained about fourteen children, besides men young two writers, or rather copyists; all one side of it was open to the air. Some of the children were gone to eat their morning meal about ten o'clock. The two young men were copying the Psalms in Coptic and Arabic, side by side. They both read in Psalm cxxxvi.; and at the priest's wish, they then together chanted the Coptic. T. asked for a sheet. They wished to finish it, and send it. As it was, we took it unfinished. It contains Psalm cxxxvi. 1-20. Several followed us to the boat, and begged very earnestly for *Angils* (Gospels) and Psalters. I gave one Psalter—the last I had—and two Testaments. Our Moslem Rais salâmed most cordially to a young Copt—Tadroos Geragos, aged twenty-seven, a

Gobat, "pious and simple Scripture-readers are the best agency which can be used in these countries; and, after personal piety, the missionary ought to consider it his chief duty, to train and superintend native Scripture-readers." As the result of nearly twenty-five years' experience in the East, the Bishop's opinion on this point is highly valuable. When also, to look nearer home, we compare the extensive usefulness of the Irish Society, working as it does, with a small income, and with a very simple machinery, the staff of their agency being Scripture-readers in Irish under pastoral superintendence, we may also feel the more disposed to acquiesce in, and approve of, a similar agency recommended by Bishop Gobat for the East.

very pleasing looking countenance ; and his friend (though Christian) is now on board our boat for Thebes.

Thebes, Saturday, February 9th. Yesterday we wound our way up the long, winding, desolate, rocky, precipitous valley to the Tombs of the Kings,* called expressively by the Arabs, from its pass-like form, Bab-el-Melook. The tombs are now numbered, as for some European museum. We went first to No. 1, with cartouches of Rameses IX.—nothing very remarkable. Thence to No. 2, Rameses IV. cartouche. Here are sprinkled red Greek Christian inscriptions : at the knee of a gigantic Rameses near the entrance on the left is written twice—

X^C. IC. NIKA. (CHRIST JESUS CONQUERETH.)

X^C. IC. NIKA. (CHRIST JESUS CONQUERETH.)

I could have blessed the hand that wrote this. How refreshing this cheering little sentence of faith, in the midst of these stupendous but heart-sickening records of

* In one of these interesting palaces of the dead (I think in No. 6) we went, soon after entering it, into a small chamber on the right, where was well depicted upon the facing wall a small cow or heifer, of the usual pale dull Egyptian red colour, and about three feet, or three feet six inches high to the back. It was by far the largest, and quite the principal figure of the chamber, although all the walls were, of course (as always, when finished), covered with paintings. It is remarkable that the Israelite's idolatry twice came to them from Egypt, and in this particular form :—first, in the desert, under Horeb (Exod. xxxii. 4-8, &c.), and then in Dan and Bethel, brought by Jeroboam after his sojourn in Egypt (1 Kings, xi. 40; and xii. 28-32). Cf. also 2 Chron. x. 2, and xi. 15, where devils (*Hebrew*, Seyirim) are mentioned as worshipped with them. The king and queen of Egypt, about this time, are called in Scripture, Shishak and Tahpenes.

heathen pride, idolatry, and tyranny. No. 6, Rameses VII., a tomb fantastic, and the figures, &c., dressy. No. 17, a very remarkable tomb, and very extensive in the limestone rock. Its passages and chambers have been sadly damaged, if report says true, by Lepsius. He has scooped out and carried off nearly thirty cartouches, &c., and in an interesting corniced chamber, "in fondo," as the Italians say, on the left, he has utterly broken down one of the two square columns which support and ornament a remarkably well painted room. This work of destruction has not escaped the censure of succeeding travellers—French especially. One rails at him for having spoiled what twenty centuries had respected and spared; another has written in a scooped and plundered cartouche—

"Infame Lepsius
ton vandelisme
a surpassé ta science
et tes talents."

Belzoni, so far as appears, did far less mischief; besides, in his day Egypt was comparatively a sealed-up country.* Tomb No. 11 is called Bruce's; it is full of little chambers

* It is quite evident that the study of Egyptian antiquities may rapidly and importantly corroborate externally, and illustrate internally, the truth of Old Testament history. Dr. Lepsius, it is to be feared, has tried to make it serve quite an opposite purpose. It may be that this bringing so much more into notice before the eyes of all men, this land of the Jew's first captivity is a prelude, in God's providence, to their release from their present long and last captivity among all nations. Then will Egypt (and Assyria also) be in some mysterious way—mysterious as yet—blessed together with them. (Isaiah, xix. 23-25).

with the various trades and occupations of the Egyptians depicted severally in each : in one ploughing, sowing, and reaping rye, wheat, barley, millet ; in another, chairs, thrones, sofas ; in another, jars, pots, and pans ; in another, musical instruments, among these are several very large eleven and thirteen stringed harps. Tomb No. 9 is of the time of Rameses V. (B.C. 1195). Here I noticed the judgment and judge ; before him stood the balance, and dismissed after trial was a piggish soul sent back in the ferry-boat, sentenced and condemned. Altogether Nos. 17 and 11 were perhaps most interesting.

To-day we also paid a third visit to Carnac, noticing Luxor by the way. The principal existing temple of Luxor is of Amunoph II. (B.C. 1456), son probably of the Pharaoh of the Exodus ; it has massive clustered columns of eight flutings ; there are also two lines of massive round columns, with broad spreading lotus capitals. Passing on through the little bazaar street of the modern town of Luxor, we rode through tufts of Alfeh grass—the grass which, by the way, gives name, I believe, to the second cataract—on to Carnac. By a half-buried avenue or dromos of sphinxes we approached the lofty pylon of Ptolemy Euergetes (B.C. 246), and thence proceeded north-east to the entrance court of the great hall of Osirei (B.C. 1385), and Rameses II. (B.C. 1355). On the right to the south is a very sunken temple with very striking Osiride-figured columns around three sides of a small court, nine east and west, and two large ones at the south. After seating A. and K. at the entrance of the great hall of 140 columns, to sketch a view eastward, we went to the external north wall, where, near the north-east corner, is

sculptured the Nile fringed with bulrushes and filled with crocodiles. Sir G. Wilkinson says it is *bridged*; there are certainly pylons on both sides, where the sedgy fringe ceases. At the north-east angle is a town attached; around it and below, are stiff trees, like cypresses, (Sir G. Wilkinson says cedars), and the word Lemanon (Lebanon) is over it. Below appears the cartouche of Osirei I. On the east obelisk to the north, which is of red granite and broken, are cartouches of Thothmes III. (B.C. 1495), and Pthahmen (B.C. 1289).

After this circuit we returned with A. and K. to the roof of the circuit of the temple of Thothmes III., whence they sketched the sixteen-sided pillars of Osirtasen, and the heavy overhanging eaves and architraves of Thothmes III., heavily projecting six feet all along round the roofed temple. Here I sat down with Ibrahim Awat, a young Copt of Luxor, and read with him St. John, iv., and St. Matthew, xiv., in Arabic, and spelt out with his younger brother, Girges Awat, aged ten, St. John, v. 1-10. On Sunday we had service, as usual, on board our boat, and sung two of our favourite chants, Goodenough and Robinson. From three to half-past four we walked on the adjoining island among many fields of tobacco, now in flower, with plots of the castor-oil tree, and of wheat, of onions, and water-melons, which were each shaded carefully with a low little screen of plaited straw from the south-west. On the opposite bank was wheat and indigo.

Monday, February 11th. While H. and K. went across to review the Lybian suburb, and Medinat Haboo in particular, T., A., and I revisited Carnac. In passing, we noticed

the pillars of Rameses IV. in the isolated south-west temple as resembling in the shape of their capitals those singular ones of the side pillars of the great hall of Rameses II., though much smaller. In a blackened chamber on the left is Horus, as usual, suckled by Isis, but here in her lap, as perhaps two years old. From Carnac it was our purpose to visit the Coptic convent about five miles eastward across the wheat-covered plain. We left A. and our books in the care of the second of our boat's crew, who in reply said with significant looks and action that they should be as his own two eyes. This reminded us very forcibly of the earnest prayer of the Psalmist (Psalm xvii. 8)—“Keep me as the apple of thine eye ;” (also Deut. xxxii. 10, and Zech. ii. 8). So T. and W. set out with Ali and Hassan Achmet our Carnac guide, riding on our Luxor donkeys pretty briskly along the embankment raised twelve or fourteen feet above the level of the plain. We passed several groups of black and brown sheep, and goats, and lambs, and kids, small horses, and camels. After about three miles we left the embankment of Alfeh grass, and turned down to the left over fine levels of finest grass, like an English lawn, not “Alfeh,” but “boor,” till within about one mile of the convent. Here on our left we saw groups of camels sheltered, under sheds of millet stalks, from the north-west cold. The convent shows a blank wall, surmounted by six little domes on the west, and three on the south. North of it is a pool (*birkeh*) now dry, and two large sycamores, with a tamarisk between them. Within nothing scarcely appears but a church ; it is, in fact, the Coptic church of Luxor and the neighbourhood. They had yesterday a congregation of

some two hundred. They have five monks (priests?) and one bishop, now gone with his books to Gooz, a day's journey from Luxor. The church lies broadly north and south, six domes west, then an arched way, then seven domes east. There are five or six little cell-like altars. At one end stands the screw reading desk to raise or lower. All is to our eyes extremely rude. A large baptism-jar is embedded in the central south wall, in the south-west corner, close to an oven-room adjoining. No books but two worn and imperfect ones, Coptic and Arabic-Coptic, I think, service books, not very old. The only visible ornament was a single ostrich egg, regarded as an emblem of the resurrection, suspended in the dome in front of the middle altar, and an embossed cross in relief embedded in the wall before the altar. Others varied in form and ornament, but were chiefly varieties of the Greek cross. The principal aisle was sixty feet by ten; the next sixty feet by seven, exclusive of thick four feet walls; the third sixty feet by ten again. Ibrahim Awat, the young Copt, was to have met us, but it was too far for him, I suppose, to walk in time; the consequence was, we were shown over the convent by a Mahometan *guardiano*, who lives within the enclosure among the sheep, whose dung loads the ground everywhere, and two or three of their black skins hang up under a dome in the entrance side-aisle of the church, which itself, I suppose, occupies more than half of the little enclosure. To be seen so as to interest, it should be visited when a Copt congregation is in it; now it looked sadly desolate. We returned by Carnac home to our boat below Luxor, and left Thebes about six the same evening.

CHAPTER IV.

“For ye know how we have dwelt in the land of Egypt; and ye have seen their abominations and their idols, wood and stone, silver and gold, which were among them.”—DEUTERONOMY, xxix. 16, 17.

“Bask not in courtly bower,
Or sun-bright hall of power,
Pass Babel quick, and seek the holy land.”—CHRISTIAN YEAR.

THE next morning by nine, we had floated and been rowed down to Keneh, whence we crossed in our little *Sandal* to go to the Cæsarian temple of Dendera, the most modern perhaps in Egypt, being about the Christian era. It is least ruined of any we have seen; and, though of a debased and over-ornamented impure period, is very majestic, and has an advantage over all we have seen, in having the bases of the twice nine columns in its portico visible. All we have seen have been usually buried or defective.*

From Girgeh, February 14th. To-day we walked through Girgeh, and its amusing broad covered bazaars, full of picturesque dresses; I noticed a few black-turbaned Copts

* In Formby's *Visit to the East*, 1843, p. 105, is a well-executed little engraving of this temple; but the columns lose their proportion, as the bases did not then appear.

among them, one reading Coptic as he sat in his bazaar. Walking out, we looked back on nine handsome minarets of Girgeh (George) rising from its palms; we also passed fields of low barley in ear, and saw water-melons planting where the Nile had just left the sandy shallows.

February 15th. To-day we are approaching Osioot, the modern capital of Upper Egypt: Girgeh was the old one. The birds of Upper Egypt are famous; besides pigeons innumerable, and great quantities of birds of prey, solitary eagles, falcons, and sparrow-hawks, solitary hoopoes, the green little zikziks, and beautiful-necked doves upon the acacias, solitary graceful water-wagtails fly-catching upon the water's edge, or on our boat-deck, &c., &c. To-day we saw on a shallow, all together in one flock, more than three hundred wild geese, with eight or nine tall stately-stepping grey cranes among them. The noise of their rising wings, when H. fired his gun towards them, was like the clatter of a great number of flattish light stones sent tumbling along down the rocky side of a hill. The kingly cranes, for the most part, sat it quietly out. To-day we had our nearest view of a crocodile, half floating on a bank about fifteen or twenty yards off; he was apparently eight or ten feet long, and of a lizard or serpent-like complexion, somewhat like peppered mustard with brown peppercorn spots. He soon moved under water. It is now eight P.M., and the moon is shining a beautiful and very nearly even-horned crescent, the "old moon" appearing an entire circle, though the new moon is now more than four days old.

February 18th. Yesterday we went skirting the crowded

horse, donkey, and camel bazaar, on to Stabal Antar, large cave-tombs on the mountain, from which you command a noble wide-spread valley of the Nile, covered with a fresh green expanse of vast wheat-fields, and lines of sycamore, acacia, and willow, and clumps of palm and low pomegranate ; the latter and the sycamore almost the only trees in Egypt not now green. To the left are the houses of Osioot, built of brown-baked brick, flat-roofed and low, and its nine or ten tall, white, gracefully-rising minarets. There lie on the cave-tomb sides many strata of confused mummy-cloth, and wolf-bones (mummy-wolves), and human mummied bones. What a humbling scene for poor mortality ! Within these wide-mouthed tombs are both hieroglyphic paintings, like Beni Hassan and Silsilis, and also a variety of sculptures. On the left wall of a north-western tomb are three rows of shield-and-spear soldiers of very good outline. Their spears are bladed like an old knife : the Arabs with us called these spears "kharbeh" (Hebrew, "khrev"—sword). The shields were door-like, held thus,  and covering almost the whole body, being about  as long as the whole body without the head. Here we found a cartouche apparently of Amunoph II. (B.C. 1456), the probable successor and son of the Pharaoh of the Exodus. Returning to Osioot, we visited the Coptic Church  and Bishop. We passed on through some long retired streets, and stopped somewhat unexpectedly at  the narrow entrance down towards the church and house of the Moottran. He came out into the court of his house to meet us ; there was nothing very distinctive in his dress, and it therefore was not without need that a Bâban (or

doorkeeper attendant) whispered me, “Moottran Kabèer.” We were led into a good-sized divan room on the ground-floor, and the Moottran, seating himself in the corner, at the same moment motioned us to the divan of the opposite side of the raised *dais*, or, as the Arabs call it, “leewàñ” (*i. e.* raised place). We were asked whether we would take coffee first, or see the church? The last was settled, and we passed by a few dark turns and passages to the church adjoining. It has the usual Coptic form—many saint pictures, as common as usual in their execution; but the screen was richly carved and inlaid with ivory in crosses. From the church we went down about twelve feet of steps to a crypt, as we should call it, being the older church on the same site. In the upper church is daily service; the lower one was very dimly lighted from above, and looked dusty and neglected, though similarly ornamented. Ascending by another path, we returned to the house of the church, where the bishop led us now to an upper room, rather smaller, but like a double room. As we entered, a hanging clock (the only one we have heard or seen for several weeks—the Moslems have none, I believe) struck the hour, I think, four. In a middle window lay a little rude reading-desk, and upon it a Coptic-Arabic Psalter, and another larger book. We asked a few common questions—the number of Copts in Osioot? about four thousand—about five schools, and twenty priests. I mentioned to him the case of the poor Copts in Assouan, without books and without priest. He seemed not aware, being so few, that there were any there; for there are, perhaps, only thirty or thirty-five; but he remarked, that without books one day was like another. He asked whether any

Coptic-Arabic books (such as Psalters, &c.) were printed in our country? I replied that we had many Arabic books printed in England, but, I was afraid, not Coptic or Coptic with Arabic.* He asked us to stay; but I replied, we were hastening onwards to Cairo, to reach Jerusalem, if we could, by Easter.

Coffee had now been served, and we made our salâm and withdrew. A little crowd of poor, chiefly blind and aged, beset us when we reached the street again. We dispensed a few half-piastres to the blind, and gave a piastre to the servant of the church, and to two door-keepers, holding up amid the crowd their insignia of office, two cross-shaped wooden keys, and made our way on our nimble asses through the little city, and home to our boat. Over the gateway of the city was suspended a recently captured crocodile, about twelve feet long, from Wady Alfeh, the second cataract. To-day we saw four live ones, two asleep, and two others basking in the warm morning sun. One was dark, just the colour and complexion of an old bell, very dark bronzy olive brown; the rest were lizard green. A. wakened some beautifully responding echoes from the high sand-rock cliffs over them; five or six descending notes were returned, after a few seconds of silence, most distinctly and sweetly.

The environs of Osioot, which we passed through yesterday, are the most beautifully fertile of any we have seen in the Nile valley. We can now better understand

* There were, however, printed, in 1847 or previous, by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, copies of the four Gospels in Arabic and Coptic, in a nobly large type, with, I believe, a special view to the dimly-lighted churches of the Copts.

how (besides in seasons of miraculously plentiful produce) all countries should come to Egypt for corn (Gen. xii. 10; Acts, xxvii. 6 and 38). I never saw so wide a plain of wheat, now in three months or less ready for harvest; and, by the Nile leaving its mud every year, they can, I am told, annually still grow wheat, &c., on the same land. I also noticed rank-growing barley in ear, and a white clover in flower, and other green crops, with cows, goats, and other animals, tethered in them.

February 19th. To-day we have visited the poor but nobly situated convent of El Adra; as it happens, twelve years to-day since Mr. Curzon's visit.* We were conducted thither over the sand-rock cliff, whence over the brown sand fore-ground, was a grand view of the broad green Nile valley: we looked down on the tops of stiff stick-like palm stems, and the two or three minarets of Samàlout. Priest Girgeh, and two or three of the servants or people of the convent, who had swam to our boat in its passing swiftly with a south wind, and strong stream under their precipitous cliff, brought us three neat asses, and we rode over sand-scraped rock to the convent village. Turning in to the left, we descended a flight of steps, about twelve or fourteen feet deep, to the church. It is evidently of very early date: as Mr. Curzon says, it quite resembles an ancient basilica. The peristyle pillars of the vestibule look something between massive Roman, and Norman, and small Egyptian architecture. The two in

* See *Visits to Monasteries in the Levant*. Chap. IX., 2nd Edition. Murray, 1849.

face of the apse, are like very rude Corinthian. The apse-pillars or pilasters are dug out of the rock apparently. Priest Girgeh pointed out the throne—a little low seat with IHC II XTS upon it; he also rang and sang to two cymbal-bells, used to call the congregation to service. Lights are always necessary within the apse. Priest Girgeh said they were about forty, besides women and children: all the children can read: there are in the school about twenty. Their Bishop is at Samallout: there are, he said, twelve Coptic bishops in Egypt. We left eight and a half piastres for books, and for the children, and returned to our boat. As Priest Girgeh accompanied us, he suddenly mounted on the same donkey with me for a few paces. He inquired about Jerusalem, Nazareth, Bethlehem, the Mount of Olives, whither we were going, and where we had been three years ago. Looking at our Frank dresses &c., he said, that I thought ourselves better than they were, but as Christians we were all alike,—putting significantly his two forefingers (a rare possession in Egypt) side by side, close together. It was just our moment of parting; but I tried to express that we did not, I hope, think ourselves better, and that as Nazrāni we were all equal. I showed him Mr. Curzon's plan of their church "Ah," said he, "quite correct,—there are the steps down, the altar-steps, the pillars, and all." On our reaching our dahabiyeh, the poor Copts, and Priest Girgeh among them, begged of us and our dragomans, their usual present of empty bottles: they received two or three; made their last salām to us with a slight touch of right hand to mouth and head, and wound their way among some blasted rocks upwards and homewards.

February 20th. We are now passing Beni Souèf, the last stage (so to speak), *i. e.*, principal town between Minyeh and Cairo. Beni Souèf is seventy-four miles above Cairo, and is reckoned fifteen hours distance down the stream. Both last night, and this evening at nighfall, we have heard, at no great distance, the howling of wolves, old and young together—two long, wild, minor notes, more treble, however, than what we heard three years ago near El Arish, the border town of Syria.

February 21st. To-day we re-enter the pyramid district. The curved pyramid and two others have been visible all day, we being now only thirty or forty miles above Cairo. It was proposed to one of our party commencing a letter to England, that he should begin it with this laconic sentence, “It rains.” In fact, we have had two slight showers to-day, and a stormy, cloudy, north-west wind. Rain we have had none, till to-day, for nearly seven weeks, the last was at Cairo, and Lower Egypt is evidently inferior in point of climate—more rainy, and stormy, and cloudy than Upper Egypt. As Formby (*Visit to the East*) truly says, “the climate of Egypt is beyond all praise;” but then it is Upper Egypt, rather than Lower. We have had, perhaps, six clouded days in six weeks; the rest have been pure cloudless sunshine, warm as a clear day’s heat in June in England, but the air very fresh and cool, or even cold, mornings and after sunset. The moonlight and stars have been magnificent, like what Byron has called “spiritually bright.” And the air usually has had the fresh, flowery, and fragrant breathing of spring, with white clover, and bean blossom, and other pleasant, impalpable,

and unoppressive grassy and spring-like smells, though with very little indeed of wild flowers of any kind.

February 22nd. Island of Roda, near Cairo. We have just returned from a visit to the Ghizeh Pyramids and the Sphinx. The partially clouded day after rain yesterday was unusually favourable; we had no dust, and the lights and shadows were as singular in this land of little rain and rare clouds, as they were beautiful. It cannot, I think, now be reasonably doubted that the pyramids throughout the Memphian district, and extending westward along the Nile for upwards of twenty miles, are altogether sepulchral monuments. They may, indeed, have been also constructed so as to subserve for astronomical and religious purposes, but, in the main, I think it seems quite evident that they were burial-places—depositaries for the dead, not without hope and belief of immortality. And yet, immortal as these singular remains are, they are but as it were immortal records of man's mortality, and of his powerlessness eventually to escape the sentence, "dust to dust." As burial-places, then, they serve at least to give a fearful and terrible emphasis and appropriateness to the divine denunciation: "Lo, they are gone because of destruction: Egypt shall gather them; Memphis shall bury them" (Hosea, ix. 6). The Ghizeh pyramids, the largest of these lasting records, stand on a platform of sandy rock, raised considerably above the Nile valley. They are placed exactly on the edge of the desert; its grey and pure fawn-coloured sands come drifting down just before them, and pouring down below them, like snow-drifts. It was about mid-day when we ascended, hauled up from step to step by several

Arabs each. The Sheik Mohammed followed us to the top. The ascent, though I believe it is not really so, seems more than an angle of forty-five degrees ; looking down, the sides appear like a very steep precipitous rocky hill. The view from the summit is beautifully contrasted ; westward, the bare sands and sandy valleys and hills of the Lybian desert stretching on to the salt lakes and monastery of St. Macarius ; eastward, the rich wheat-covered valley of the Nile, dotted with its alm-sheltered villages, so as greatly to resemble in general appearance parts of the vale of Berks and its villages. Then the Nile itself ; and beyond it are spread the fertile plains around Heliopolis (the pasture lands of Goshen) ; and a little to the south lies Cairo, with its 'hundred minarets, the most graceful, perhaps, of any eastern city. On descending within the pyramid by a very long and straight, and somewhat steep passage, (the angle, I believe, is twenty-seven), daylight ceases ; then follow two very long and rather steep ascending passages, at the close and summit of which is the arched monolith-like chamber* of the sarcophagus, occupying the centre of the whole building. One feels here as if solidly entombed above ground. It is more solemnly awful, though less perplexing, than the endless windings of Roman catacombs. Here, amid the glare of torches and candles, and the screaming voices of some fifteen or sixteen Arabs, silenced for the time, we sung together, in that singularly echoing room, the Doxology "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." On returning from the pyramids, crossing a green dry hollow of the Nile valley, we noticed fifteen or twenty swallows, in flight,

* Thirty-four feet by seventeen, and nineteen feet high.

twitter, size, and food, evidently identical with our English swallow. These birds, however, while they elsewhere exactly resembled ours in colour, had the remarkable and beautiful distinction of a red or orange-coloured breast dying into a dull white, where it joined the pervading glossy black. The Egyptian sparrow is quite identical with that of Europe, and is as tame or tamer than those in our London squares.

Tombs of the Caliphs, February 28th. The muezzin is just calling from within an old mosque adjoining our tents; the busy days of Cairo since *February 22d* have left no time for writing, and I must speak from recollection, and a few brief notes.

Saturday, February 23rd. We left our boat. The names, &c., of our boat-owner and crew are as follows:—

Owner, or sub-owner—Rais Ibrahim Fagali.

Rais of boat—Rais Hassan Seid Achmet, (one eye), married; two boys and one girl.

Mate—Mohammed Eglàn, married; two boys and two girls.

Steersman—Ali Hussein, nephew of Rais Hassan, married.

Cook-boy—Bàdowi Jòma, married; one girl.

Sailors—Gad Masòùd (one finger lost), married; one boy and one girl. Hadg Ata, married; one boy and one girl. Mohammed El Masri (one eye), married. Mohammed Ali, married; one boy. Arabi Nasr (one eye), widower. Mahmood Mohammed (one finger and thumb lost), bachelor.

The above list is given chiefly as a specimen to show

the frequency of mutilation of hand and eye, and the smallness of families. The name of "the Prophet," it will be observed, occurs five times in the names of only eleven individuals.

Sunday, February 24th. I went to the Coptic service at seven A.M.; it is from five to eight. They extend slightly upwards their open hands in repeating the Lord's prayer,* standing. On entering, they bow east to the altar, and then prostrate to the Patriarch. They ring cymbals and triangles, not to the Psalms only, but also to the chanting of the Gospel.† The eucharist is sacrificial, and administered to child-deacons and sick as a cure. At the half-past ten English missionary service we heard an admirable sermon from Mr. Crusè, on 1 John, v. 4, "This is the victory, &c."

Monday, February 25th. At four P.M., we went to Ibrahim Selim's feast: he had killed a sheep brought from Thebes, and invited some thirty, or thirty-five friends, and sent at supper-time to say all was ready. Three Mahometan priests, one blind, attended all day and night to pray, chanting prayers from time to time. They sat on a lower flat roof or house-top, upon a low divan with carpets and matting. I did not notice any *segada* (the little worship-carpet or rug pointed to Mecca.) Within, round a flat brass table, barely two feet from the ground, sat nine or

* See Psalms, xxviii. 2; lxxxviii. 9; cxliii. 6; also 1 Kings, viii. 22; 2 Chron. vi. 12, 13; and Job, xi. 13.

† The idea being, I believe, the joyful reception of joyful tidings. (Psalm lxxxix. 15, 16; St. Luke, ii. 10.)

ten dragomans, and other friends : with "Bismallah," they rapidly, but justly and really not inelegantly, tore asunder some quarter or more of the sheep, and dipped their hands into the several dishes, many and good. At the end, all should say, and one did say, "Achmet-lillah."*

Tuesday, February 26th. We went to Matarieh (Heliopolis), five or six miles north-west of Cairo. Its beautiful obelisk of red granite, with bold hieroglyphics and cartouches† of Thothmes III. forms the centre of a rich garden, with lemon, almond, and apricot trees, the two last now in pink and white blossom. Below spring up rich crops of wheat and barley, beet-root, bananas, and, side by side, violets and onions, in adjoining and intermingling beds. We saw also the newly dug-out door-posts of limestone, with cartouches of the same date. Thence we went to the sacred tree, an extremely venerable sycamore; four of us spanned the girth of it at twice.

By this tree, according to tradition, the holy family rested on coming to Egypt. This also stands as the centre of a well-watered garden, with roses and jasmine, now in

* The Moslems often abound with religious expressions. Mr. Lane instances the mottoes on doors, and sometimes on windows, as being of this character: *e. g.* on a house door, "He is the Creator, the Everlasting." And sometimes on windows, &c., "Allah is my hope," &c., &c. This reminds one of still more appropriate and Christian mottoes on houses in Switzerland, (*e. g.*, Grindelwald) and of a beautiful battlement-motto at Castle Ashby, the Marquis of Northampton's :—

"CVSTODIAT DOMINVS INTROITVM TVVM ET EXITVM TVVM." (Ps. cxxi. 8.)

† Usually, as here, I have followed Sir G. Wilkinson's dates.

flower. Two sweet clear wells (not Nile water) are found in this neighbourhood. Wells are here great guides, and indications to mark ancient spots and localities.

Heliopolis is the On of Genesis xli. 45, 50 ; and as it was hence that Joseph obtained the mother of Ephraim and Manasseh, Heliopolis may thus far be regarded as the first cradle and birth-place of two out of the twelve tribes of Israel. (See Gen. xlif. 50-52, and ch. xlviii.)

Wednesday February 27th. We visited the Greek church in old Cairo : the readings in the service-book are called each Ἱχος. (See Psalm xix. 3, 4, and Rom. x. 18.) Over and across the large picture of the Saviour, is written in old Greek characters : “THE KING OF KINGS AND OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST.” Of the Greek church services we afterwards saw more at Sinai. Below is a very early crypt-like church, like a small Basilica. Above is the Greek Patriarch’s house, high, roomy, and airy ; and, like the church, most beautifully clean. About one hundred yards off below, is a venerable Coptic church ; here we went down into a small crypt, where is pointed out the traditional spot where the holy family rested, it is said, ten days.

To-day we have been, by permission, to Dr. Abbott’s museum, where, beside live giraffes, hippopotami, pelicans, &c., we saw the necklace of Menes, the signet seal-ring of Cheops (Egyptian Shofo), both, according to Sir G. Wilkinson, upwards of 2000 b.c. ; and the iron helmet of Shishac, who, b.c. 970, humbled Jerusalem (2 Chron. xii. 1-12).

March 1st, Encampment near Bissateen. Last night, by the Tombs of the Caliphs, which are fine minareted

mosque-like buildings, we had, as it were, four calls to prayer: the muezzin, within the ruined mosque, after sunset and at midnight; the loud crowing of the cock in our encampment half an hour after midnight; and again afterwards, his shrill cry echoing in the empty mosque like another muezzin. Skirting the citadel, and passing under the Mokattam (*i. e.*, the *quarried* hill), we arrived with twenty-one camels, in two hours and a half, at Bissateen. Bissateen, a small village on a slight eminence, is the reputed site of Rameses, or Raamses,* the meeting-place of the Israelites as they were on the point of leaving Egypt; and near to Memphis (Moph or Noph), and On (Heliopolis, En-shemish, Beth-shemesh †), Cairo is in sight, and the probable Goshen extending northward from Heliopolis. Hence, turning eastward, we passed the Gebel-el-Hashab (Hill of Wood), commonly called the Petrified Forest. It is a sloping sandy valley, bestrewn thickly with petrified wood, large pieces and small. At a little distance, say a third of a mile, the pieces look like so many scattered shrubs.

March 2nd. To-day we have journeyed about eight hours, from nine to five, through hard desert. For three or four hours the Petrified Forest continued on our left. All the stones bore the appearance of logs of wood, some of firm and round timber, some like touchwood, and of various brown colour. A cold north wind has been blowing, and the shadows of clouds, the lights, blue distance, and undulations, and sandy hills, and blue azure sky,

* Exodus, xii. 37; Numbers, xxxiii. 3; compare Exodus, i. 11.

† Aven (Ezek. xxx. 17) is supposed to be the same as On.

been most beautiful. To-morrow we pass our first
lay in the desert, wherein the Israelite, for gathering
s on the Sabbath, was stoned (Numb. xv. 30-36 ;
l. xxxv. 3). O may we have grace duly to sanctify it
MORROW.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER CROSSING THE RED SEA, TO GO FROM
AYUN MOSE, NEAR SUEZ, TO HOWARAH (MARAH),
GORUNDEL, AND WASSEIT (ELIM).

March 6th, 7th, 8th.

HERE, on Arabia's level strand,
Thine outstretched arm, Thy mighty hand,
O glorious Lord, were seen ;
When Israel, by Thy guiding light,
Passed onwards in well-ordered flight,
The wall-like waves between.

For Egypt's vale, so green and fair
With corn and gourds, a desert bare
Its grey rocks round them spread :
Their thirsting eye, as some fond dream,
Views yon delusive airy stream
By scorching noon-beams fed.

Tho' Marah's pools their thirst allayed,
Even Elim's mystic wells and shade
No lasting joy supplied ;
But manna day by day from heaven,
And lasting flowing streams were given
From Horeb's stricken side.*

* St. John, vi. 31-35; 1 Cor. x. 4.

For bitter this world's sweetest draught,
Nor satisfies the knowledge quaffed
 From patriarch, saint, or sage;
But, Lord, Thy word true wisdom gives—
True wisdom, which undying lives,
 Brightening from age to age.

Lord, if Thy presence we can taste,
The wilderness, no more a waste,
 With unknown beauty smiles:
Here, too, a table Thou hast spread;
And cheerful wine, and strengthening bread,
 The lonesome way beguiles.

Yet where's the path Thy people passed
Thro' the deep sea, and on the waste?
 And Marah's waters where?
Tho' drifting sands have choked her wells,
And Elim's spot no palm-tree tells,
 Yet surely Thou art there.

Faith without sight full well may speed;
No curious eye our faith shall need
 To read Thee everywhere:
Soon as Thy Son descends from high,
Thy glory fills earth, sea, and sky,
 And we that glory share.

In Thy dear Son, redeemed and blest,
No more we'll seek for earthly rest
 In homes of faith below
But wheresoe'er our feet have trod,
Still walking with the Son of God,
 From strength to strength we'll go.

CHAPTER V.

"Where is He that brought them up out of the sea with the shepherd of His flock? where is He that put His holy Spirit within him? that led them by the right hand of Moses with His glorious arm, dividing the waters before them?"—ISAIAH, lxiii. 11, 12.

"Sound the loud timbrel oe'r Egypt's dark sea;
JEHOVAH hath triumphed; His people are free."

March 3rd, Sunday Evening. Our Sunday has been peacefully, and I hope not unprofitably, spent within the edge of a winding and picturesque wady, about half a mile broad, scattered over gracefully with herb-like shrubs, southernwood, and other fragrant shrubs, and here and there a few dwarf flowers. About two p.m., after our service, we found a quarrel, issuing in a little fight with drawn swords and blood, among our camel-drivers, about the recovery of a camel stolen four years ago from one of them, and now passing by in the hands of some other Arabs. As they were pleased to represent it, the camel was given up at our request, peace was restored, and there were only two wounds in the hands, which K. carefully dressed. This afternoon A. told our three servants part of Joseph's history. Komi, our brave cook, a staunch Mahometan, asked, "Were the stores of wheat in ear?

if not, they would not have kept seven years." Afterwards I spoke through Armenius,* our Copt servant, to Sheikh Hussein and his men respecting Jesus, Son of Abraham and David, raising Jairus's daughter. The Sheikh and two of his men, among the rest, were very attentive; but two others talked. A. also told them of the present effects of Babel and of the Flood. And of both these events, in our different languages, and in the shell-covered hills around us, the effects were before us.

March 5th. Encamped near Suez. Yesterday we left our pleasant and cheerful encampment about half-past eight, and travelled till nearly five. By the way, the only living creatures we saw were one little quail, white and black, and a large covey (about sixteen) of the beautiful partridges of this country. Our road, every now and then,

* Armenius is aged twenty-two. He is engaged to be married. His betrothed one is the daughter of a jeweller in Cairo, her father a Copt, her mother a Syrian; her age twelve or thirteen. He once accidentally saw her, and describes her as beautiful, according to Eastern ideas of beauty, with large eyes, little nose and mouth. The father discoursed with A.'s mother as to his means, &c., and the match was settled. He was several years in Mr. Lieder's (the Church Missionary) school, and reads Arabic very fairly.

Baron Geramb, *Letter XX.*, dated Bethlehem, remarks:—"A Catholic Arab said to me a few days since, rubbing his hands for joy, 'I have just promised my daughter; it is an excellent match for her.' 'How old is she?' 'A fortnight.' 'And her intended?' 'Four years.' 'I have doubly to congratulate you; never in my life do I recollect to have heard of a more innocent couple.'"—GERAMB'S *Pilgrimage to Mount Sinai and Jerusalem*, 1831-2 (p. 111). Philadelphia: Carey and Hart, 1840.

was burrowed into by the jerboas, and one of our Arabs killed one with a stick, before the poor little fellow had time to retreat into his hole. It is like a mouse, but larger, with kangaroo jump. On arriving at the Suez road, the Overland Route, as it is called, all the charm of a desert path ceases ; there is a regular path with wheel-tracks, and, at intervals, fourteen forlorn-looking stations. Water, water, water, is the great want here ; we passed a drove of thirteen asses, laden with nothing whatever but water, three skins each. On our left we soon passed a horseman riding post ; he was, I believe, an employée of the Transit Company, a hardy Bedouin, who rides with relays from Suez to Cairo, seventy-five miles. Once, we are told, with extraordinary relays, he went and returned in about ten hours.

Wednesday, March 6th. Encampment at Ayun Mousè (Wells of Moses). To-day we went coasting under the western shore of the Red Sea, to observe the probable place of the Israelites' passage. It seems very likely to have occurred either in front of Gibel Attâhha (Mountain of Deliverance, according to Dr. Wilson), or in front of the succeeding range of Abou-dârak, *i.e.* in the Wady Tòwarick, where it joins the sea. These localities agree with the Hebrew names, Pi-hahiroth and Mactal (? Migdol, Wilson) ; and Baal Zephon must have been on the Arabian side. The mountain range called Zaforânah seems too far from the head of the gulph to have been the scene of the passage. We read Exodus xiii. 17-22, and xiv. on board our boat. After three hours' sail we rejoined our camels, and in three hours more reached this place, where are

eight or ten wells or pits of brackish water, supporting two gardens fringed round with tamarisk. We could not help admiring to-day the splendid colouring of the mountains and of the sea. On our left, to the east, the water was of a brilliant green; on our right, under Rais Atâhha, it was of a glowing blue no less brilliant.

March 7th. To-day we have for the third time observed the *mirage*. Before reaching Suez, we saw water of pale blue spread far before us, and the towers and walls of Ajròod reflected in it from twelve till three. This was full three hours before the actual sea appeared; and even then a mock sea of somewhat less brilliant blue stretched out to the left of Suez, where all was dry sand. In crossing the sea, we saw it again. To-day we saw for three or four hours in the middle of the day wide-spread shallow-looking waters, nearer us than the Red Sea, and with trees standing in it, at intervals. There were really neither trees nor water.

The Arabic of the Sinai peninsular Arabs, and on to Mecca, is reckoned purest and best. It is superior to the Arabic spoken either in Syria or Egypt, and has in it more of poetical expression. As, yesterday morning, Jaboor, one of our Arabs from beyond Akaba, lay watching close to K.'s tent, waking up as the sun appeared above the sea, he called to his companion, "O Tamor (Palm-fruit), the day is risen." Between Bissateen and Suez, near one of our late encampments, we saw a black locust about two and a half or three inches long; it had beautiful red orange-coloured wings beneath. Probably this is the same which (according to Dr. Robinson) is called by the

Arabs “soldiers’ horses.” We afterwards learnt more about locusts towards Akaba, Mount Seir, and Petra, and again near Acre.



ELIM. (WASSEIT.)

March 8th. Encamped at Wasseit, the supposed Elim of Dr. Wilson and others. This morning we left our encampment at seven, and at one P.M. came in sight of Howàrah, the supposed Marah. Two low bushy palm trees mark the spot; and the water, which we tasted, is sweeter, and less salt than that of Ayùn Mousè. About three we entered the Wady Gorundel (Elim, of Robinson, &c.), about half, or one-third of a mile broad, and beautifully sprinkled with rising clumps of tamarisk, the same kind as in England. Our poor dromedaries browsed eagerly upon their young green shoots. This is a decidedly marked watercourse, with steep banks of six, eight, or ten feet on either side. In front, west or south-west towards the Red Sea, rise furrowed mountains, like Radicòfani, in central Italy. We followed this wady out of the beaten track for half an hour or forty minutes, then, turning to the right,

we came in sight of Elim ; there was a small clear stream of fresh water, divided in two narrow channels. Tamarisks and bushy palms fringe it, and reeds of upwards of twenty feet high. One or two little grey birds flitted about the stream ; there were wagtails strutting on the sandy bed, and a few rooks soaring above. It was a lovely spot, a pleasant little watered oasis in the waste grey rocky wilderness. We turned to our right soon after leaving this pleasant water, the sweetest of any since we left the Nile. We crossed several deep and difficult ravines ; in ascending up out of the first and most rugged, my dromedary fell, after moaning most piteously. He fell with me, or rather with the saddle, which, being not strongly fastened on, slipped backwards on his making a high step upwards. Providentially, he hardly fell on me, and the ground, instead of being rocky (as it had been a few yards back), was sandy and gritty only, so that I got up again unhurt. Ibrahim's wrath was vented on the camel-drivers, but he felt it much himself, and thanked God for my preservation. On the level ground above the ravine, Mount Serbal (Horeb) rose upon us, opposite the now setting sun. It was a tall level line, terminating abruptly, and covered round with clouds. At the same instant, three light-footed gazelles started over the plain, at about two hundred yards to our left. We returned, groping our way in twilight : the bright star below Sirius showed brilliantly prismatic colours, blue and red alternately. By half-past seven we rejoined our tents and baggage-camels in Wady Wasseit.

Saturday, March 9th. About eight this morning we

left Wady Wasseit. There are here some twenty palm trees together, in the valley, three or four of them very tall for the desert, being thirty or forty feet high. Others appear higher up the wady, and there are some waters here also. These desert palms are far more beautiful, though less fruitful, than the tall, stiff, cultivated palms of Egypt. I measured round the outer branches of two to-day; one was one hundred and sixty, and another one hundred and eighty feet in circumference. Three pigeons flew across the valley as we left this second Elim; for Wilson and others consider this to be Elim, rather than Wady Gorundel. By two P.M. we came by a grand rocky ravine to the sea. This ravine is called by the Arabs, Wady Tàyibiyeh. As Robinson says:—If it be granted that either Gorundel, or even Wasseit, were Elim, the Israelites must have come by this bold and precipitous, sided watercourse to the sea: the nature of the ground itself decides this. By Wasseit, along the wady, are many brooms, “Ratham,” the Scripture juniper, with white blossom, and sweet pink stock, and other little flowers, which we gathered. Along Wady Tàyibiyeh are palms and tamarisks, and bright green thorny shrubs, called by Arabs, “lásaf.” The camels eat it. Mount Serbal now again rose in distance before us, and, after picking up many shells along the edge of this bright clear sea, we are now encamped by the Red Sea in Wady Merkhàh (the valley of rest?). Here probably Israel encamped after Elim.

Sunday Evening, March 10th. Encampment by Red

Sea. Last night, after being up late, we accidentally heard Armenius in the servants' tent, discoursing with his two Moslem fellow-servants. He was repeating to them the Apostle's Creed in Arabic, the second part of it, "born of Mary," but son of God, "was crucified, rose again the third day, went up to heaven, sat at right hand of God." He was also explaining it to them. It was worth sitting up (it was now half-past twelve) to hear them. To-day, A. has gone on with Joseph's history to them, and has narrated, "*Who would not pray?*" to Jaboor, the Sheikh, and five or six of his men, squatting in a circle round their brushwood fire, and coffee. Poor J. repeated his prayer, owning Jesus as Son of God. This slightly stirred up the Sheikh, and two other Moslems among them, one with his pipe, the other mending, or rather making, a snow-white shirt. One, if I mistake not, with strange liberality, stated that these four were equal: Seidna Ibrahim, Seidna Isa, Seidna Daood, Seidna Mohammed. A. softened their animosity by saying, that, had we been all born here, we should have believed and said as they did, until we were taught better; but that, if they really pray to God to teach them, He would show them what is right. Upon this the shirt-sewer (Mohammed) shrewdly and courteously replied, that other Hawajas, that had been with them this way, had kept their knowledge and book to themselves, but this Hawaja (pointing towards me with his head inclined, and hand still at work at the shirt) thought it all true and good, because he tried to teach it to others out of his book—meaning, I suppose, my Arabic New Testament, which I have read, usually, to Armenius in

the mazetta,* or at the tent door at night. We set out with twenty-one camels; we have now twenty-two. Habsa's camel, straying far among the shrubs on the plain, gave birth, about twelve, to-day, to a little camel, now this evening among the tents, just attempting feebly to walk. He is already three feet and a half high when he stands up. Habsa found him soon after he was born. We asked what the poor camel would have done, had Habsa not found him? The Sheikh readily answered, "If he had been left alone, there would have been seven angels at hand from God to help him."

March 11th, Monday. This morning, at about a quarter past eight, we left our lovely Sunday encampment by the Red Sea, and after about eleven hours and a half, including one hour's digression, are now encamped, at half-past six, in Wady Mukattein (the written or booked valley). About eleven we left Wady Shawel, and ascending the slanting pass of Boudrah, we looked back on a magnificent range of bare but varied coloured mountains, and the bright blue Red Sea in the distance. The descending ravine had several large acacia-thorns; on dipping my finger into the soft red gum exuding from the wood, it wore quite the appearance of blood. The thorns

* Called, also, by the Arabs, tartàravan and hashab, *i.e.*, wood. It is a wooden box, or double short couch, covered with a thick awning, and placed on a strong camel's back, and capable of holding two persons squatting in the eastern posture. It is to the camel nearly what a pair of children's panniers is to the donkey. They are not unfrequently used on the level El-Arish route, but ours was, I believe, the first which was taken by Sinai and Petra.

are very long, being three or four inches in length ; they are so large and frequent, that they show much more than the little green leaves. Some persons, with great probability, consider it to be the shittim-wood of Scripture, from which were formed the ark of testimony, the table of shew-bread, and all the frame-work of the tabernacle, as well as the altar of burnt-offering and the altar of incense. (Exodus, xxv. 10, 23 ; xxvi. 15 ; xxvii. 1 ; xxx. 1 ; xxxvi. 20 ; xxxvii. 1-10, 25 ; xxxviii. 1.) It looks quite a desert tree, yet it somewhat answers to a wild and rugged hawthorn in England. Several of these last grow on the Mount of Olives, brought, perhaps, by crusaders or pilgrims. Possibly, however, they are indigenous, since they occur also in various parts of the north of Palestine.

WRITTEN BETWEEN RED SEA ENCAMPMENT, AND WADY
FEIRAN (PARAN).

Monday and Tuesday. March 11th and 12th, 1850.

LORD, Thy joys are all around,
On the sky, and o'er the ground.
Fallen man with hands so rude
Ne'er has marred this solitude :
Tho' of verdure soft bereft,
'T is as Thine own hand hath left,
Or Thy winds that fitful sweep
Down from Horeb's hallowed steep,
Or cool rains that from Thy heaven
To these unsown wastes are given ;
Scattering o'er the stone-strewed vale
Fragrant herb and flowret pale,
Or tall thorn, that from its wood,
Sheds the tear-drop like His blood,

Whose sad brows with grief were riven,
Tho' an Angel's strength was given.

Varied these Thy rocks below,
As Thy mercy's varied bow.
Red yon peaks against the sky ;
Green around these fragments lie :
Tho' the blue of heaven's high field
To earth's azure may not yield,
Yet each colour of Thy bow
Finds its counterpart below ;
Thus sweet Mercy's throne is here,
E'en where most was known Thy fear :
Where mid fire Thou wast adored,
Smitten rocks their life-streams poured.*

Lo, yonder waves their blue unfold,
As pure as from Thy hand they rolled :
Altho' beneath that ancient bed
Lie sunk ten thousand mighty dead !
Tho' ships of fire young Japhet bear,
Shem's tents and power and wealth to share ;
Yet trackless rolls yon pearly main,
And ocean is Thine own again.

Yes, mighty Lord ; and all shall be
In thy good time as full of Thee ;
When re-created heaven and earth
Gain from thy hand their second birth ;†
And freed from sin and Satan's spell,
Blest righteousness on earth shall dwell,
Mourning no more her Eden's loss,
More blessed in the Saviour's Cross.

* Deut. v. 2; Exodus, xvii. 6.

† Psalm civ. 30; 2 Peter, iii. 13.

The beautiful and varied colour of the rocks and stones to-day, every tint and shade of pink, red, and crimson, yellow and ochre, green and olive, and dark blue, is quite indescribable. Mount Serbal (Horeb) rose in front of us from time to time—at starting, at eleven, at three, and lastly at six—in calm and distant majesty. Then the soft pink rays of the opposite setting sun threw round it an ethereal heavenly glow, rendering its dark rocks far more beautiful than any snowy Alp under like circumstances.

The digression we made at half-past two to-day took us up to a wady on the left, where were old Egyptian hieroglyphics on the soft slanting face of the sandstone rock. The other inscriptions in alphabetic character in Wady Mukatteb, with rude horses and camels, resemble in form some of the Hebrew coin-letters and the Samaritan.* The poor mother camel has borne this long day's journey wonderfully well, though loaded only a little less than usual; she is now enjoying her “fool,” the beans of Egypt. Her owner Habsa, offers us her milk. Our Sheikh spoke of scorpions here, but we have seen none yet.

This evening (Tuesday), poor Habsa came very quietly to our tent door, and in his hand a large wooden bowl full of camel's milk, quite fresh and clean. Contrary to previous impressions, we found it very good, both alone and with coffee, &c. Also some fresh goat's milk to-day,

* M. Lottin de Lavall has recently spent some time and pains upon this subject; he considers them to be an early Arabic character, but much later than the days of Job. The Rev. Charles Forster, however, after longer study and with greater probability, regards them as the work of the Israelites, during their forty years' wanderings, B. C. 1490-1450.

(different from what I once tasted in Ireland, at Killarney,) was scarcely distinguishable from cow's milk. There are, I believe, two rather black sheep among our Arabs; one selfish, self-indulgent fellow (Saldom), who always is riding; and poor Dochel, whose fault I do not yet know. He is ill with a kind of leprous ulcer, one month yearly, and this is that month. Why he is scouted I do not yet know.

Tuesday, March 12th. Leaving our encampment in Wady Mukatteb, or rather the entrance and juncture of Wady Feiran, at a quarter past seven, we are now arrived at half-past six in Wady Sheikh, having delayed two hours among the palms, tamarisks, and nabak-trees, and palm-leaf huts of Wady Feiran. After a long, straight valley, in the midst of which, according to some, rises the mountain on which Moses' hands were stayed in prayer,* we turned a rocky point to the right, about eleven, and came suddenly upon a somewhat nearer and fuller view of the majestic peaks of Mount Serbal. Then winding down in the craggy path of Hagar Hattachtin, soon after twelve, we came in sight of a yet nearer view of Mount Serbal, under the sun before us, and a small church visible on its summit, rather to the left. Serbal is highest, I believe, of all the Sinai pile of mountains, or, as the Arabs express it, "El gibel Serbal Abou'l gibal" (the hill Serbal father of (all) the hills.) Robinson, however, calculates that Gibel Katerin is one thousand seven hundred feet higher than Serbal. About half-past twelve we began to enter upon the lovely and wild beauties of Wady Feiran, which Wil-

* Exodus, xvii. 8-16.

son connects, perhaps correctly, with the Paran of Scripture. (See Deut. xxxiii. 2; Hab. iii. 3.) Tall palms (some forty feet high), of every variety of height and form, fill the cultivated valley for about two miles; here also are tall acacia-thorns, twenty, or sometimes even thirty feet high. Here the yellow and dark-fruited nabak scatters its little fruits, the size of a very small crab, and tasting not unlike one fully ripe, but in this thirsty desert they are pleasantly refreshing. Among the palms, and several miles beyond them, the spreading tamarisks, browsed by camels, fringe the path. They are from fifteen to twenty or twenty-five feet high. Below are southernwood, a yellow-flowering hyssop, and other fragrant herbs. It was with hyssop that Moses here, under Mount Sinai, sprinkled both the people and the ark with the blood of the covenant. (See Heb. ix. 19; with Exod. xxiv. 4-8.) Hence, in Psalm li. 7, cleansing with hyssop implies cleansing with blood.

At half-past one we passed caves on our left, and on a hill a ruined windmill. These were probably in the fifth or sixth century Christian habitations. At two, Wady Alliyeh opened on our right. At five, Wady Etham. At six, Wady Feiran branches off and ends; we following Wady Sheikh, and leaving Wady Salaf to our right. In Wady Feiran we stopped, while K. and A. sketched, and T. and I went to an Arab hut made of rude palm-leaves. They offered us coffee. The son, perhaps twelve years old, played on a rude guitar with two strings of horse-hair. Some of the rock-echoes to-day have been very sweet, repeating three notes very lengthened and sweetened, almost, as one might say, to an heavenly sweetness. The chief overhead towering feature in Wady Feiran is Mount Ser-

bal ; some suppose this to have been the mountain where the law was delivered. I read here to A. Exodus xix. and xx., and Deut. v., and we chanted the Kyrie Eleison response to Jomelli's chant.

March 13th, Wednesday. Encamped by Abou-soweirah, three hours from Sinai. All to-day, from eight to six, including one hour stopping for sketching, and for luncheon, we have been traversing Wady Sheikh, a broad and usually level stone-strewed valley, leading up to the plain of Er-Raha, where Robinson and Wilson agree in placing the receiving of the law by the assembled Israelites. Robinson did not take this route, but, with great probability, he supposes it the course of the Israelites. It is wide and open, and from Wady Feiran (Paran) this is the obvious track for a multitude, if one may call anything obvious, where all was miraculous. From eight to ten, Mount Serbal still rose beyond us, in stern but beautiful majesty. It was in light, with blue descending shades. Here it shows its inaccessibleness. I believe only three Frank travellers have ascended it, and that with no small peril : Burckhardt, Roupell, and Smith, the companion of Wilson. Wady Sheikh is broad, and less beautiful than Wady Feiran ; but at two and three to-day, its wild grey tamarisks were very abundant, filling the whole valley except one narrow watercourse. At about four, the long broad line of Wady Sheikh closes up, leaving, however, a good level opening of one hundred or one hundred and twenty feet, beneath most grand perpendicular cliffs of smooth-grained red rock. The same wady opens again soon, in the course of a furlong or less, into its usual

breadth of half, or one-third of a mile. At five, we noticed a mixed black flock on a rising ground to our left. It was mixed sheep and goats, about one hundred and twenty : these were the only living creatures seen to-day, except two young Bedouins, who came and salamed to our Sheikh.

Much of the morning on our way, we conversed with Armenius and our Sheikh. We discoursed by stories about who and who were really happy ; this led us to speak of Seidna Isa ; I told our Sheikh the history of the Widow of Nain's son. About Jairus's daughter he adroitly excused his forgetfulness, saying that wady by wady he knew and remembered them, and this gibel and that, for he had been along them twenty times ; but that my story about Seidna Isa he had heard only once. Upon this, A. remarked, "If in some wady between here and Cairo, under some palm-tree, a bag of gold were buried, and you were told where the wady and where the palm-tree was, would you not remember it ?" Hence was an easy transition to the treasure of the Gospel field and the riches of Christ. We told him also of Mr. G. Dalton, and his wish, by preference, to teach, not English, or Heathens, or Jews, but Bedouins. The Sheikh replied, "When you go back to England, ask him to come and teach us." In conclusion, he said, "that he (himself) was happy now in having to convey Hawaja, in whose mouth were sweet words." Yes, truly, I believe words, if good, are valued in the East. (See Prov. xxiv. 26 ; and xvi. 21-24. Similar language occurs also Prov. xv 23 ; and xviii. 4. Expressions also were used by the Sheikh like those of Prov. xviii. 21.)

WRITTEN AT MOUNT SINAI, AND ON TOWARDS WADY EL-AIN.

March 13th to 20th, 1850.

O THOU, who here from Sinai's peak
Thy living oracles didst speak ;
Tho' hourly we Thy precepts break,
O teach our hearts to love Thee.

I.

Thou, who Thyselv art Lord alone,
Who know'st no rival to Thy throne ;
Our only God, Thee let us own :
O teach our hearts to love Thee.

II.

No form Thy people saw of old,
Not Moses might Thy face behold ;
Clouds, and thick darkness round Thee rolled :
O teach our hearts to fear Thee.

Yet here Thy honoured servant's face
Shone radiant with peculiar grace,
Long tarrying in that hallowed place :
O teach our hearts to love Thee.

O let our inmost hearts ne'er see
One idol form unworthy Thee ;
But boundless, as Thou art, and free,
O teach us to adore Thee.

III.

With lips Thy power with speech has fraught
Hallowing Thy Name in word, and thought,
Let every wish be captive brought,
And taught our tongue to bless Thee.

IV.

Lord, on Thy holy day of rest,
For prayer and praise united blest,
Be all our wants to Thee expressed,
And teach our hearts to serve Thee.

Then, as the morn Thy Son arose
By death triumphant o'er our foes,
Shed balm for all our guilt and woes,
And teach our hearts to bless Thee.

V.

More than a father's is Thy care ;
Nor can a mother's love compare
With Thine, who, rebels as they are,
Teachest our hearts to love Thee.

Let kings, priests, parents honoured be,
Because Thy power in them we see ;
Their power, whence comes it but from Thee
O let our hearts obey them.

VI.

Love to Thy foes, Thy death has proved ;
So let us love, as we are loved :
All hate toward foes be far removed ;
Teach Thou our hearts to love them.

VII.

Each unchaste gesture, glance, or word
Be from our secret hearts abhorred :
Our bodies are Thy Spirit's, Lord,
His temple where to serve Thee.

VIII.

Rich earthly gifts on us bestowed,
Count we as to Thy glory owed,
Giv'n to Thy poor, for dress and food ;
O teach our hands to tend them.

IX.

Let slander's venom'd tongue be still ;
Of others let us speak no ill :
Does not our Judge all places fill,
And bid us honour all men ?

X.

If others Thou with more hast blest,
O let our hearts contented rest ;
Thou giv'st to all as seems Thee best :
Contented let us serve Thee.

Let us all these Thy laws obey,
And love to men, for Thy love pay,
Finding Thy new and perfect way,
Still more and more to love them.

So, when in Thine own strength we've striven
To keep the laws Thy love has given,
Let pardoning love raise us to heaven,
For ever there to praise Thee.



卷之三

For the first time, we have been able to show that the α_1 and α_2 subunits of the $\alpha\beta\gamma\delta$ complex are required for the assembly of the $\alpha\beta\gamma\delta\epsilon\zeta$ complex.

1. *Leucosia* *leucostoma* (L.)
2. *Leucosia* *leucostoma* (L.)
3. *Leucosia* *leucostoma* (L.)
4. *Leucosia* *leucostoma* (L.)
5. *Leucosia* *leucostoma* (L.)
6. *Leucosia* *leucostoma* (L.)
7. *Leucosia* *leucostoma* (L.)
8. *Leucosia* *leucostoma* (L.)
9. *Leucosia* *leucostoma* (L.)
10. *Leucosia* *leucostoma* (L.)

the first time. We have given up
the idea of making a permanent
home in Europe, and we are now
on our way back to the States again.
There is no place like America for
the kind of freedom that we have
had in Europe. We are going to
live in a small town with a good
old fashioned school, and we
are going to buy a house and live
quietly and happily ever after.
We are going to have a garden
and a few pets, and we will be
very happy in our new home.



MOUNT SINAI.—GREEK CONVENT.

Gabal Monastery on the right.

CHAPTER VI.

"Write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee."—

LITURGY.

"Along the mountain ledges green
The scattered sheep at will may glean
 The Desert's spicy stores;
The while, with undivided heart,
The shepherd talks with God apart,
 And, as he talks, adores."—CHRISTIAN YEAR.

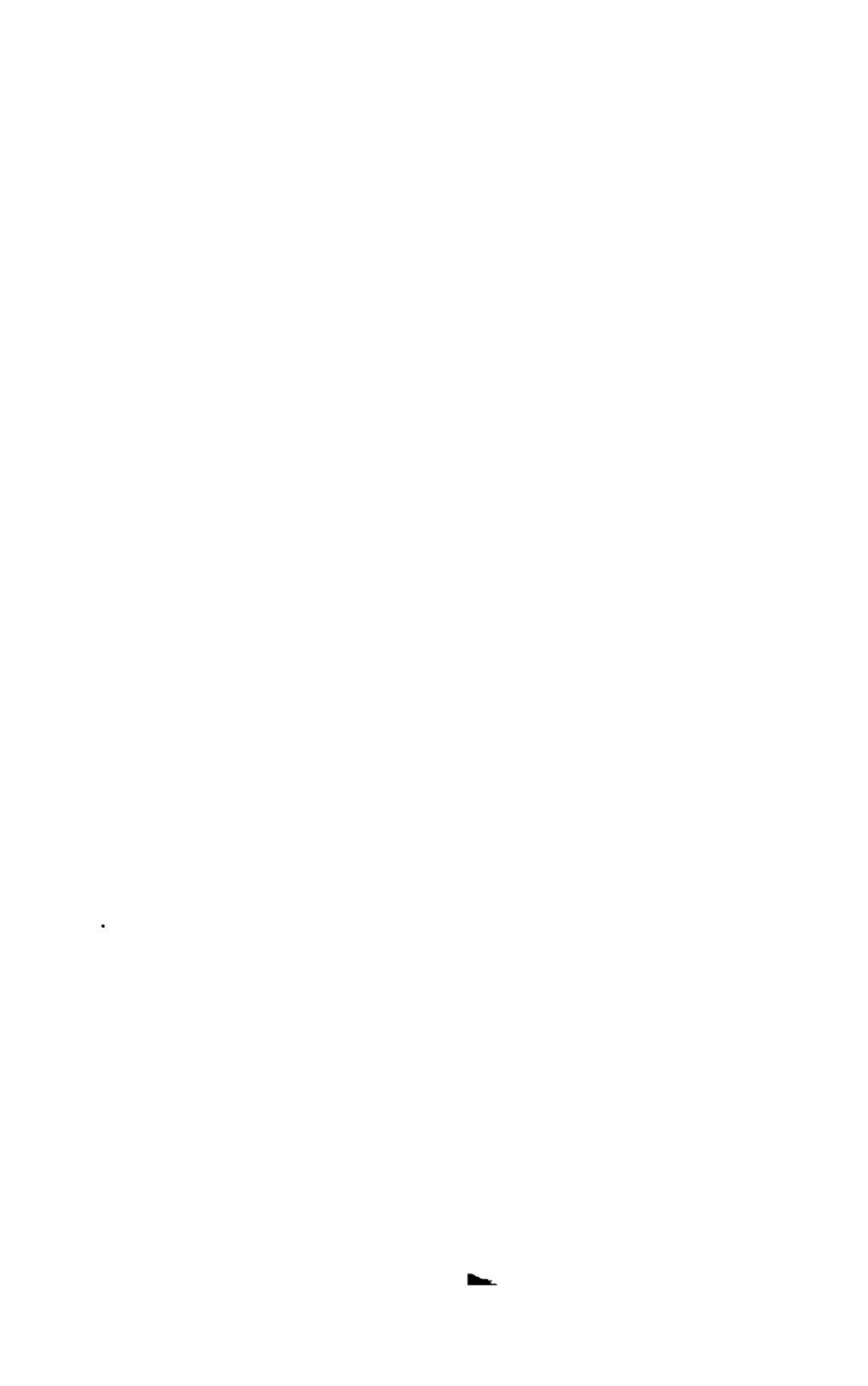
March 15th, Friday Evening. Yesterday, leaving our last encampment in Wady Sheikh about eight, by ten we came in sight of four majestic granite peaks, at a quarter of a mile off—as much grandeur as the human eye can take in at one view. One Arab running along the plain close at its base showed how great the mountain really was. Then turning to the left, Gibel Mousè rose in front of us under the sun. The convent pile, with its garden and tall cypresses, nestled in the narrow valley below. H. had been already hoisted up about thirty feet by the windlass; we, the rest, entered by a low and narrow postern door on the west. The convent within is an irregular but picturesque group of buildings—wells and cells, piazzas and flat roofs. Last evening we went by Wady





MOUNT SINAI. - GREEK CONVENT.

Gibel Monaca in centre : base of Gibel Monaca on the right.



jah west of the convent, a walk of five, or five and a half miles, by several gardens of olive, and almond, and pomegranate, to the Smitten Rock, so accurately described by Robinson, and thence on to the Convent El Arbain (the Forty Martyrs), now a casual dwelling for gardeners.* The almonds were in full flower: it was a pretty scene, when round the garden-well our own party, with two other parties, whom we happily overtook here (the Hindleys and Andersons), sitting on the ground, variously partook of sweet water, arakî (date brandy), delicious milk of goats, and coffee made with an extempore brushwood fire on the ground.

We returned by half-past six. I found A., whom I had left sketching Gibel Es Sufsâfa, in the care (Arabic, "upon the heads") of three Arab boys, now surrounded by several men also, and four or five camels. I partly read, and partly repeated to them John v. 1-14.

To-day we have ascended Gibel Mousè, the usually and traditionally supposed scene of the giving of the law. About two this morning, three bells, one of which was simply a large suspended stone, awoke us, being rung one by one at different parts of the convent. However, it was not till then that we at length set out for Gibel Mousè. Three Arab boys, Bedouins of the mountains, came about us at our setting out, and wanted to accompany us; but we desired Armenius to tell them not to come, as we should give them nothing. One of them, with good action, said: "We will go: perhaps God will send us something. As we began to ascend, the grand perpendicular red-brown cliffs

* See Robinson's Account of the Massacre, *Biblical Researches*, sec. iii., p. 180, *et seq.*

of Gibel-el-Deir rose on our left. On our right were the stupendous crags of Gibel Mousè towering over us, with white clouds scudding fast over them. Here, looking back below, we saw the stream of the Hindleys' party issuing caravan-like from the convent, and winding along the valley. In twenty minutes we reached a level rock by the "Well of Moses," a basined spring of delicious, pure, sweet water, under over-shadowing rock. Maiden-hair fern fringes the water-basin. Then, after steeply ascending for about one hour, we reached a level greenish-brown morass on our right. In the middle rises a tall, solitary cypress, about sixty feet high. Here we sung, to Wareham, "From all that dwell below the skies." Close on the left is the chapel, and in it the cave of Elijah. The little Greek chapel has the usual picture of the Saviour, about two feet by three feet, and no other ornament. In His hand is the open book, and it is filled with the usual text :

"COME UNTO ME ALL YE THAT LABOUR AND ARE HEAVY LADEN, AND I WILL REFRESH YOU."

The countenance is calm, expressive, and solemn. By half-past twelve we reached the summit. It is crowned by a small ruined mosque, and a less ruined Christian church. Here, on the sheltered south, we sang the "Benedicite," to Langdon's chant. After luncheon, we read together Exodus, xix., xx.; Deuteronomy, v.; and Hebrews, xii. 18-29. Below us, eastward, lay the coppery-green gray mountain, Gibel Monaco (Lord Lindsay's Sinai); beyond it rose Gibel-el-Deir; and Akaba, and distant sea. Gibel Katerin rose dark close to us, south-

THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT SINAI.







ward ; Wady Elijah, westward ; and northward was Suf-sàfa, close to us ; then Gibel-el-Araa ; and all northward vast piles of peaked, bare, brown mountains, all rock, and rocky peaks. Westward we saw, in far distance, the Red Sea, and Egyptian mountains beyond.* In descending, little Aid, a Bedouin boy, about ten years old, skipped on dancingly from step to step, and from rock to rock, like a gazelle. At the level spot, by the cypress, we read Exodus, xxiv. : it is the supposed scene of that gracious intercourse. With little Aid and Sàlamèt, aged fifteen, I accomplished the descent in an hour and a quarter, including stopping to read and rest by the cypress, and taking a handful of the water from the sweet "Well of Moses." Descending, the convent and its garden smiled upon our view, like a cheerful oasis planted in the narrow, bare, rocky ravine. The sun was still gilding the red-brown peaks of Gibel-el-Deir ; and when we entered the convent, the worthy superior, Anthemos, greeted us, in Arabic and Greek, with "Bislàmeh" and "Kalòn," and offered us glasses of palm-àrakè.

March 16th. This morning the H.'s and A.'s party

* Stevens, the American traveller, says : "I have stood upon the summit of the giant Etna, and on the top of Vesuvius ; but they are nothing compared with the terrific solitude, and bleak majesty of Sinai." An observing traveller has called it "a perfect sea of desolation." Not a tree, or shrub, or blade of grass is to be seen upon the bare and rugged side of innumerable mountains, heaving their naked summits to the skies, while the crumbling masses of granite around, and the distant view of the Syrian desert, with its boundless waste of sands, form the wildest and most dreary, the most terrific and desolate picture that imagination can conceive.

left for Akaba and Petra. A report is circulated that two hundred soldiers are coming from Cairo, on their way to Akaba, a sea garrison, probably to redress some injury or theft committed by the Bedouins in that quarter. We afterwards saw their white tents pitched about three quarters of a mile from the convent.

Saturday Evening. At two, p.m., to-day, six small bells (three old and three just new, from Russia) and two simandrons* (one about eight feet of suspended wood, the other a large suspended rim of iron about five feet long) were rung for the close of the carnival. "Lunedì," said the French-speaking monk, "non mangeremo di più nè ove nè fromaggio." This afternoon we walked north-

* In Mr. Curzon's *Monasteries of the Levant* is shown on the title-page, in a vignette, the interior of a Greek convent with wells, &c., and a monk sounding a small hand simandron. Those at Sinai are far too large to be carried. Nothing can be more delightful and suitable than a good peal of church bells, and Sunday's cheerful chimes, as in England. George Herbert prettily says:—

"Think when the bells do chime,
'T is angels' music."

And the purport of such a practice, in combination with the service of God, is not unfitly set forth in the following rude couplet, which occurs in raised characters upon an old tenor bell in a church in Northamptonshire:—

"LET AARON'S BELLS BE CONTINUALLY AMONGST US RUNG,
THE WORD STILL PREACHED, AND SONGS OF DAVID SUNG."

But, in the Roman and Greek churches, such music, instead of being merely a solemn and appropriate yet cheerful call to devotion, is regarded, it is to be feared, too frequently almost as a part and parcel of devotion itself. Neither bells, nor simandrons, nor yet organs, valuable accessories as they are, can in any way imaginable supply the heart's melody (Eph. v. 19; Col. iii 16.) in the service of God.

west of the convent, as far as the water-shed of Wady Er Raa. From the base of Gibel Sufsâfa to this point of Wady Er Raa (Wilson calls it Valley of Rest) is about a mile and two-thirds ; it took me just half an hour moderately slow walking. From this water-shed of Wady Er Raa the Wady Abou-seileh begins. According to Wilson, Wady Er Raa is here seven hundred paces across ; it looks nearly half a mile.



ARAB BOY. (A.D.)

In this walk over Wady Er Raa, little Awat, a young Bedouin about ten, attended me, carrying my Arabic Testament and my white simshiyeh (sun-umbrella). He told me that his mother tended some sheep and goats—a flock of fifty ; his father had died fifteen days before. Returning, we passed a Bedouin burial-ground ; there was among the rest a long newly-made grave. The little fellow gathered some hyssop (Arabic, *bathran*), then went

up to his father's grave, stuck a little sprig of the fragrant bitter herb between the two rude headstones and the two still ruder footstones ; then standing at the head of the grave, and looking eastward to Mecca, he spread his poor little dark hands, in open receiving attitude, in half a minute's prayer ; then he gave a hearty kiss to the top of the headstone, and again followed me. I told him of the death of my own father and mother, and also of my two little brothers last year. Returning to the postern door of the convent, A. waked up the echoes of the rocks—a sweet triple note and threefold echo. The little Arab boys, Aid in particular, took it up. Little Achmet repeated his little Christian prayer.

The conclusion I incline to come to, if any, is this :—That if Mount Serbal be not the scene of Exod. xix. xx., then Gibel Mousè and Sufsàfa are, probably, *together* the scene of that stupendous transaction. From the cypress half way up Gibel Mousè it is only one hour to the summit of Gibel Sufsàfa ; indeed Sufsàfa may be almost considered as another and lower peak of Gibel Mousè. Moreover, in 3250 years the mountains may have been very materially altered, more severed, more broken. It is true that Sufsàfa's summit commands, for space for the encamping of the “many thousands of Israel,” two-thirds of Wady Er Raa and a large extent of Wady Es Sheikh. I might have no doubt that Sufsàfa was covered with the Divine cloud, but then there is every probability that Gibel Mousè was so also. All Mount Sinai was enveloped in cloud, and neither the Almighty nor His servant Moses was seen. And might not the voice of the Almighty be heard as much and equally from the one summit as the

other? The expression, Exod. xix. 18, is, literally, “Mount Sinai was (in) smoke, all of it.” This, and the whole account of the transaction, might well include both summits. (Compare v. 23.) Gibel Katerin, though higher than all, appears to me to have less claims than the singular copper-coloured Gibel Monachi.

After all, the very form of these mountains may have been greatly changed. There is no reason why the expressions in Judges, v. 5; Ps. lxviii. 8; and xcvi. 5, should not be literal. And, when Elijah was here, great changes may have occurred (1 Kings, xix. 11); otherwise, supposing the mountains to be nearly the same, I should incline to consider the entire connected mountain of Gibel Mousè and Sufsàfa to have been the scene of the delivery of the Law. The one could not easily, if at all, be “fenced” without the other; and it does not appear that there was in that fencing anything miraculous. The usual ascent of Sufsàfa is half way the same path of ascent as Gibel Mousè. The history requires that the mountain generally should be in sight from the plain—not, however, the precise spot where Moses received the tables. This, after all, may be on Gibel Mousè; while Sufsàfa, the lower but more prominent peak, was also shrouded in fire, and smoke, and thick darkness. The fencing the mountain is, perhaps, just as noticeable a point as its being visible from the plain.

Dr. Wilson (*Lands of the Bible*, vol. ii. p. 768) remarks:—“Jebel Musa, though not the highest mountain of its group, appeared to me, judging from the convergence of the valleys to it, to be the very geological axis of that group. In the Wadi Feiran, as it comes in contact with

Jebel Serbal, there does not appear to be room for the encampment of the host of the Israelites, while sufficient room is found in the Wadi Er rahah."

March 18th. Yesterday morning, from about two till five, we attended the Greek service, "Towards the Day-break." In spite of all the error contained in some (but not many) of the prayers, and in spite also of the fearfully rapid repeating of two kathismas (literally, *sittings*) of the Psalms,* the effect was remarkable and impressive. The poetic praise of the Greek Church's liturgy, after Chrysostom—the continual and striking acknowledgment of Christ as very God—the acknowledgment and association with early saints and true martyrs of old—the hour when but few on earth, but all in heaven, were still singing praises to Christ as God—all these combined to produce a moral effect, which I trust I may never forget.† Prayer and praise was here a business indeed—a distinct work and labour; but I missed the intercessions of the western

* The whole book is divided, I believe, into about seven "Sittings." The Jews have divided the Psalms into five books:—Psalm i. to xli.; xlvi. to lxxii.; lxxiii. to lxxxix.; xc. to cxi.; cvii. to cl. For public devotion, nothing, perhaps, can be more suitable than the monthly arrangement of our Church, by which three Psalms are, upon an average, read in each service.

† The following are two specimens of the prayers we heard this morning:—

Translation.—Clothed, wretch that I am, with the raiment of shame instead of the robe shining as the light, I bewail before Thee my own destruction, and by faith cry unto Thee, O gracious Saviour:

"O God, despise me not; but call me back again to Thyself.

"The all-wicked serpent has wounded my whole soul through

Church, such as our Litany and the old and (practically) anti-Papal prayers in the Romish Church for Good Friday. As we came out, the first early daybreak was, before any sun, lighting up the grand cliffs around us. All was still. It was a moment suited to the solemn associations of Mount Sinai. But, indeed, all the time we were in the convent there was a remarkable stillness; one could hardly have believed that it contained within its walls twenty-three monks and a few servants, besides our own party. At half-past eleven we had our own service, by permission, in the new little chapel of St. John the Divine, built within the last ten years. It is a neat little room, with plain carved roof of cypress. We went there chiefly for warmth, our own rooms being cold, like a well. We sung the Te Deum to Camidge, and Psalm cxxxiii. to Devizes. After luncheon, one of the monks took us into the convent garden. It contains principally olives, almonds, apricots (these two now in pink blossom), pomegranates, trellised and trenched vines, a few fig-trees and cactuses. Below are little watered beds of barley, beet, and onions. A few bright blue irises are the only flowers. Around the garden are cypresses and poplars. The lower part of it (one third of an acre) was overflowed and destroyed five years ago, by a torrent flood; the soil had all, I believe, been brought on the backs of camels, from Egypt. The locusts of various kinds, green, brown, and red, in 1847, devoured first the almonds, leaves and fruit,

deadly envy, and causes me to be shut out from the Paradise of delights (Eden). Yet, O kindly compassionate Saviour:

“O God, despise me not; but call me back again to Thyself.”

(From the “Triodion”—Sunday Service—“Towards the Dawn.”)

G*

then the bitter olives, and hard cypresses, "then," said our guide, "they fell down and devoured one another." From the garden we went into the charnel-house ; here, beside other piled skulls and bones, are the mortal remains of about fifteen archbishops, in small boxes of about two and a half feet, by one foot three inches : the air is so dry, there is scarcely any effluvia perceptible. From the garden we went to the church, which dates from Justinian, A.C. 530. On the south wall are many pictures of saints and martyrs ; among them, in one small picture, were the martyrs Stephen and Laurentius, two beardless figures in white. I could not help remarking the simple, yet dignified guilelessness of their countenances. We all put off our shoes to go into the Chapel of the Burning Bush, at the east end of the church. From the Church we went into the refectory ; supper was on the table, it being now four P.M. It consisted of bread, a white cream-like cheese from goat's milk, a nice plateful of fresh-smelling, oil-dressed salad, and a little plate or saucer of small beans, soaked in vinegar. Several graces were written on the wall, very good and beautiful.*

* The following is a literal *translation* of the first :—"Blessed be God, who has pity upon us, and nourishes us from our youth,—who giveth food to all flesh : O fill thou our hearts with joy and gladness, that we, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound unto every good work in Jesus Christ our Lord ; with whom to Thee be glory, power, and worship with the Holy Spirit for ever. Amen." St. Chrysostom (Homily iv. on St. Matt. ch. xvi. 26, 27) speaks of this grace being used before supper by the desert monks in his day. It had this thanksgiving at the close :—"Glory be to Thee, O Lord ; glory be to Thee, O Holy One ; glory to be Thee, O King ; for that Thou hast given us food for our gladness. Fill us with Thy Holy Spirit, that we

Monday Morning. About nine, we went with the Superior, Anthemos, after a sliced sugared orange, and àrakè, in his little room, to the library. It appeared to contain chiefly Greek, then Arabic, and lastly, a few books in Russian. In the catalogue are four ancient copies of Chrysostom. While in the library, A. asked whether they would sell or part with any of their books and manuscripts. "No," said our guide; "if Chrysostom himself were to come and claim his writings (which stood on the shelf) he could not have them." Thence, after much entreaty, we gained admission into the now unoccupied apartments of the Archbishop: they were simple, but had a marble seat along the inner wall. Here we had a sight of a very beautiful and early MS. of the four Gospels, presented, and also written, it is said, by the Emperor Theodosius, A. c. 430. (?) It is a good-sized quarto, perhaps one foot square. After a blue figure of our Saviour, there follows one of the virgin, St. Peter, and other apostles. Then it commences with St. John, the letters being what are called uncial, about this size, **ΟΔΟΓΟΣ**, or somewhat larger. All the letters are in gold, and in beautiful preservation: a piece of silk is between each leaf. The old man who showed it, kissed it thrice on closing it; he was ill and infirm. We saw, however, a hale old man ascending the steps without. His age was asked. His answer was, "Hecatòn pente." We had before seen an in-

may be found well-pleasing at Thy presence, and may not be ashamed, when Thou shalt render to every man according to his works."

The form is very scriptural, being founded on Deut. xxviii. 47; Acts, xiv. 17; and 2 Cor. ix. 8; and is in use at Oriel and Corpus, and, I believe, in other colleges in Oxford.

firm man in the refectory aged one hundred. Another is also about one hundred. The brother, who states his age to be one hundred and five, is Germanus, from Cairo. It may be observed, however, that in a country where registers are not kept, there is considerable uncertainty, especially where the age is great. Thus several years may be uncertain. Germanus himself only came from Cairo, it is said, three years ago. Still, I think the air must be very healthy, and the monks seem long lived. By about half-past ten we were ready, with nineteen camels instead of twenty-one, as from Cairo, to leave the convent for Akaba. The Superior was certainly very attentive and courteous, and we left the place with a favourable impression of the monks. Robinson mentions their having baptized, recently, two Arabs converted to Christianity, and nothing being said about it in objection. Wilson speaks of Wady Feiran as a suitable mission-station for the poor Bedouins. I hope it may become so ere long, though the souls immediately around (compared with other spots) are few, probably not two thousand. It might, however, be a commencement of evangelization to the scattered sons of Ishmael, whose prospects (as Mr. Fisk has remarked) seem wrapped up together with the destinies of the Jewish people.* By half-past five we were encamping in a beautiful ravine of Wady Sahal, beneath rich-coloured red granite cliffs. The hills here, from their singular echoes, are called "the speaking mountains."

To-day (*Tuesday, March 19th*) we journeyed from half-past seven, till a quarter to six. We have passed

* See Fisk's *Pastor's Memorial, &c.*, p. 160, 4th edit., 1847.

chiefly through wide undulating wadies. At one p.m. we left the granite mountains of Sinai, and are now amid sandstone and sand-rocks. We have seen very many acacias, and plenty of white-flowering broom, and the bitter, yellow-flowering herb, "bathran." We are now encamped in Wady Huddrah (Hazeroth, *Robinson*). To-morrow we hope to encamp by the sea. To-day I tried to read to the Sheikh, John, vi. 1-35. Jabðor, on his young and somewhat unruly camel, soon rode up, and began explaining it to Sheikh Hussein by what A. had told him through Armenius this morning. Poor Jabðor said to me, "I like to hear about Seidna Isa, because I understand it in my heart."

Wednesday, March 20th. To-day we had journeyed from a quarter past seven to half-past six. Our course was first along Wady Hudderah, probably the Hazeroth of Num. xi. 35. It was the scene of Miriam's leprosy (Num. xii.) ; so that it was to Israel at least a seven days encampment. It is a broad beautiful sandy plain or broad wady, sprinkled here and there with white broom (ratham), now in flower, and a yellow-flowering herb (Bathran ?) and southernwood. Around it are singular fantastic-shaped sand-rocks, chiefly almost perpendicular. Behind, westward, rise the distant peaks of Sinai, dim and shadowy under the yellow glow of the setting sun. We descended from Wady Hudderah in deep drifts of purest sand. Here was a gazelle's track, and several beautiful little bird tracks, as in finest drifted snow. We talked of March winds, and perhaps black frosts at home, and Mr. H., after a cold walk, enjoying the bright fireside in our little study

at home in England ; but to-day here was intensely hot. At eleven the thermometer in the sun stood at 106 Fahr., and at half-past eleven at 114. At half-past eleven, leaving Wady Hudderah on the left, we began the descent of the magnificent Wady El Ain, leaving Wady Watèer on our left. Here, and for the rest of the day we have left the sandstone, and are again in the midst of stupendous cliffs of deep red granite, very similar to those of the Sinai range. They appear as bold or bolder, and as high or nearly so, as Gibel Mousè, Gibel Katerin, and the rest of the higher peaks of Sinai. But these are actually much lower ; for they rise out of a much lower plain. The convent itself at the very base of Gibel Mousè is said to be at a height of four thousand feet. At three P.M., still winding along the splendid ravine of El Ain, (the valley of the well), we came to a little stream of clear sweet running water. All hastened to partake of it. Our sheikh, and camel-men and camels, ourselves, our servants—the very chickens also. It showed and illustrated in a striking manner the texts of Scripture, speaking of the preciousness of water in the desert, (see Isaiah, xxxv. 6 ; xli. 17, 18 ; xlivi. 19, 20 ; and xlviii. 21). Here were about half a dozen palms, the bright green "lasaf" on the rocks, and the broad-leaved shrub "Asher" (*colocynthida*), and plenty of tamarisk. Of this last especially the Bedouins gathered each a large bundle for his camel. All seemed alive and on the alert. See Psalm. cx. 7. This is usually understood of the human nature and resurrection of Christ. Whatever may be its exact application, the sequence here mentioned of cause and effect became in Wady El Ain very obvious. We were all refreshed and invigorated. Instead

of our heads being bowed down with fatigue and thirst and weariness, we were ready both literally and metaphorically, after drinking of that sweet and precious water, to lift up our heads. The clear bright little stream, however, died away in less than two-thirds of a mile, and was lost in the sand. Water-wagtails appeared no more, but black locusts on the ground, and screaming, swifts high in the air above. The black locusts, in form and jump like huge grasshoppers, were settled on the green herbs and shrubs. They were nearly a finger long, and from their colour and known destructive habits, looked most portentous. Several were carrying on their backs their equally black young ones, about one third or one fourth their own size. Their jump seems a violent and short jerk, unlike the yellow-green locust, which springs, and flies, and flits one hundred yards or more at a time. These black locusts have a short heavy jerking spring, only from three or four to five or six times the length of their own body. One of the poor mothers jumped, as we approached, only about three times the length of her own body, and in so doing, upset herself, and fell almost on her back. In Edom we soon afterwards noticed a smaller brown-spotted locust, about one inch, or one inch and a quarter long. Their leap also illustrates this expression. In springing, as they do, six or eight inches, they usually light in a contrary direction; *e. g.*, one I noticed to day in leaping south came down again with its head northwards. Its lighting down seemed remarkably uncertain. At each spring one knew not exactly whither it would go, or in what way and posture it would alight again.* To-day, A., in Wady Hudderah,

* Psalm cix, 23. "I am tossed up and down as the locust."

told to the Sheikh, and Jabòor, and Medaka, and others, the history of the paralytic man, and also of our Saviour's sufferings, death, and burial. The two first were quite attentive.

Thursday, March 21st. To-day we have travelled from a quarter past seven to six. The first half hour we were still in Wady El Ain, opening upon the gulf of Akaba. Ever since that time we have been close to the sea. On our left rise finely coloured granite mountains. A few palms and other shrubs are upon the sand. The beach is strewed with different kinds of white and red coral, and also with a plentiful variety of large and small shells, some very large, (one foot or fourteen inches long, and often seven or eight inches broad), others small, and beautifully shaped and pencilled. The sea, as the Khamseen wind from the thick cloudy south dies down at sunset, is clear and bright as crystal. In bathing, we found the water, though very warm, extremely refreshing. It was almost moonlight.

March 22nd, Akaba. To-day at a quarter to seven we left our delightful sea-side encampment, and reached this place about half-past five. Last night the strong gusts of wind almost blew down first ours, then K's tent. It was beautiful to see how in an instant our three servants, Ibrahim, Komi, and Armenius, and poor Jabòor to boot, came to stay our fast falling habitation. These four, with a strong rope, hammers, and a long and large iron pin or peg, soon secured it firm for the night. None, perhaps, can know the value of a house, and of a "city of habi-

tation," who have not roughed it in a camp. During thunderstorms and rain, or during even the blasts of last night, how different is the insecurity of a tent, exposed to wind and rain and shaken on every side—able to be taken down in five minutes, and liable to be blown down in five seconds. And yet tent-pitching and tent life is, from its patriarchal and allegorical Scriptural associations, intensely interesting. Such was the life of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and of the Israelites forty years in this desert (Heb. xi. 9; Num. ix. 17-23). Our body also is a tent or tabernacle—the word is constantly the same. In 2 Cor. v. 1-6, the expression "be dissolved," implies the loosening and taking down of a tent by pulling up the tent-pins.* To-day we had told them the history of Lazarus and his sisters. A. had told them various stories: I tried, without effect, to elicit some Arabic proverbs by telling English ones: "In the morning mountains; in the evening fountains." "Birds of a feather," &c. "When God sends another mouth, He sends bread to put in it," &c. &c. I asked for some saying about date-trees and camels, but all to no purpose. Our Sheikh only refuted the Arab saying, "That nobody was ever hurt by a fall from a camel;" "for," said he, "I have known several

* Rabbinical writers constantly speak of the body as a tent: *e.g.*, "The law is established not by him who dies in his tent, but by him who puts himself to death (mortifies his corrupt affections) in his tent." Thus St. Peter, in language usual and familiar with his nation, speaks of putting off the tabernacle, or tent, of his body. (2 Pet. i. 13, 14.) Our Lord, as free from sin and as essentially holy, speaks of His blessed body, not as a tent, but a temple: and hence through Him, the bodies of Christians are the temple of the Holy Ghost. (St. John ii. 18-22; 1 Cor. vi. 19.)

hurt." Still, there is undoubtedly some truth in it to oppose to the somewhat cowardly Italian proverb, "Al uomo a cavallo sepoltura aperta." The renowned Sheikh Hussein* of the Alewin tribe is now close outside our tent, in splendid gay red clothing, and in shrewd and cunning consultation. Notwithstanding his recent bastinado and imprisonment by the long arm of Abbas Pasha and the English consul, he seems quite aware that he is still king of the desert.† It is a fearful lesson to watch his dark overhung piercing eye, "looking," as A. said of him, "as if his very soul was devouring gold." We insisted on having a separate sheikh for our party ; this, after a long demur, was at length granted. He said the Mazetta could not go to Wady Mousè, that he had no fit camels for it. This was true. At length he assented to our old Towara Sheikh Hussein with two other Towarin, Medaka and Mohammed, going with us, on condition of their paying him two dollars each. Subsequently, however, on his seeing ten sovereigns on the table for our Towara Sheikh Hussein, he said he could get two very good camels for the Mazetta. At this point it was a fearful lesson to

* This poor unhappy man appears to be sordidly covetous : he is said to have, in the fort of Akaba, a Sacchàra (Arab canteen) full of sovereigns and dollars. This is kept in a fourth inner room—room within room. (See 1 Kings, xxii. 25, margin.)

† While we were at Damascus, a Frank traveller returned from a fortnight's visit to Palmyra. While there, exorbitant demands were made upon him and his party, by the Bedouin Sheikh of the desert around Palmyra. The Frank remonstrated, but in vain : at last he ventured to hint that, if the demand was insisted upon, he would appeal to the Sultan. "Sultan!" was the indignant desert-chieftain's reply,—Sultan ! I am Sultan here."

watch the twinkling glance of his eye towards the gold. We kept him, however, to his former point, viz., to allow the Towara Sheikh Hussein and his two men to go with us. On going out, however, I believe he subtracted from the poor Towara still more than the sum agreed upon. The three seemed rather cast down and apprehensive at first. But to-day the sheikh was singing in the afternoon one of his simple and short Arab songs; the purport, as far as I could gather was as follows:—"O camel of the sheikh, drink water hither." Poor Jabbor, Tamor, and the two Ganams,* and Salim, and the other Towara, all left us to-day. Tamor alone emboldened himself to wish us farewell. He came to our tent door, and after usual expressions, hoping for my better health, &c., I said, "God be with you." He replied, "May Allah and Seidna Isa be with you, and bring you and your lady to your own land in peace."

WRITTEN BETWEEN MARAH AND ELIM.†

" WHEN trembling thoughts oppress thy mind,
And thou no opened way canst find ;
To Him who every wound can bind,
Then pray.

" If forced from some thou lov'st to part,
And dreary is thy bleeding heart ;
To Him who once has felt the smart,
Then pray.

* These were two brothers or cousins, I think, from near Wady Gorundel (Elim.) Ganam (Arabic) is *sheep*.

† The following lines are inserted here by the kind permission of a fellow-traveller.

“ And dost thou fear all thou hast done
 Will turn from thee God’s only Son ?
 Think He has ever bid thee come
 And pray.

“ Though loving Him, thou knowest yet
 Thou dost His precepts oft forget,
 And fear’st He’ll ne’er forgive the debt :
 Yet pray.

“ And hast thou happiness and bliss
 In feeling thou art surely His ?
 To Him, who still the Giver is,
 Then pray.

“ In joy or grief, in weal or woe,
 To Christ thy Saviour ever go,
 Endeavouring thus thy faith to show,
 And pray.”



NOTE TO PAGE 92.

Mount Sinai, Greek Convent, Sunday, March 17th.
 morning, from about 2 A.M. to 5 A.M., we attended the (service “ For the Early Dawn.” Notwithstanding all the mixture of error and superstition, what, O my soul, has learnt ?

1. REMEMBER that constant *praise* to Christ *thy God* is the blessed privilege.

2. That praise is the *business* of certain men upon earth, with angels and redeemed in heaven.

That thou art one with a Church of *Martyrs*, rich in sufferings
ions, and blood.

That Scripture often supposes night and early ante-lucanal
; before daylight to be employed in { prayer.
; praise.
; meditation.

Psalm vi. 6; Ps. viii.; Ps. xvi. 7; Ps. xxii. 2; Ps. cxix. 55,
3. All these occurred in the Eἰς τὸν ὀρθόποδα service of this
;)

hat at whatever hour thou wakest in the night or before day-
not only angels and the redeemed, but fallen men also are
in heaven-like praise.

hat thou needst not fear for thy poor body: here, out of
three, are three monks, one 90, one 100, one 105.

hat thou grudge not a little waking time from sleep for that
; to employ thee throughout eternity.

Glory to God in Christ,
and to Christ the Son of God.

CHAPTER VII.

"Who led thee through that great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought, where there was no water; who brought thee forth water out of the rock of flint."—**DEUTERONOMY**, viii. 15.

"Guide us, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrims in this barren land:
We are weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold us by thy powerful hand.
* * * * *

Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow."

Saturday, March 23rd. To-day we left Akaba about half-past ten. Akaba now represents, by a few small huts, and a little Turkish fort, the Elath and Ezion-geber of Scripture (see Deut. ii, 8; 1 Kings, ix. 26-28; Cf. x. 11, 14, 15; 2 Chron. viii. 17, 18; 1 Kings, xxii. 47-49). It is very remarkable, if the Towara are descended from Ishmael, and the Alewin from Esau, perhaps mingled with Ishmael. Certainly the characteristics of each are such as one would expect: Ishmael, though wild, yet blessed as Abraham's seed; Esau forfeiting the blessing, and, though rich, fierce against his brethren, and unfeeling. Akaba, especially on the western side of the broad Wady

Araba, shows much like the ancient bed of a river. The difficulties of levels, in the surprising depth of the Dead Sea,* are not insuperable. Here is also to be placed (with great probability) the land of Uz. If the Jordan flowed here along the broad Wady Araba, there might well be not only pasture enough for 14,000 sheep and 6000 camels, but water enough for 2000 oxen and the 1000 she-asses. But truly "wisdom is perished from Teman." these Alewin seem only selfish, and unfeeling, and brutish. Their very language, the little I have yet heard of it, seems a rough, rude, thick dialect, unlike that of the Towara. Leaving the broad valley of Araba, we turned into the bold mountain valley, Wady Lithin. At five we encamped, as Mr. A. and his servant had an accident; the latter fell, asleep, and his master fell in consequence; the sleeping servant's camel set off frightened, and then his master's also. The servant's head is severely bruised, although a hard-skulled Nubian. Mr. A.'s collar bone is broke. It would take six days' express by dromedary, to go to Jerusalem for the nearest medical aid; but it has now been partially reset by an Arab.†

We are now, with the three parties—the H.'s, Mr. A.'s, and our own—quite a little town. Around us lie our camels, like a Theban dromos of sphinxes, only circular round our tents, instead of in a straight avenue. We are now in the wilderness of scorpions. The Scotch party

* The Sea of Tiberias is said to be 300 feet, and the Dead Sea 1300 feet, below the level of the Mediterranean.

† It afterwards proved to have been reset with great skill: when the fracture was examined in London, it was remarked,—"No first-rate surgeon could have done it better."

found one under their tent two nights ago, at Akaba, and H. saw one, the first we have seen in this country, to-day. We have offered to Mr. A. our Mazetta, the first, I believe, that has been this way, and I hope it will be accepted.

Sunday Evening, March 24th. To-day we have had service at eleven, with the Hindleys and the Scotch party. Being thus increased in numbers, a sermon was called for, and this evening I preached from Hebrews, v. 7. We chanted the Te Deum, and sung the hymn, "Not all the blood of beasts." Our poor Towara sheikh, as I was occupied in preparing the sermon, inquired, "Nahàrda mafish maalðof?" ("No teaching to-day?") After dinner, however, we went to his circle, about half-past seven, and told him and his men, through Ibrahim, some account of the Resurrection, chiefly from St. John.

Monday, March 25th. After reading part of to-day's service—the Epistle and Gospel, under an acacia-thorn, we started about half-past seven, and are now encamped about half-past three. Our disabled friend is perhaps the occasion of our shorter day's journey, or possibly the new sheikh, whose own abode, among seventeen black and brown wide-spreading Arab tents, is only about half an hour distant. He has two wives and six children; one of the latter, a young man of perhaps twenty-three or twenty-five, is with us. We were rather pleased to see that the Towàra Sheikh Hussein was invited into the Alcwin Sheikh Hussein's tent, and took coffee. This broad wady or plain of to-day has actually, to our surprise, a consider-

able quantity of grass on its surface. There is also much white-flowering broom, sometimes eight or nine feet high, the ratham or juniper of Scripture (1 Kings, xix. 3, 4, 5, 6; Job, xxx. 3-7; and Psalm cxx. 4).* Many sweet herbs now are flowering; and among the flowers are a yellow pheasant's eye, and a purple iris, and many others now in bloom. The plain is bordered, on the right especially, by steep fantastic broken alluvial rocks—from one hundred to three hundred feet high. At two we passed twenty-five Alewin tents on our left, and at three, or soon after, we passed the tents of Sheikh Hussein. We are now in the land of Edom; the following Scriptures are interesting as showing how the two relatives, Ishmael and Edom (Mount Seir) were quite early mixed together, and Keturah's descendants, as a third (1 Chron. i. 29-43). With these the old Horites are also mingled. Compare Gen. xiv. 6; refer also to Isaiah, xxi. 11-17. Against Edom the prophecies are numerous and distinct, Jer. xl ix. 7-22; Ezek. xxxv.; Amos, i. 11, 12; and Obadiah. Of these, Jeremiah and Obadiah considerably resemble one another. Ezek. xxxv. is preliminary to rich promises to the mountains of Israel in chap. xxxvi. Mount Seir is sad, when the whole earth rejoices.

* Mr. Robertson, our fellow-traveller, suggests that Rithmah (Numb. xxxiii. 18, compare xii. 16), the next encampment after Hazeroth, may be so called from the *rethem*, or broom.

If, as seems probable, the restoration of the land of Israel, and of Israel to their land, is not far distant, then Ezek. xxxv. acquires fresh interest. Desolate as Seir is, it may, perhaps, become even more desolate still. Certainly it will become so by comparison, when Israel's land is as the garden of Eden, as foretold in Ezek. xxxvi. May God in His mercy, hasten that day. (Psalm xiv. 7, and liii. 6.)

Tuesday, March 26th. To-day we have journeyed from about half-past seven till four. The broad plain of yesterday was soon first undulating and then broken up by deep and precipitous ravines and rocky watercourses. The plain, as we were now leaving it, was gracefully decked with the sweet, white, flowering broom, and below with profusion of southernwood and other herbs, and with the fresh green of a strong-smelling plant, very succulent, and looking and smelling like fennel. At eleven we passed a large swarm of young brown locusts; they hopped about in myriads among the low shrubs and herbs: the grey sand was darkened with them, and the ground seemed quite alive with them. They are all young ones, and I suppose the lizard-chameleons will diminish their numbers. We have passed several swarms of them to-day, and (worse luck) we are now encamped in the very thick of them. At about one we came to some deep gullies of small deep watercourses, running down into the principal ravine. Here were herbs, and even small trees, and every appearance of recent waters in the hollow rocks, so deep as to be even now quite sheltered from the sun. Hither came Hamàd, one of our Alewins, eagerly with two good-sized rude wooden milk-bowls in his hand for water. He stooped down, or rather let himself down by his hands into the deep hollowed rocky basin. There was no water. Hamàd quickly mounted again, and I asked him whether he had found water. I shall never forget the impression this little incident made on my mind; not that his expression showed much dismay, but it reminded me so forcibly of the expressions of Scripture, especially since both to-day and yesterday our servants, though scarcely

we ourselves, have been in some want and lack of water (see Jer. xiv. 3). Our road to-day was rather perilous, especially over the slanting rocky sides of deep ravines : once or twice poor Towara Sheikh Hussein, who attended our Mazetta, uttered the short prayer "Allah have mercy." About a quarter to four we passed close to an Alewin burial-place in the low valley; there were some fifty graves rudely heaped and rudely covered with stones of the desert. Two, somewhat higher than the rest, and a little more like rude walls, had a few withered boughs of broom (ratham) at the head of them. These were, we were told, Sheikh's tombs. Mr. A. and his party had an alarm near here, as they sat reading Ezek. xxxv. two men appeared over the hill. Their Alewin aimed his gun at them, and urged the Hawajahs to go. Perhaps, as usual, it was merely a feint.

At three P.M. to-day we saw the blue-pointed peaks of Mount Hor, in the distance before us over lower and nearer hills. Our Alewins cried out, "Wady Mousè," as they pointed to them. To-day the ground beneath our feet has been very rich and sweet, and fragrant with herbs and flowers: southernwood, wild marygolds very strong scented, and wild sage, sweet-smelling broom, purple crocuses, purple irises, blue anchusas, pink cystuses, and many unknown flowers. Among them is a kind of night-blowing stock, very sweet now in the evening. We read Numbers, xx. and xxi.

THE SOON-FAILING AND THE NEVER-FAILING HOPE.

On Mount Seir, March, 1850.

(Jer. xiv. 3, 11, 13; St. John, iv. 14.)

HIGH on Mount Seir's parched plains,
A watercourse I crossed,
Late filled by winter's torrent rains,
But now its stream was lost.

Yet still green branches hung
O'er the white rocky bed;
Sweet herbs around their fragrance flung,
Although their hope was fled.

Where waters leaping down,
A basin deep had scooped,
Till there the noon-day sun scarce shone,
The thirsting Bedouin stooped.

The furrowed dell he scanned,
With eager, hopeful eye;
And milk-bowl rude in either hand,
Some water yet^{*} espied.

Ashamed, be backward turned;
For water none was there:
The unclouded sun, that o'er him burned,
Seemed mocking his despair.

O Fount of living streams,
Thirsting to Thee, I'll fly;
Thy flowing grace no noon tide beams—
No summer's heat can dry.

Be thou while here I live,
A well of life in me;
Then from the Rock of Ages give
Unfailing bliss in Thee.

All earthly joys roll on
To disappointment's close;
But he who seeks Thee in thy Son,
No disappointment knows.

By faith now let me taste
The joy of sin forgiven,
And, when earth's hour of thirst is passed,
Glad streams of life in heaven.

March 27th. While listening to the note of a cuckoo on our left, and the mountain partridges beginning to call on each side of us, Mount Hor became the only outline left in the quick-coming gloom of evening. I had just before been comparing the three accounts of Aaron's very remarkable death. In Deut. x. 6, it seems to be stated that he died at Mosera (Moseroth). Compare Num. xxxiii. 31. After about two more encampings, Levi seems to have been specially set apart for God's service (Deut. x. 6, 7). It is plain, however, that Mount Hor was the spot, perhaps in Mosera. The death of Aaron there on Mount Hor is distinctly mentioned in Numbers, xxxiii. 37-39, and still more fully in Numbers, xx. 22-29. It seems as if Miriam, Aaron, and Moses, all died within at most two years.

WRITTEN ON MOUNT SEIR, IN FRONT OF MOUNT HOR,
OVERLOOKING PETRA.

Go, die thou there, but not unblest;
There waits thee a far better rest
Than Canaan's land could give:
Pardoned thy sin, thy guilt forgiven,
From yonder mount ascend to heaven,
And there for ever live.

Put off thy holy vesture there;
For raiment such as angels wear,
Henceforth shall aye be thine.
Envy no more thy brother's grace,
With God conversing face to face,
Thine now like his shall shine.

Thy Thummin and thy Urim now
On Eleazar's breast shall glow,
And Israel thither seek.
A father never to return,
Thee thirty days shall Israel mourn,
As soon thy brother meek.

Thy hands, with blood of offerings slain,
Altar and book no more shall stain:
Now shall thine eyes behold
Melchizedek's royal table spread
With heavenly wine and heavenly bread,
And Salem's streets of gold.

On Gibel Aaron's crested head,
That looks o'er Jordan's ancient bed,

Thus died the saint of God ;
 His priesthood sealed by Korah's doom,
 Ere wakened into sudden bloom
 The dead yet fruitful rod.

Unlike the priest of Aaron's line,
 A changeless priesthood, Lord, is thine;
 Thy work for ever lives :
 Thy all-sufficient sacrifice
 Opens to men the sin-closed skies,
 And life eternal gives.

Like Aaron's bells, Thy Gospel's sound
 Sweet music makes the world around,
 And brings the conscience peace.
 Made saints by Thee, the sinner's friend,
 Our blissful kingdom ne'er shall end,
 Our priesthood never cease.*

Encampment on Mount Seir, overlooking Wady Mousé (Petra), and Gibel Aroon (Mount Hor). To-day we have travelled from half-past seven to nearly four. At half-past eight we arrived at some clear fresh running water ; here were many wild flowers, pink cystuses, blue geraniums, pink mallows, &c., and as we mounted the rough and rocky hill-side to its source, there was tall grass and rushes, very fresh and verdant. At eleven we suddenly came in sight of the chasm of Wady Mousé on our left. There rose Mount Hor, double-peaked, before us, just on the farther side of the deep precipitous rocky chasm of Wady Mousé. Beyond, still further on our left, lay outspread far and wide the broad plain of Araba,

* 1 Peter, ii. 9 ; Revelations, i. 6.

the patriarch Job's country, apparently at least three thousand feet beneath us. Eagles and smaller falcons were sailing with smooth wings across this yawning chasm. Behind us were a few patches of barley. At half-past eleven we reached a scanty spring called Ain el-Gazell (the well of the gazelle); here was grass and a great profusion of a wild marjoram and lilies, not, however, in flower. The flowers of both seem past, or remaining from last year. We are now, six P.M., seated full in view of Mount Hor, behind which the sun has just set, very unusually to us, in a level bank of clouds. Before us are a few sweet-smelling arbor-vitæs. To-morrow we hope to descend into the valley. Our Alewin Sheikh Salim, sad fellow, is still, against our remonstrance, pasturing his horse below in a second plot of barley, after having, with utter unconcern, tethered him down to damage the first.

Among the passages bearing historically upon Petra, the three principal ones are, 2 Sam. viii. 13, 14; 2 Kings, xiv. 7; 2 Chron., xxv. 11, 12; whence it appears that David subdued, and Amaziah for the time crushed, Edom. The difficulty of conquering Edom seems expressed in David's prophetic prayer, fulfilled in his own day, and again two hundred years after (Psalm lx. 9-12). By the conquest, however, of Edom, b.c. 827, Amaziah's pride was fostered, and he fell into idolatry, adopting the idols of Mount Seir (2 Chron. xxv. 15-20, &c). Edom is presented to us in a more encouraging view in the New Testament (St. Mark, iii. 8), where, we are told, that many flocked hence to see and partake of the miracles, and to hear the words of our blessed Saviour. Then in some measure, perhaps, were spiritually fulfilled the words of

David's prayer, Psalms, lx. 9, by Christ and his Gospel being brought into the strong city, even into Edom.

Petra. March 28th. Leaving our high position about half-past seven, we quickly descended into the valley. What first struck us was a clear, verdure - fringed, clear - flowing brook, bordered with oleanders. The rocky valley narrowed and deepened, still enclosing the stream. Narrower and narrower, and higher and higher, the red-stained rocks towered, till only the rocky stream-bed, and its fringe of fine oleanders, from ten to twelve or fourteen feet



VIEW OF PETRA.

high, was left. The burning sun above was shut out, and the air blew cool and fresh from the water. Narrower, and narrower, and higher still, rose the perpendicular dead-crimsoned rocks, until even the oleanders for a while ceased. After a full mile of succession of beauties

of this kind, the celebrated Khàsnè (treasure-house) of Pharaoh, as it is called, opened suddenly upon our view in bright morning sunshine, the whole chasm along which we were passing being in deep cool shade. Soon after this the gorge opens upon verdure, and Arab tents, and flocks of black and white sheep and goats, of soft wool, in good keeping. Two flocks had passed us already in the gorge : the shepherds called them with a voice, like hoarse-dogs. The poor little kids, &c., obeyed the call, and clambered after him up the side rocks out of the water channel, to avoid our camels. The Mazetta two or three times jostled against the side rocks, but, by the care of our Towarah Sheikh, without material injury. From the Khàsnè, the narrow chasm widens a little; oleanders are here again, and the sweet white broom, full in flower. About twenty black and brown* Arab tents were spread on the open green space, the centre of Petra and of Petra's tombs. All these tents were open more or less, directly to receive, as with open arms, the morning sun. In one I noticed a simple hand-mill, two flat stones for two women. By about half-past nine we reached our encampment in this central, open, green space.† It was

* See Canticles, i. 5, 6; and Psalms, cxx. 5-7. The word Kedar implies, black, dark brown—a sombre, mourning, dark colour.

† Mr Anderson, in his *Pencilings in Palestine*, 1851, after speaking briefly of the (1) Defile, (2) (the Khàsnè, and (3) the Theatre, proceeds to describe the open central space, as follows :—

“ The fourth and last division of Petra is the Great Square, which, though at the northern extremity, must be considered as having been the heart or centre of the city. Here, evidently, were the market-place and the exchange, in which the multitude and the merchants were wont to congregate. Here the travelling caravans halted, and

really a lively scene ; and, with flocks and herds of clean well-fed goats, and Arab tents and people, unlike desert.

the goods of the East were displayed in the sun. Here, in a word, the tide of business rolled. Here might be seen the throng, and heard the tumult of the people, all of which have now ceased, and ceased for ever. Like Babylon, Petra was advantageously situated for business. In itself, indeed, it had no commercial advantages ; it had no river, and it was far from the sea. As a resting-place, however, to the trader, it was of great importance. When caravans came across Arabia from the Persian Gulf, it was here they first touched on the civilized world ; a dépôt was thus naturally formed here of the commodities in which they traded, and Petra became thus a place of great wealth and importance, second only to Babylon itself. The trade that tended towards it from the East, branched from it again to Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, by a variety of routes ; terminating on the shores of the Mediterranean, on which rose several important cities, one of which, Tyre, became the mart of the world. At a time when the caravan was moving towards Petra with the wealth of the East, the prophets of Israel were denouncing its wickedness, and foretelling its overthrow ; this they did in passages like these :— ‘ Edom shall be a desolation (Jer. xlix. 17). ‘ Behold, O Mount Seir, I am against thee, and I will stretch out mine hand against thee, and I will make thee most desolate. I will make thee perpetual desolations’ (Ezek. xxxv. 3, 9). ‘ Thy terribleness hath deceived thee, and the pride of thine heart, O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, that holdest the height of the hill : though thou shouldest make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord’ (Jer. xlix. 16). ‘ Whereas Edom saith, We are impoverished, but we will return and build the desolate places ; thus saith the Lord of Hosts, They shall build, but I will throw down ; and they shall call them, The border of wickedness, and, The people against whom the Lord hath indignation for ever. And your eyes shall see, and ye shall say, The Lord be magnified from the border of Israel’ (Mal. i. 4). ‘ From generation to generation it shall lie waste ; none shall pass through it for ever and ever’ (Isaiah, xxxiv. 10.)

About twelve we proceeded northward, to examine some of the tombs, &c., along the valley; twelve or thirteen

"It may be easily believed it was with no ordinary emotions that, an eye-witness of their truth, I read these passages amid the ruins of Petra, every rock and stone in which seemed trumpet-tongued to proclaim that 'Heaven and earth may pass away, but one jot or tittle of God's word shall not pass away till all shall be fulfilled.'

"The desolation of Petra, it was foretold, was to be perpetual, and there is every evidence for concluding that it will. Whatever advantages it once had for commerce, now it has none. Its importance of old was derived from the circumstance that it was on the highway from the East, and that the commerce of the East was carried on by caravans, and nothing but the destruction of ships and steamers, and the restoration of the caravan, could make Petra what it was—it is thus a city of the past and of the dead. Granting it to be within the range of probability that it should be rebuilt and repeopled, this cannot be by any of the house of Edom; for of Edom, as a distinct nation, there is now, according to the word of God, 'a full end.' The question, I am aware, has been lately opened as to who and what the descendants of Esau now are; and it has been shown, with apparent success, that they, having blended with the descendants of Ishmael, are in common with them the Arabs of modern times. 'The Edomites,' says the Rev. Charles Forster, 'can be traced to the heart of the inheritance of Ishmael, as though they formed one people with the Nabatheans (Ishmaelites, so called from Nebaioth, Ishmael's eldest son). The history of this intermixture of distant races is contained in a single verse of Genesis: 'Esau took to his wife Bashemath, Ishmael's daughter, the sister of Nebajoth.' The alliance of Ishmael in the infancy of the two stocks accounts most naturally for the subsequent amalgamation of the Ishmaelites and Edomites.' This question is one of great interest, especially in reference to the future, when these words shall be accomplished: 'All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered together unto thee; the rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee. They will come up with acceptance on mine altar, and I will glorify the house of my glory.' But this is not the place to consider this question; and be

Bedouins with guns, besides several boys, accompanied us. The tombs, &c., are all of debased Roman architecture; but the flaky colour of the rocks is extremely beautiful. A red, or dead crimson, is quite the prevailing colour; but there are fault-veins of yellow, and beautiful wavy stripes of lilac and white. The amphitheatre, (of thirty-three tiers of seats) is all cut out of the solid sandstone crimson rock. It would hold, probably, at least five thousand spectators. It is very singular, as a coincidence, that the prevailing colour of Edom's capital should be *red*. Were I to describe it by name, I should call it “the city of the red rock,” or “the crimson chasm.” Amaziah, however, called it for a while by a better name—“Jokteel” (the possession or acquisition of God, *i.e.*, obtained by God's help, and therefore devoted to Him). The oleanders are most decoratively luxuriant: below are lilies, and wild sage, and marygold, and marjoram; small wild auriculas, blue anchusas, blue forget-me-nots, and several other flowers. A. sat down near the entrance of the deep narrow gorge, to sketch the Khàsnè: I attempted meanwhile to tell to our two poor guides, Sàlimàn and Sàlem, of Wady Mousè, the history of the Centurion, of Jairus, of the two blind men, the deaf and dumb, and the feeding of the five thousand. They listened, but with more worldly and wealthy carelessness, than their poorer brethren, the Towara. These have horses, and asses, and camels, and many flocks of fine sheep and goats. Within

the fate of Petra what it may in time to come—be it that a blessing is in store for it, as for Egypt—this does not affect the truth of the prophetic Burden denounced against it in the times that are past, and of the truth of which it is so signal a monument at present.”

the Khàsnè, which is internally a fine echoing chamber, we sung altogether a part of the Te Deum, and the hymn “From all that dwell,” &c.

Returning to our tents in the open green space, we found Mr. H.’s servant had been bit, during our walk, by a scorpion. The place of the bite was cut out speedily with a razor, the blood sucked, and ammonia applied. Mr. S. has since found several; he found a large one, nearly three inches long, under a large stone, just outside our tent, within three yards of the head of our bed.

Saturday, March 30th: Easter Eve. Six hours and a half from Petra. Here we have just encamped at half-past three, in the edge of Wady Araba, having left Petra soon after eight. I have just been walking with A. along the valley, sprinkled with luxuriant ratham and tamarisk. Not having read my usual daily chapter in Arabic, to-day, owing to the roughness of the mountain roads, I went and sat down with my Testament on the loose large stones of the solitary grave of some poor wild Alewin. It faces the east, is bordered round with rude rough stones, and has strong withered tamarisk stems and boughs thrown loosely across it, to protect the body from the hyæna. Here I read John, xx.

But to return to Petra. Yesterday, being Good Friday, we went forth into the narrow rocky valley, for service. Our tents were extremely hot. We passed the amphitheatre, where there was but little shade,* though good rocky seats. A few steps further we found a hollow

* Job (chap. vii. 2) says: “As the servant earnestly desireth (literally, panteth after) the shade.” We now desired it daily.

overshadowing, open cave, with scattered red rocks and fresh green verdure below ; around were sweet broom in flower, and, further on, oleanders. Here we had our service, singing the Te Deum, &c., to Goodenough, and the hymn “When I survey” to Wareham. Our rough (and somewhat rude) Wady Mousè attendants were a little noisy at first; but they soon squatted down, hushed and quiet, at a little distance below us. A sheikh on horseback with a long spear, and a flock of sheep and goats, and the short “salâms” between their keepers and our guides, were our only disturbance. The fitful wind swept now and then with a wild booming sound from the chasm on our right, and made a soothing though somewhat shrill sound among the leafless boughs of the *ratham*. After service we went to take a second, or rather third, look at the Khâsnè. It now looked a still more fresh and delicate pink, or salmon colour, than when we first saw it before, first in full sunshine, then quite in shade. Now it was in full light, but not actual sunshine. Dr. Wilson’s sketch* gives an admirable idea of its singular position.

Returning home, we saw a party of about ten Alewins (they appeared to be under-sheikhs), resting beneath a high shadowing rock, in a spot of deep, cool, green shade, close on our left. Their heavy caparisoned horses were left grazing near, among the fresh green grass, the broom, and oleanders. They themselves were squatting, as in consultation; their tall spears, about ten feet long, were either stuck in the ground, or rested up against the perpendicular rock. Here at Petra every man and boy has a gun, and carries it. Many have rude swords besides :

* See Wilson’s *Lands of the Bible*, 1847, vol. i. p. 318.

the sheikhs, and those who have horses, usually have spears also and pistols. They had passed by, I believe, during our service, coming up somewhat noisily, as usual, but passing on in silence.

From three to six we went westward up to the Deir. It is a tomb or temple similar to the Khàsmè, only much plainer. The ascent to it, which occupied us an hour and a half, is most beautiful. After a rich narrow valley, with oleanders, broom, sage, lilies, &c., we ascended a steep narrow gorge of red and lilac coloured stone. The oleanders still continue till nearly half the way up. One of our guides, by the way, charmed a scorpion. He took it up in the palm of his hand, spit upon it, and muttered some prayers or words in the name of the Prophet. Unless irritated, I apprehend, they do not sting. Very probably also, if frightened they would not. Or, possibly, the man knew that his poison was gone. At all events, it reminded me of the expression (Eccles. x. 11), "Surely the serpent will bite without enchantment; and a babbler is no better,"—*i.e.*, you must charm and quiet him. (Compare Ps. lviii. 4, 5; Jer. viii. 17.) As we ascended, the oleanders ceased; but arbor-vitæs rose gracefully in the deep crevices of the red rocks. Black centipedes* were creeping about, or coiled up like little serpents. They were eight or ten inches long; without counting, I should say there must be at least two hundred little feet, a hundred on each side. They were the thickness of a little finger. Skeleton-like grasshoppers, about three inches long, abound at Petra: some are green, some grey, some lilac. A

* Dr. Wilson speaks of these centipedes as another kind of scorpion. (*Lands of the Bible*, vol. ii. p. 738.)

woman brought a chameleon on a green branch of ratham. It was vivid bright green. Crawling, however, on the brown stem, and put in A.'s brown parasol reversed, it became, in either case in about twenty seconds, a dull brown. Afterwards on the bough it became light green again. Its eyes are very remarkable: deep-set, cased, and able to look, one backwards, the other forwards, or one up, and the other down, at once. The arbor-vitæ, frequent here, was, in one instance, twined with a kind of honeysuckle. Here I picked up a large porcupine's quill, about fifteen inches long, in all probability the "bittern" of Scripture. The El Deir stands in a level space at the top of the red and lilac-coloured mountain. Soaring above the highest rock were sixteen eagles and falcons. Selah is still an eagle's nest.

Like almost everything else at Petra, the Deir looks like a peculiar kind of debased Roman architecture. Five minutes above, there was a fine view of the double crest of Mount Hor to the south-west. The chasms on our left ascending were deep, and rather terrific. Large stones rolled down echoed far below us, rebounding in the hollow out of sight, and echoing like a cannon.

This morning (*Saturday March 30th*) we left Petra about eight. Young Salem, the quiet boy of sixteen, accompanied us a little way. Old Sàlimàn I missed. Both he and the boy, strange to say, went off without "back-sheesh." The hot sunny rocks and our road-track was, in spots, darkened with locusts. As they rose and lit down again on the sunny bare rocks, it was like the patterning of sleet upon slates, or half-frozen ground in England. At nine Mount Hor was full before us, to the

north-west. We distinguished the white-domed mosque on its summit. At ten the path to it turned to our right. Its ascent would have taken six hours additional. Here, on rising ground to the left, were a flock of nearly three hundred black goats, and perhaps fifty white sheep. At half-past eleven we reached a very high ridge, commanding the whole valley of Araba, almost from Akaba to Hebron. Looking back, we now saw the precipitous western side of Mount Hor, and a large extent of flat table-land westward and northward. Here, probably, Aaron was stripped of his garments, and died. Hence he too, like Moses, might see a portion, though a much smaller portion, of the land of promise. Mount Hor is still in sight to us now in the valley. It still towers above the other Petra mountains. All seem to give way to it. It is a very striking hill, westward especially.

Easter Monday, April 1st. Yesterday, being Easter-day, we had service and the holy communion in our tents. The H.'s and some of the Scotch party joined us. In the afternoon at five we had afternoon service, and I preached from John, xiv. part of 19th verse—"Because I live, ye shall live also." In the morning we had chanted the Te Deum to Lawes, and sang the Easter hymn, "Jesus Christ is risen to-day." In the afternoon we chanted to a chant in use at Chichester, and sung the hymn, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds" to Devizes. In the middle of the sermon all our Bedouins, except the three Towàra, suddenly seized up their guns, and rushed off, quick as gazelles, like mad things, in the direction of the plain, crying out that some hostile Arabs had seized their

amels. There was a great deal of noise and fuss, riding their two horses, and urging on their dromedaries, which were left. At night they lighted two beacon fires on the hill tops, right and left of our encampment. We took it quietly, and I soon went on with my sermon, and we finished our service in peace.

To-day, during our crossing the plain of Araba, Armeius spoke to some of our Alewins about it. "What would you have done if a larger number of Arabs had come against you?" "We would have fought and died or our camels—we would die with them." "Ah," said the quiet Copt, "I would have given up twenty camels before I would do that." It now appears that, out of our fifty camels, five at least have been stolen from the tribe they are afraid of. To-day, as I was walking near Ain-Wèlè (Kadesh), a young Alewin, apparently about fourteen, was by my side. He did not know his own age; they seldom do. I asked him how long he had worn his sword. He answered, "Two years." He wore, as young Alewins do, a forelock till they have been in battle. "Should you like," I asked him, "to shave your forelock?" "I should like it," was his answer. H.'s camel-man owned to having killed a man. It afterwards appeared that one of our two horses had also been stolen.

From Wady Aròon, which we left at half-past six, it took us seven hours to cross the plain of Araba. Much acacia-thorn, tamarisk, and broom, &c., are sprinkled over it; also a plant like broom, called àretàh by the Arabs. At one, two large gazelles, with fine horns, bounded across the plain on our left. One of our Alewins tried to run one down, but without success. At about half-past

one we saw near before us tall grass and scattered palm trees. Approaching nearer, we found rushes and reeds surrounding several small pools of blackish sulphureous water. Our camels and men drank eagerly of it, dirt and thick, and nauseous as it was. It was *not* "livin' water." Near this spot, and the adjoining Ain-el-Weil is supposed to be the Kadesh of Num. xiii. 26, whith the spies returned, who had been sent from the wilderness of Paran. It is also called the wilderness of Zin (Nu xx. 1), where Miriam died. It is, probably, the same the wilderness of Kadesh mentioned in Psalm xxix. 8.

ON ENTERING PALESTINE BY HORMAH AND HEBRON.

April 2, 1850.

O BANISHED seed of Abraham's race,
Here once was fixed thy dwelling-place,
 To thee this land was given ;—
A happy land, that drank at will
Soft timely rains her pools to fill,
 . And rich with dews of heaven.

Thy terraced hills with vines were clad,
Oil, corn, and flocks, thy vales made glad,
 They seemed for joy to sing :
'Neath the cool fig-tree's spreading shade,
For prayer and social converse made,
 Each would his neighbour bring.*

Strong 'mid her hills fair Zion stood
Thither thy tribes far distant flowed,

* Zech. iii. 10.

Her temple courts to throng ;
 Through all thy borders peace was made,
 Nor foe might dare thy land invade,
 While rose the festal song.*

Strong were thy gates ; thy cities then
 Poured living strength of warlike men,
 Plenteous as rivers run ;
 Not western Japhet's peopled coast,
 Such numerous armies now can boast,
 As thine, good Asa's son.†

Now fall'n thy towers ; thy land a waste :
 Thy multitudes away are passed
 To lands and realms unknown ;
 Or, crouched in fear 'neath Zion's hill,
 Find there a narrow corner still,
 To mourn her glory gone.

Lord, when Thy banished ones return,
 The widowed land no more shall mourn ;
 Jerusalem, thy care,
 From filth and dust shall yet arise,
 Bright spread beneath the opening skies,
 Because the LORD is there.

Large as the city's former bound,‡
 Her temple courts shall then be found ;
 There shall the nations bring
 Offerings of prayer, of thanks, of praise,
 And Israel loudest anthems raise,
 To Jesus, owned their King.

* Exodus, xxxiv. 24.

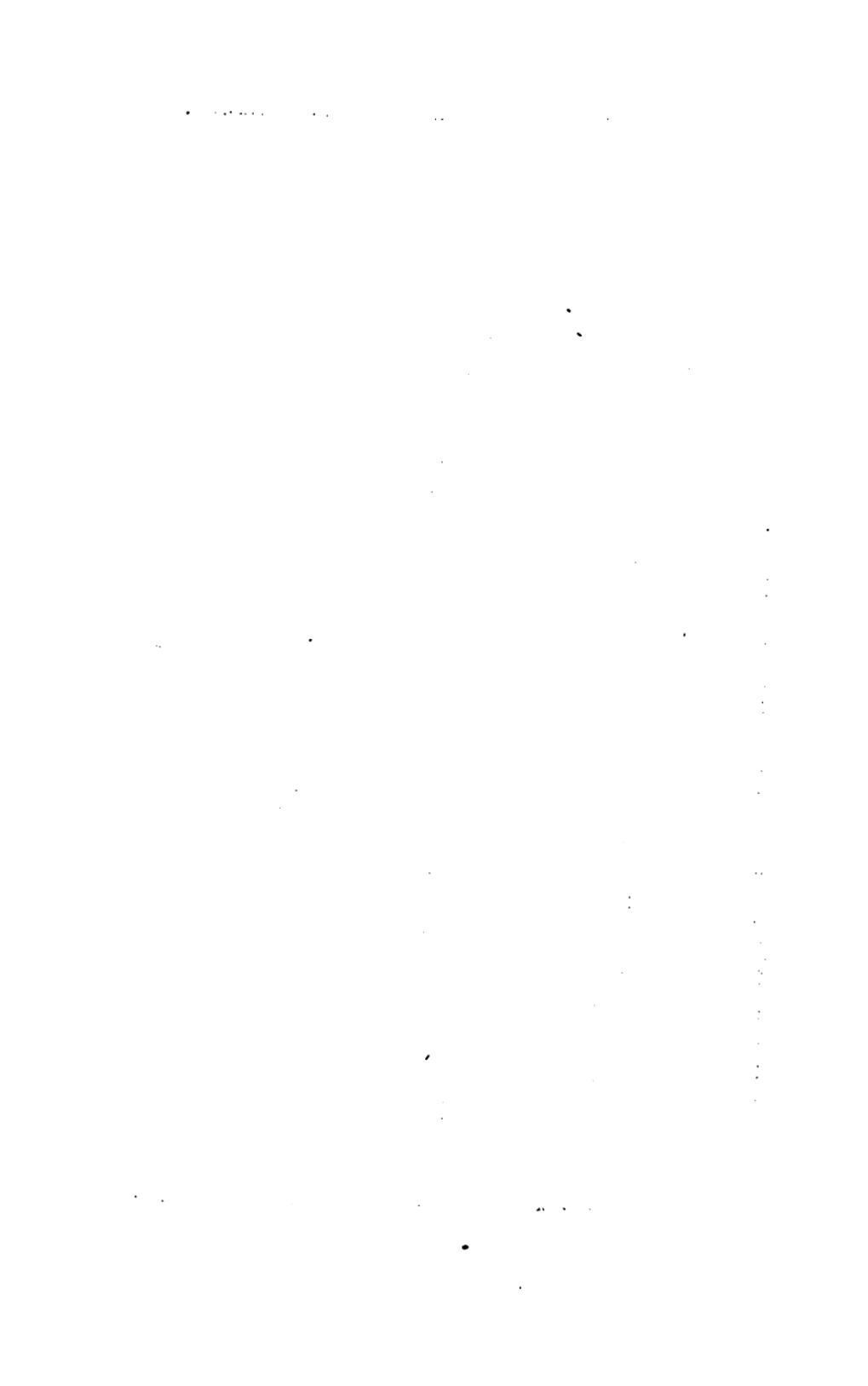
† See 2 Chronicles, xvii. 12-19. ‡ Ezekiel, xlviij. 30-35.

CHAPTER VIII.

"For the Lord shall comfort Zion ; he will comfort all her waste places : and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord."—ISAIAH, li. 3.

"Poor nation, whose sweet sap and juice
Our seyons have purloined, and left you dry :
O that some angel might a trumpet sound,
At which the Church, falling upon her face,
Should cry so loud,
As, by that cry, of her dear Lord t'obtain
That your sweet sap might come again."—GEORGE HERBERT.

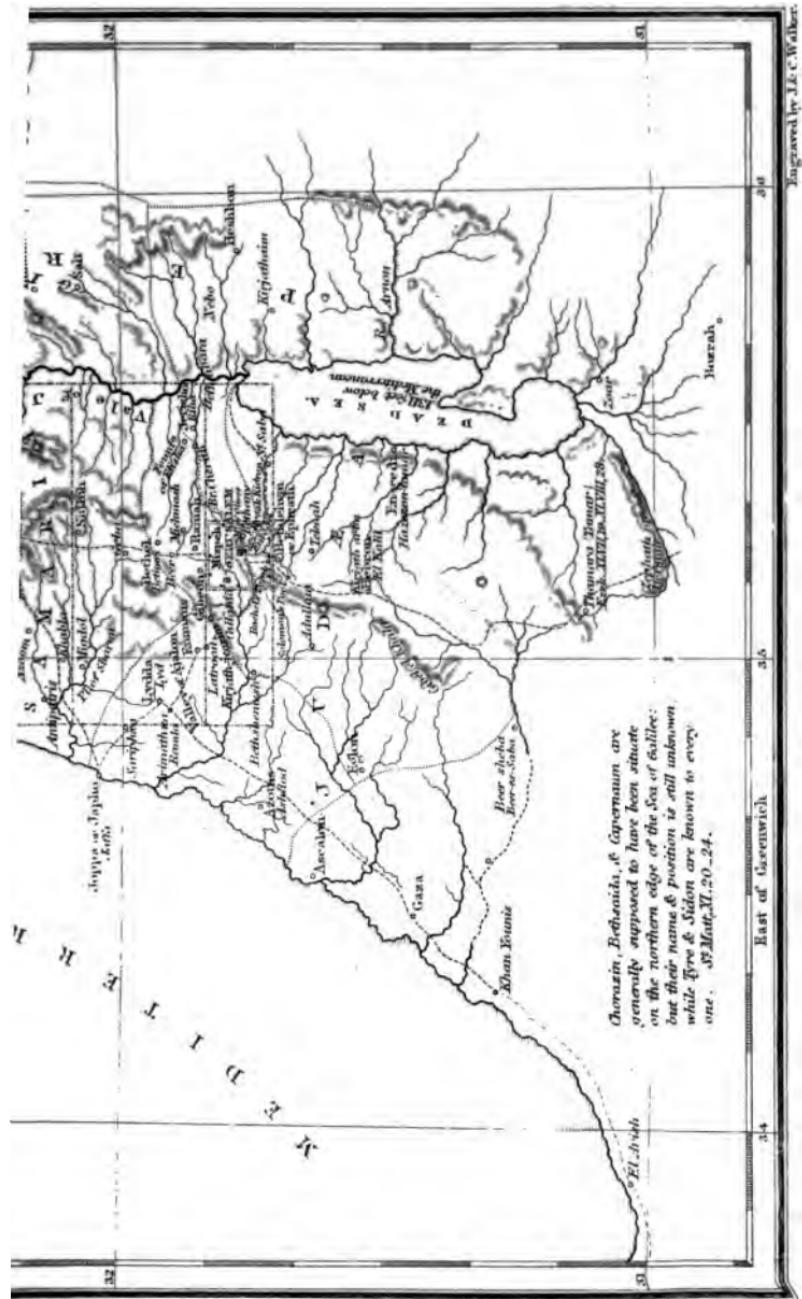
Easter Tuesday, April 2nd. At half-past six this morning we left our encampment in Wady El Weiba, and crossed by half-past ten a lower pass into Wady Es Sàbàl. Here were traces of copper ore in red, green, yellow, and various coloured earth. All the hills and slopes rung under the foot and sounded hollow. Soon after eleven, we stopped to lunch under an acacia thorn. T. was calling us to a larger one, but we were already seated under a lesser one. From the larger tree, which was hollow, issued a large red-coloured serpent, dangerous according to our Alewins, who first fired at it, and then speedily hewed it to pieces with their swords. For about four hours we were ascending and descending the formidable



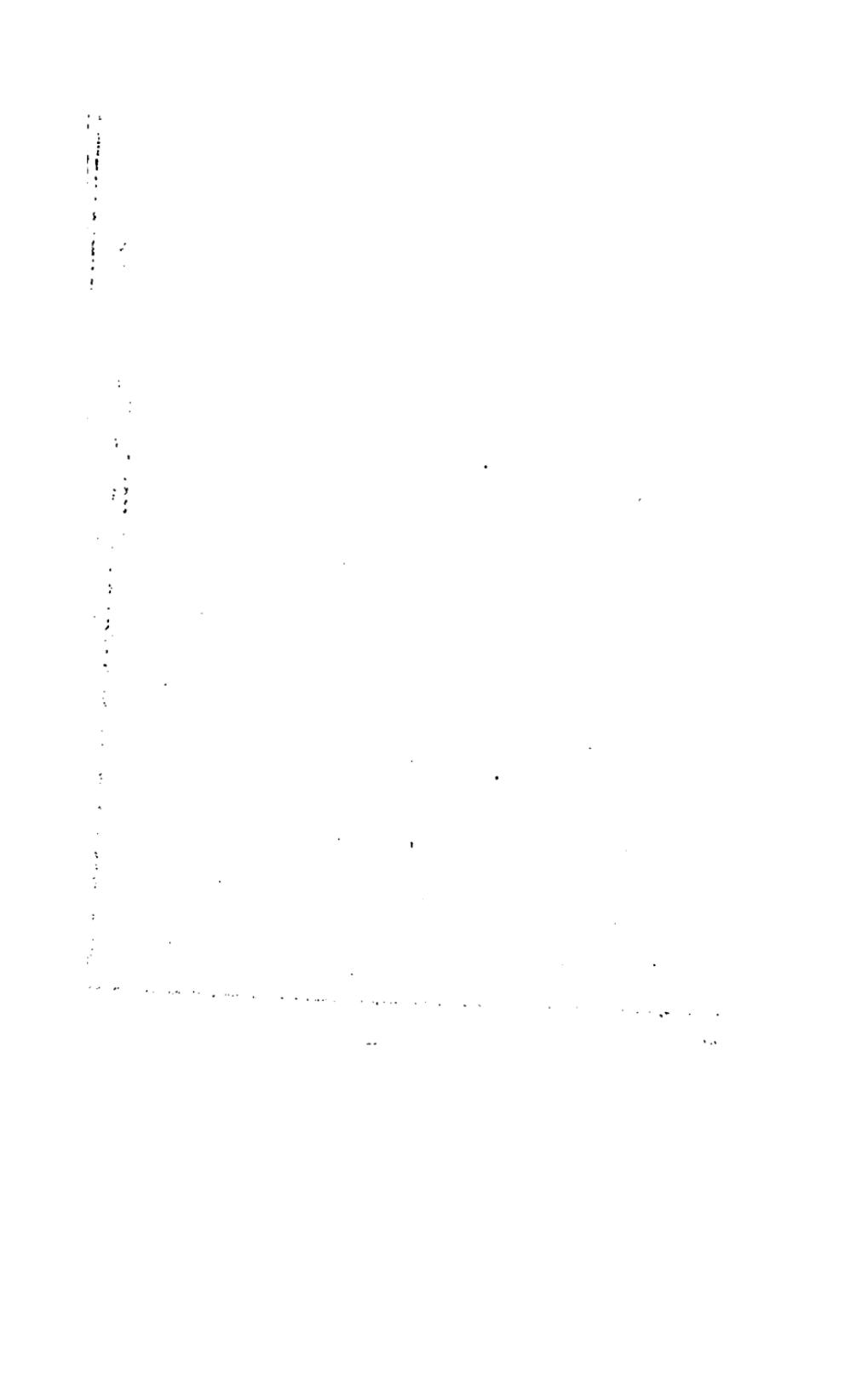
SKETCH MAP
illustrative of
MODERN PALESTINE
*with reference to the Prophecies of Ezekiel,
engaged for the
LAND of the MORNING.*

The dotted outlines in the reverse are intended as an approximation to represent the Holy Oblation described in Ezechiel /ch.XIV.1-8. XVIII. 6, 21, 30, 35/. The site of the city itself seems determined from Zechariah /ch.XII. 6. ch.XV. 10/. The arrangement of the Tribes &c. in Ezechiel, is as follows:





Chorain, Bethsaida, & Genezra are generally supposed to have been situated on the northern edge of the Sea of Galilee; but their name & position is still unknown, while En-gyre & Sidon are known to every one. *35 Matt. xi. 20-24.*



pass of Es Sufa. It is a very great and steep ascent; there are steep slanting strata of smooth and slippery limestone rock, which, altogether, took us one hour and fifty minutes to ascend and cross. At the top, and ascending, we drank thirstily of the water-skins. One poor camel was exhausted with thirst; water was poured into its opened and foaming mouth from the water-skin. From the summit we saw rain (a strange sight to us), sweeping with sand along the broad distant valley before us. There was also thunder. This path is, with much appropriateness of character, supposed to be Hormah.* At five we stopped. We are now in a higher valley, and in Palestine; † the scene, however, still partakes of the nature of a desert wady, with fine sand, water-tracks,

* See Numb. xiv. 40-45, and xxi. 1-9.

† Notwithstanding the tinge of superstition which unhappily pervades the following passage in its context, there is something in the tone and spirit of it which no true Christian, on visiting the Holy Land, can fail to admire:—

“Once more, then,” says Baron Geramb, “I went to Palestine, only to adore, to weep, and to pray. I purposed not to measure the sacred monuments with the compasses of incredulity; plenty of travellers have taken that task upon themselves. Most of them hurry through Palestine with such speed, that their imagination is obliged to supply what has escaped their fugitive observation. In spite, however, of that spirit of the age which makes them write with such levity of monuments so venerable, their hearts are not unmoved. Religion will assert her rights. Their hearts have throbbed while they were ascending Calvary—when they beheld the ensanguined rock on which the Saviour of the world yielded His last breath to reconcile earth with heaven. . . . But this emotion of heart soon subsided; the mind took up the pen which pride presented to it.”—*Baron Geramb's Pilgrimage*, Preface, p. 5.

broom, and acacia-thorn, and the usual desert herbs. Here, under a large flowering broom (the Scripture juniper), A. and I sat down together, upon the clean fine sand, and read the closing lesson of the Easter course, 1 Cor., xv. It was delightfully still, calm, and retired from all the world. We thought that one day, if we died in peace, this same chapter would be read over our burial. And what would be the feeling of survivors present?

Friday, April 5th. Leaving our encampment on Wednesday, April 3rd, near Tamara (perhaps Tamar of Scripture), we soon had a storm of thunder and rain. On three sides of us there were separate thunder-clouds. This continued for three or four hours, but the afternoon sun shone out, and we found ourselves among the flowery, cool, elevated plains of Palestine; and encamped at four by the dry, narrow, deep, white channel of the brook Gerar. Wells for flocks now began to appear. The next morning, Thursday, leaving our encampment at a quarter-past seven, our way was now quite different from the desert. All was green. Every hollow and moister spot was full of pink mallow, wild mignonette, and blue geranium in profusion. Elsewhere, on more rocky spots, were the brilliant anchusa, the pink cystus, and various sweet herbs. These plains must, I should think, be at least two thousand feet above the plain of Araba. Here now were the first cows we had seen since Egypt; also many mixed flocks of sheep and goats. By noon we ascended Gibel-el-Khalil (the hill of the friend of God), and, by four, were in sight of Hebron (Khalil, so called from Abraham). On our left was a deep valley with olives

ascending to the hills, vineyards in the valley, the young red leaves of a few pomegranates, and scattered fig-trees budding their green transparent leaves. Here was tillage and cultivation, and a hedged road, a strange sight to us, after the pathless desert. The fair complexion, also, of the people, men and women and children, who now met us, appeared a great contrast to the dark olive colour of the desert-Bedouins. Hebron rose strikingly before us in the declining sun, and we soon passed the pool, where, probably, David hanged up the murderers of Ishboseth. This morning we took leave of our poor Towara and Alewins, the former with regret, the latter with no regret. The poor Towara had been attentive throughout, and, for Arabs, were very quiet, and had broken very little. Not so the wealthier Alewins: they cared very little for our goods or for us. Money and amusement seemed every day uppermost.

Ancient Hebron was probably above the present city, either on the bare rocky hill to the north, or the olive-covered height to the north-west, where ruins have been found. The Jews (about seven hundred or eight hundred) occupy a small low quarter to the south or south-east, not far from the ancient conduit-pool just mentioned. From a hill to the east, Abraham is supposed to have looked towards the plain, after the overthrow of Sodom. It was also from the vale of Hebron, that Joseph, aged seventeen, went to Shechem, full fifty miles north, and on to Dothan. Hebron was Caleb's, and then Aaronic, and a city of refuge. David went there by express direction of God (2 Samuel, ii. i-3).

ON APPROACHING JERUSALEM FROM HEBRON.

April 8th, 1850.

HEAL my heart, Thou gracious Saviour,
Health and healing from Thee flow :
Life is in Thy loving favour ;
Save my soul from endless woe.

Thou of Israel's rest the Giver,
Lead me to the promised land ;
Let each trembling, weak believer
Feel Thy strong upholding hand.

Thou art life's eternal fountain ;
Let Thy praise my life employ :
Lead me to Thy holy mountain,
God of my exceeding joy.

In Thy love and endless pity,
Lead me, who in darkness roam,
To Thy saints' bright heavenly city—
To Thine own eternal home.

Jerusalem, April 9th. Last evening, thank God, we arrived safe at this place—our second visit. After three peaceful days of quarantine at Hebron, we left that place yesterday morning. About ten we started, after much delay, on horses and mules from Hebron. Our camels were gone back again to their native desert. The Oak and Well of Abraham were, as usual, pointed out to us ; Many vineyards, the vines all propped, clothed the vale ;

also many olives, and corn. At three we passed Solomon's pools, now full of water, all three. Upon these noble reservoirs, the undoubted work of Solomon, the pious Baron Geramb* comments as follows:—"About a league from Bethlehem are the ponds of Solomon, 'the pools of water' which that prince enumerates among the great works which he wrought to make himself happy, and which, in the sequel, he could not look at without suffering this confession to escape from his heart—this confession, which all those who, in seeking happiness, seek it elsewhere than of God, will make in all ages, if they are sincere: 'Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do, and behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun.' "

At four we passed Bet-Gala,† a sunny, beautiful situation; soon after, we lunched near to the Tomb of Rachel, and passed on by the Convent of Mar Elias towards Jerusalem. Bethlehem had shone forth in bright sunshine: it was a day of heavy rain and dark mist. Jerusalem also shone forth in evening sunshine, as we just came in sight of it. At the same moment five doves flew across, towards the sun over our heads, towards the west. Soon after, Mr. Ziller, Mrs. Gobat's brother, and young Benoni

* *Pilgrimage to Jerusalem and Mount Sinai*, Letter xxi., page 117.
1832.

† Probably Zelah, mentioned with Jerusalem (Josh. xviii. 28), and called Zelzah (1 Sam. x. 2) in connexion with Rachel's sepulchre. The spot of Benjamin's birth and his mother Rachel's death was no doubt marked in the days of Herod's slaughter of the Innocents (St. Matt. ii. 16-18), and is so "to this day." (See Gen. xxxv. 16-20.)

Gobat, met us. Jerusalem, as we approached it towards the Jaffa gate, looked more fresh, more cheerful, and less ruinous, than when I was here three years since. Within Jerusalem we notice the little Protestant church, now finished. Adjoining it is the Consul's house: Church and State, as it were, under one and the same roof. By their own door, near the Jaffa gate, the Bishop and Mrs. Gobat came out to meet us, and again greeted us most kindly. By their care, together with Meshullam's, we are now placed in the house of three German brothers (a little collegiate fraternity), the eldest of whom are named Palmer and Baldensbergen. Their house is very neat and clean: our room looks directly towards the Mount of Olives, and overlooks the eastern part of the city. In our room are three double latticed windows; two texts adorn our room, they are in German, "Ich aber und mein haus wir wollen dem Herrn dienen" (Joshua, xxiv. 15); the other is the present of a friend, it is Numbers, vi. 24-26. The little stone terrace outside our room has stocks and wallflowers in bloom, also little embryo vines and palms.

To-day we called again on the Bishop and Mrs. Gobat. Meshullam and other residents in this place speak of the rains and weather this winter as very unusual. Many houses have fallen recently in various parts of Jerusalem, owing to the heavy rains and snow. Even to-day, besides the heavy latter rains, there is an appearance of snow on some of the higher mountains of Moab. Instead of a monthly, there is now a weekly post to and from Jerusalem. This is tolerably regular, although occasionally delayed below Carmel by the swelling of the river Kishon, which, when very rapid, cannot be passed.

The post, however, sometimes goes more inland, and so passes. The last post came unusually quick. Letters were received in Jerusalem thirteen days after they were written in England.

Jerusalem, Friday, April 12th. I am just returned from the Hebrew service, in the church on Mount Zion. It is now at six o'clock, A.M. There were this morning only about eight or ten persons present. I know of no part of our Liturgy which comes forth more forcibly in the Hebrew than the Confession and the Creed. In the Creed, "He will assuredly come," (Hebrew, literally, "to come He will come,") an expression borrowed, in some measure, from Psalm xcvi. 13, is well adopted, and comes in with much force. Also, in the Thanksgiving, "means of grace," (Hebrew, literally, "the spreadings, arrangements, or preparations of mercy,") is more definite and interesting than the idea now usually conveyed by the English phrase. Another suitable adaptation is in the Absolution: "to his eternal joy" is rendered from Psalm xvi., "to the fulness of joys in His presence." The church is a neat little building of late Gothic, very like a little new town church in England. It has no feature at all, so far as I have yet noticed, distinctive of Jerusalem. The Jews in Jerusalem are now stated at eight thousand five hundred: they are still annoyed in their quarter by slaughter-houses and offal-burning.

After the heavy rain, on Tuesday afternoon about five, we walked out from Zion gate around the south and south-east angles of the city and harem walls, round to St. Stephen's gate. I was struck again, even this second

visit, with the great depth of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and still more with the large number of Jewish tombs, flat grey and white stones, and the great extent of them, scattered far and wide along the steep slopes of this rocky valley.

On Wednesday the rain still continued. The streets of poor Jerusalem were still filthy, almost beyond description, mud and deep dirt being added to the usual heaps of human ordure, dung of dogs, sweepings of various filth and dust, that one sees at every angle and corner of frequented as well as of unfrequented streets. In the midst of some streets were gutters of filth and off-scourings: this is especially the case just below the Holy Sepulchre. Here the stench of raw hides and public privies, &c., are combined. I would fain not enter upon this unpleasant subject, but it seems in some measure needed to illustrate prophecy (*e.g.* Isaiah, iv. 4; iii. 26; and li. 23; and also Luke, xxi. 24); and the glory of the Lord in Jerusalem, and Jerusalem's glory in her Lord, shall one day be all the more conspicuous and remarkable, from the contrast with her present humiliation and pollution. As yet, I never saw streets abounding in the worst kinds of filth, as the streets and winding lanes of Jerusalem. Far different shall it be when her name is, "The LORD is there." (See also Zech. xiv. 20.)

Yesterday we went early, about eight, to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.* We went with Martino, a Latin,

* See *Geramb's Pilgrimage*, Letter xvi., page 82, 83.

As this may be considered (supposing it to be the actual locality) as among the most holy spots to be found anywhere in Palestine, I would here state, once for all, that, to my own mind, too much exactness

the usual round of the holy spots. A large extent of native overhanging rock appears on the right, forming an irregular wall, and partly roof also of the chapel of the "invention of the Cross." The Greek portion of Calvary,

seems sought for, both in this, and many other instances. The exact site of Calvary, and of the Holy Sepulchre, is a point more curiously interesting than really profitable to know. The words of the angel to the women apply even now: "HE IS RISEN; HE IS NOT HERE." Having read several works on the subject (Williams, Robinson, Wilson, Fergusson, Finlay, Spencer, and others), I still incline to believe that the generally received site (though now so far within the walls) is probably correct. London, Oxford, and other cities, in their places of execution, such as Smithfield, and Bishop's gate, and Broad Street, seem to afford analogous cases. To my own mind, however, I confess that the general locality, and general (not precise) identities of spot afford all that, in this respect, the heart can wish. Of the Sea of Tiberias, of the general locality of Nazareth, and of Bethlehem, and of Bethany, of the Mount of Olives, and even of the general identity (as a site) of the Garden of Gethsemane, there can, I think, be no reasonable doubt. Within the platform and area of the present Harèm of the Mosques of Omar and El Aksa, stood, no doubt, the temple of Solomon. The Jordan, though probably with diminished stream, is the Jordan still, and little if any doubt can be entertained as to the lesser waters of Siloam. But so soon as the mind seeks after exact identity, nothing can ensue but chagrin and disappointment. The very ground-level on which we tread may be raised ten, sixteen, twenty, or it may be thirty feet above the then level of these

"Holy fields

Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which, eighteen hundred years ago, were nailed
For our advantage to the bitter cross."

Rather let us look forward to the bright future, when this city shall indeed be the "joy of the whole earth," and Israel's land "the glory of all lands"—even "Thy land, O Immanuel."

near the supposed place of the setting up of the Cross, has very numerous appropriate texts. Among others, I noticed Isaiah, liii. : " He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter." Last of all we went one by one, or nearly so, into the central tomb. Here, close to the supposed tomb of our blessed Saviour, as I was now alone, I tried silently to remember before God, all those places and persons most near and dear to me, whether families, or parishes, or cures.* Not that prayer is not acceptable to God through Jesus Christ everywhere, but yet to refuse to pray here, would seem both unreasonable and unnatural; for, whether this be near the sepulchre or not, this is certainly Jerusalem. Yonder, too, beyond doubt, rises the Mount of Olives; and here, within the narrow space of two or three square miles, was the stupendous work of our salvation wrought out by the agony and suffering, by the condemnation and death of Jesus the Son of God, and acknowledged and ratified by His glorious resurrection and ascension into Heaven, and by the sending of the Holy Ghost the Comforter.

* " Unattended, we enter a small dimly-lighted room, which serves as an ante-chapel to the sepulchre itself. Here is shewn the stone on which the angel sat who announced to the women the wondrous news of the resurrection of that Lord and Saviour whose body they had come to anoint with sweet spices. A few steps further, and stooping somewhat, and we are alone in the inner sanctuary, where thousands and tens of thousands have knelt, and wept, and prostrated themselves, in full faith that this is the very site of our Master's burial-place. Lamps of gold and silver, ever burning, afford light to the narrow chapel where we are, and the air is kept redolent with perfumes night and day."—*The East.* By the Rev. J. A. Spencer. Murray. 1851. Page 322.

We went, after breakfast, to the Consul's, to join several other English parties, to visit the Tower of Hippicus, called, in its larger extent, the Castle of David. It is an irregular and somewhat ruinous labyrinth pile of a strongly-built wall fortress. In style it is mainly Saracen; but the large massive square tower of gigantic stones up to the height of twenty or twenty-five feet, is in all probability Roman, and the solid mass of masonry (for it is solid to this height) is possibly of the time of the Jebusites before David. The Mahometan soldiers pointed out a seat and window, where, they say, David sat. It is small, and looks eastward over the city and Mount Moriah.

In the afternoon, from one to six, we went to Bethlehem. The sacred places are all grottos. The Greeks, two years ago, stole away the large silver star embedded in the stone, and inscribed, "Hic de Virgine Maria natus est Christus." They came when the Latins were away, (so say the Latins,) and with nails and hammers wrenched it away. From the roof of the Armenian convent I counted as many as nineteen towers of vineyards, or rather now of olive-yards. Some were ruinous, but most of them perfect; they are of stone, round, and average perhaps twenty feet high.* About one hour from Bethlehem is a farm of Meshullam's; it contains two hundred and twenty fig-trees, a hundred and ninety peach, and ninety pear-trees, besides others; and also produces excellent butter. The grape clusters from the vines are of unusual size.

From eleven to three on Friday, we went to the Mount

* See Isaiah, v. 2; Cant. viii. 11, 12; Matt. xxi. 33.

of Olives and Bethany. We went out, for quietness, by the Damascus gate. Under the north wall we met five camels laden with tall reeds, some eighteen or twenty feet long, from Jordan. Turning the north-east angle of the walls, many new and neatly-built tombs of Moslems met our eye. From a southern point of the Mount of Olives, we had a beautiful view of the Hareem. Being Friday, we saw the glitter of Moslem soldiers marching towards the mosque of Omar.* White-clad women were sprinkled in little groups under the olive-trees, and about the slopes of the green enclosure. There they were, walking, and talking, and sitting, as in a pleasant park, where the law is still death for a Christian to enter. Here A. sat and sketched. T., K., and I rode on to Bethany, now called El-Lazarieh. The figs, olives, pomegranates, and almonds grafted with peach, make its environs very pretty and cheerful. About twenty steps descend to the supposed tomb of Lazarus, apparently a little arched chapel about, perhaps, nine or ten feet by six or nine. Above, and about a hundred yards off, is shown his house; it is an old building, possibly a ruined church or mosque. Our

* Previously we had heard, half way up the Mount of Olives, the cry of the muezzin from the minaret by the Hareem. His quavering and long-continued call to prayer might, I am sure, from the plainness with which we heard it, have reached much higher. I should think it might even have been heard from the top, anywhere where it is sheltered from wind.

This morning (*April 18th*) I heard, about four o'clock, most distinctly the muezzin's call to prayer, calling, I think, from the same minaret. It must be one-third of a mile distant. All our windows, moreover, were closed. The muezzin are, I believe, chosen for their voices.

guide called it "haikal" (temple). It is about eighteen feet by ten; in it were six little black kids browsing and climbing. Our guide said Lazarieh contains about two hundred people.

Returning into Jerusalem by St. Stephen's Gate, and by the north side of the Hareem, we wound our way through filthy but very picturesquely-arched streets, to the Jews' Wailing-place. Here were about twenty Jews



JEWS' WAILING-PLACE.

and fifteen Jewesses. Several were German Jews. Some were reading Psalm ex., some with, some without, comments in their books. One or two seemed much affected. As we went away, five more Jews came up. Thence we went to one of their synagogues, situated on rather higher ground toward Mount Zion. Over the entrance is written in Hebrew:—

"This is the gate of the LORD.
The Lord will save Zion,
And build the cities of Judah.
(O ye) His people and sheep of His pasture,
Enter into His gates with thanksgiving."

Within, in the ark, they showed us several large rolls of the Law. I asked for the Prophets. They brought out a very small roll from the inner part of the ark; it opened upon the passage in Isaiah, "But thou hast not called upon me, O Jacob; but thou hast been weary of me, O Israel;" then followed the promise of the Spirit (Isaiah, xliv. 3, 4).

On Saturday afternoon, while the rest of our party were gone to Neby Samwel, I went with the Bishop and Mrs. Gobat to the burial-ground below Mount Sion, finished, I believe, last year. It occupies, I should think, a good acre of ground; three tombs are in it already, and the grave of Bishop Alexander, as yet without any tomb over it. There are at least three associations with this spot: (1.) There is a hollowed rock tower, hollowed out evidently for washing; it is called to this day "the Fuller's Field;" opposite, probably, stood Rabshakeh. (2.) Here are thirty-five, and probably more stone steps in the rock, leading up eastward to the city of David; these are, in all probability, the stairs mentioned in Nehemiah, iii. 15; and xii. 37. (3.) In a tower here, according to tradition, Peter came forth from the house of Caiaphas above to weep in secret. The locality is retired, and not unsuitable. In the evening we went to the Nicolaysons. I again discoursed with Mr. N., or rather he with me, upon the latter part of Zechariah and Ezekiel.

Sunday, April 14th. At ten we went to the English church ; there were two baptisms,* one of a convert's family, and also one churching. In the latter the closing verse of Psalm cxvi. seemed here singularly appropriate. The Bishop read the church service, I the Epistle and preached from Psalm lxxii. 15. Before the sermon, was sung, "Veni Creator." At three, T. and Miss Hindley and I went to the German service ; how forcible is the term ("Fürsprecher" (advocate) ! Mr. Nicolayson preached in German (unwritten of course) an excellent sermon on John, x. 11-16. At five, after walking with T. to the pool that supplies Hezekiah's pool, (half a mile from the Jaffa gate,) we attended the English evening service. Mr. N. read : Mr. Ewald preached from John, xvi. 7, a very systematic doctrino-practical sermon. To-morrow we hope to visit the Jordan."

WRITTEN APRIL 16TH, 1850, ON THE PLAIN OF JORDAN,
NEAR JERICHO.

The Jordan Pilgrim's Friend.†

COME with me to Jordan's stream,
Friend and brother of my soul,
Where the aspen's fresh leaves gleam,
Where the rapid waters roll.

* The names were, I believe, Anne Maria Adelaide, and Adelaide Mary.

† It is customary for pilgrims going down to bathe in the River Jordan, to choose some one of their acquaintance to guard and protect both them and their clothing. This person is afterwards regarded as bound to the other in the closest ties of friendship and intimacy.

Stand by me on Jordan's brink,
Guard my stripped-of garments there ;
Midst its eddies, lest I sink,
Guide me with thy watchful care.

From yon desert Israel's host,
(God a wondrous path bestowing),
Dry-shod thro' these waters crossed,
Jordan all his banks o'erflowing.

Israel's noblest prophets there
Passed between the waters riven ;
One a fiery chariot bare
By a whirlwind up to heaven.

Hither came th' Eternal Son,
Ere the tempter's wiles were tried ;
Him did God the Father own
From the heavens opening wide.

There the Spirit, like a dove,
Plenteously on him was poured :
Henceforth let that Spirit's love
Bind our hearts in sweet accord.

Turn we then, with vows renewed,
Through the world our way to wend ;
Be this day with pleasure viewed,
Till our life on earth shall end;

Eyes of faith to heaven we'll raise,
Passing through Death's deep cold flood,
Hoping ever there to praise*
Him, who washed us with His blood.

* *Revelations, i. 5, 6.*

CHAPTER IX.

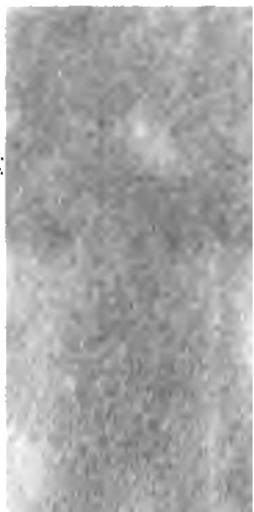
"Then went he down, and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean."—2 KINGS, v. 14.

"As he that sees a dark and shady grove
Stays not, but looks beyond it on the sky ;
So when I view my sins, mine eyes remove
More backward still, and to that water fly
Which is above the heavens, whose spring and vent
Is in my dear Redeemer's pierced side."—GEORGE HERBERT.

April 15th. Encamped at Jericho. We left Jerusalem this morning at half-past eight for an excursion to the Jordan and the Dead Sea, and Mar Saba. As we ascended the Mount of Olives, winding round its base, we saw two or three Jews reading, and, I suppose, praying, by recent tombs. Passing beyond Bethany, we noticed the rich red colour of the fresh-ploughed soil, like that of the rich lower oolite in Northamptonshire. By Bethany we heard the four little cooing notes of the hoopoo. Abou-deis (which some suppose to be Bethphage, and whence Achmed our Sheikh came), was now before us, a little on our right, under the sun. By ten we reached the Apostles' well, a little stream or spring of fresh clear water, with

troughs, and a sort of ruined Khan. This is traditionally the spot mentioned John xi. 20-30. It is, perhaps, twenty minutes or half an hour from Bethany. About two we came to Wady El Kelt on our left; it was dry when we had seen it three years ago, but now it was a plentiful rapid torrent, all its edges fringed with fresh green shrubs, but being three hundred feet, probably, below us, we could not distinguish what shrubs they were. At half-past two we were descending into the plain; Jericho (now called Riha) lay before us, and the wide and partially green plain of Jordan. At the north end of the blue Dead Sea (Bahr Loot), was a tall brown eddying whirlwind-pillar of raised sand. By its distance and height it must, I should think, have been nearly a quarter of a mile high. Sometimes it thickened and contracted in its column, and curled and bent above, like a bending pillar; it continued, without great change of place, for nearly quarter of an hour. By three we reached the fountain of Elisha (Ain-es-Sultân). Here are scattered over the undulating plain great quantities of the Nabque tree, now in fruit, green, yellow, and reddening. The red only are ripe; they are about the size of a small cherry, and their taste something between a hawthorn and ripe crab, but they are very refreshing in the desert. Round the clear cool fount of Elisha doves were cooing in the Nabque trees; here, too, were tall reeds and wild figs. The shade of an overhanging fig was remarkably cool and pleasant, and seemed to cool the water we tasted, which flowed slowly under its spreading shadow. By four we reached Riha (Jericho), and encamped for the night.

By a quarter past five on Tuesday morning; April 16th,





"THE RIVER JORDAN.

7

we were riding through Jericho. Many full-leaved fig-trees, laden with young figs, surround the little low huts of its inhabitants, about one hundred. Here are rich crops, also, but not extensive ones, of bearded wheat. The sun rose before us over the mountains of Moab, and we pressed forward to reach the Jordan, as yet about six or seven miles distant. At a quarter to six we crossed the united streams of Ain-es-Sultān, and Wady El Kelt; the edges of the stream are beautifully fringed with tamarisk, nabque, &c. By half-past six we had descended into one of the inner banks of Jordan. Here foliage, fresh and green, began to show itself right and left and before us. There was a sweet nightingale singing on our right, and another, directly afterwards, on our left. By a quarter to seven, we reached and stood on the brink of Jordan, a strong, turbid, and now half-shaded stream, about thirty feet broad, or a little more, fringed with tall upright tamarisk, young fresh green poplars, or aspen, and bending willows. Below, tangled convolvulus, wild parsley, &c. In the stream, which, even while we stayed there (three quarters of an hour) seemed to be rising, I noticed several young willows, and many reeds, especially those that were broken off at the top, and standing some two or three feet above the water's surface, shaken in the water unceasingly with a tremulous, and, as it were, distressed motion. This presented to my mind a fearful realization of the comparison, 1 Kings, xiv. 15: "For the LORD shall smite Israel, as a reed is shaken in the water." I observed that the broken reeds were especially shaken, as least balanced, and also, I think, least yielding. The river appeared somewhat swelled, as if by recent rains, and had the

sound of a deep rushing stream.* Its immediate banks were here, perhaps, ten feet above its surface. Its average depth, though of course varying greatly, is said, I believe, by some recent American travellers, to be about fifteen feet. By half-past eight we proceeded along the plain towards the Dead Sea. We caught a near view, also, of the river, again. It was as rapid as at the former spot, and fringed, but not so closely covered up by trees. By half-past nine we reached the shores of the Dead Sea. There was a slight ripple from the south. I noticed three tiers of dead wood, trees, and branches, and timber, and reeds. The little rippling waves fell heavily, and foamed in places, like the sea. The taste of the water, as I dipped my finger into it in order to taste it, was burning, salt, and bitter, and long lasting. Little pieces of black bituminous stone lay scattered here and there on the shore, both within and out of the water. I could not help noticing its burning saltiness and lasting bitterness, so different from, and so much more intense than mere salt water. It reminded me of the language of an old English poet (Phineas Fletcher):—

“That deathful lake,—
No turning path, or issue thence is found:
Hell’s self is pictured in that brimstone wave.”

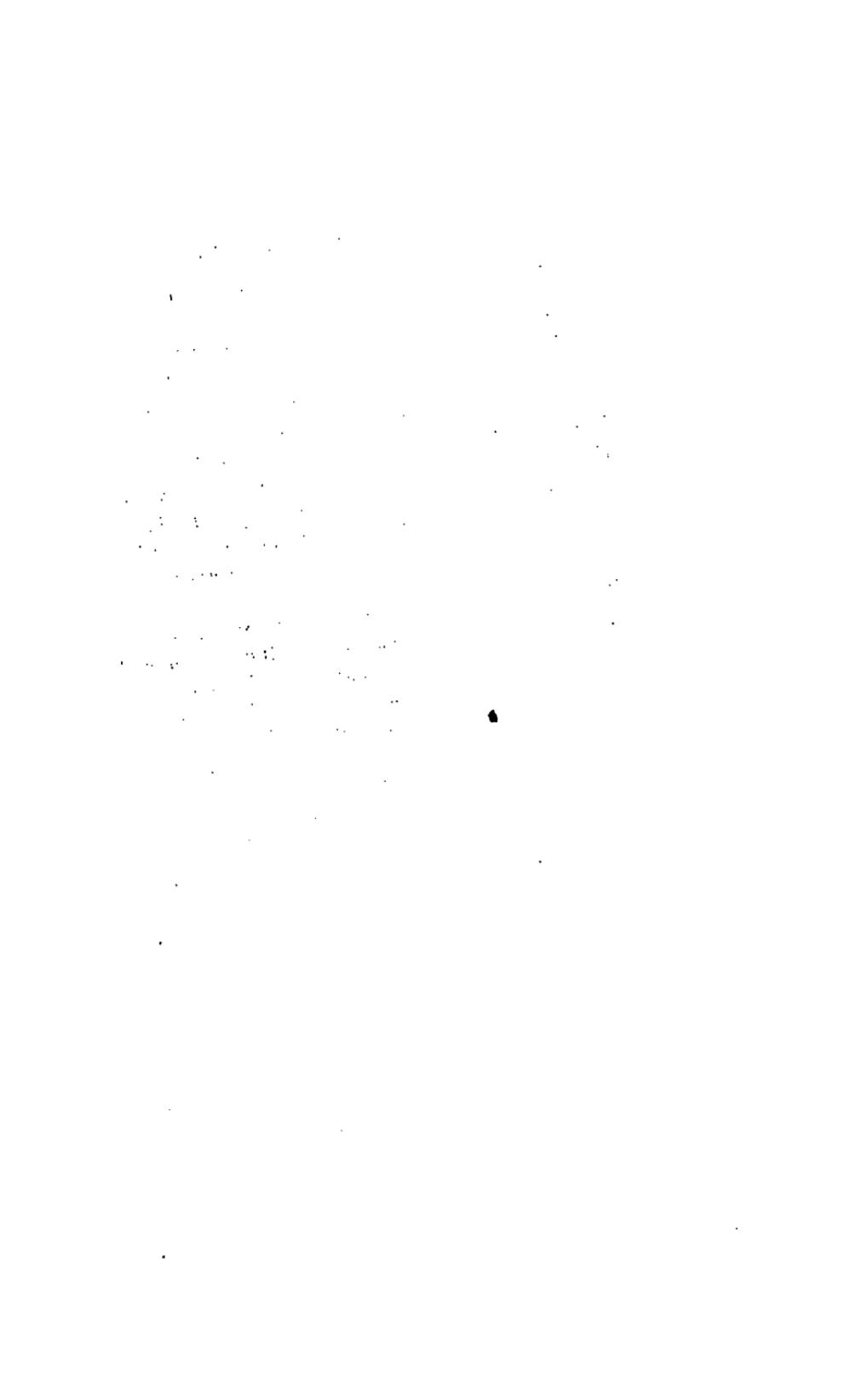
Such a scene as this now before us is the desolation

* The dews, however, are at some seasons so plentiful as alone, without rain, to swell the Jordan—dews created from Mount Hermon and from the river, and which in part return to the river again. May not this serve to explain in Psalm cxxxiii. 3, “The dew of Hermon descending on the mountains of Zion”?

threatened in Deuteronomy (Ch. xxix. 23). “The whole land thereof is brimstone and salt and burning ; it is not sown, nor beareth, nor any grass groweth thereon.” There were long tracks of black fires, burning deep into the water and to the water’s edge. All this wood is cast down by the rapid-flowing Jordan, and, owing to the water’s extreme weight, is cast out and cast up easier and higher than it otherwise would be. Rotting reeds and knotted reed-roots are also cast up in great abundance along the water’s edge, and here and there a worn and shattered palm-leaf. I noticed only one palm trunk. Chiefly what is cast out are aspen, willow, and reeds. We saw two birds fly near it, if not over it ; they were some species of black crow or raven. Generally, however, it is true, compared with the Jordan, that there are no birds near or over the Dead Sea. So, also, as to plants. Generally speaking, there is no vegetation on the shore ; towards, however, the north-east bend of the sea, there are scattered a few green shrubs, and low sedge, and a few desert-like flowers, like part of the plain of Jordan elsewhere. After staying three quarters of an hour by its shores, and still skirting them westward, we ascended towards Mar Saba. The deep desert-like Wady Dùbbo was on our right far below, and Gibel Kinaitra or Kinaitera in front. The Dead Sea spread itself out far below us, as we ascended ; its waters looked a dull blue under the sun, on our left. As we passed, ascending among some red-brown granite rocks, ten desert partridges flew off to our right. Here, looking back, we saw the turbid yellow stream of the Jordan, reaching out half or two-thirds of a mile into the dull lead-coloured blue waters of

the Dead Sea. On comparing our estimate of its breadth, thirty feet appeared too little; it is rather swollen, and may be, perhaps, nearer fifty feet in some places, or even more. The breadth of the Dead Sea is apparently eight or ten miles, but it extends southward for fifty or sixty miles, occupying the valley. Its level is stated as more than thirteen hundred feet below that of the Mediterranean. By two o'clock we approached the deep precipitous rocky gorge of the Greek convent of Mar Saba; it has been occupied since the fifth century. The ravine, on the steep side of which it stands, is perhaps two hundred or two hundred and fifty feet deep; it is like Petra in miniature, and without its glowing colours. Here we took a second luncheon, and obtained from the convent, let down by a rope and basket, a bottle of semi-acid white wine, two small loaves of excellent brown bread, and a deep plateful of black olives in their own oil. The Mar Saba ravine is very wild and desolate; we noticed eleven or twelve sparrow-hawks flying across the deep gorge in fearless security. By four we passed two little Arab encampments, one of seven, the other of fifteen tents; near them were many donkeys and little droves of kids and lambs. Here, too, were eighteen or twenty tall white and black cranes, extremely tame; their wings, as they rose, appeared about seven feet from tip to tip. At half-past four, on turning to the right over a brow of white limestone rock, we came suddenly in sight of Jerusalem, high upon her hills with walls and towers. What we saw was principally Mount Zion. At five Sheikh Achmed left us to go to Abou-deis (by some supposed to be Bethphage), his village; he has two sons and two daughters. We now







enter cultivation : hedges on each side, olives and figs, and lentils (Arabic *hadâs*), and many flocks. Before half-past five we came in view of the site of the temple, El Aksa, and its boundary walls. All our views of Jerusalem, approaching it this way, were striking, and very elevated. Such, possibly, was the first approach of the Israelites to Jebus. Turning round from En-Rogel (Well of Joab), we passed below Aceldama, and in at the Jaffa gate by about a quarter to six. To-day's journey has been thirty-six or thirty-eight miles. Yesterday's was about twenty-two.

Jerusalem, Wednesday, April 17th. To-day we made a little circuit with the Nicolaysons, Mr. Rogers, the vice-consul, and several strangers, around the south-east angle of Jerusalem, beginning with the barracks or governor's house, passing out by St. Stephen's gate, along the valley of Jehoshaphat and by Aceldama, back by the Tomb of David and Zion gate. We commenced, at two P.M., by ascending the roof of the governor's house, situate at the north-west angle of the Hareem, and commanding a most beautiful view of its two mosques, with their courts and terraces. This house either is upon, or is very near to, the site of the Tower Antonio, the castle mentioned in Acts, xxi. 34-37; xxii. 24, evidently near the temple. This magnificent, and now green and cheerful-looking enclosure is upwards of three hundred yards by five hundred. It contains scattered olives, a few aged mulberries, a few tall cypresses, and one or two arbor-vitæs. It is like a wild little park or pleasure-garden of the Moslems. What struck me not a little was to notice three or four

Moslem boys, perhaps about ten or twelve years, playing at hop-skip-and jump, in this once sacred Jewish spot. Other Moslems were taking their ease, smoking and talking under an olive-tree shade. With T.'s telescope I examined the double arch and capitals of the interior of the Golden Gate. It is clearly of late Roman work; probably, as Fergusson asserts, of the time of Justinian, A.D. 540. We descended from this truly beautiful, though painfully interesting, prospect, and passed on by the supposed Pool of Bethesda. It is a deep, dry, half-rubbish-filled hollow, oblong in form, and at least forty feet deep. Its form and size is, perhaps, thirty yards by fifty. Hence we descended to Gethsemane, about five or seven minutes off. Since we were here in 1847, the enclosure of the garden has been enlarged, closed up anew, and planted by the Latins. It is, I should think, one-third larger, and is now, perhaps, altogether one-third of an acre, or more. Besides the eight aged olives, it is now planted with three young cypresses, many holyoaks, in the shade of the west wall, many roses, wallflowers, and some rosemary. Hence we passed along the valley of Jehoshaphat to the Fountain of the Virgin. It is an arched hollow, an ancient reservoir conduit, or rocky conduit from some deep spring. It now contained fourteen or sixteen inches of extremely clear water. Hence we reached Siloam in about ten minutes. On descending into the pool, it appeared, from the wet masonry on its sides, to have ebbed very recently eight or ten inches. There remained only about six or seven inches of water. I descended nearly to it by twenty very steep steps. The size of the pool is, perhaps, nine feet by forty, and twenty feet deep. On its eastern side stand embedded

five ruined columns. There is also a broken one standing in the water. The Fountain of the Virgin has been shown to come to Siloam. A pistol fired by Mr. Ziller in the cavern of the Fountain of the Virgin echoed a minute and a half. About three minutes more brought us to the aged mulberry, the spot where, at the command of Manasseh, the prophet Isaiah, it was said, was sawn asunder (probably about 690 B.C.).* Ten minutes more brought us down to Joab's Well (En-rogel); it is a very deep and ancient well, with plentiful water, possibly of the Kedron. Stones were full nine seconds in falling, and fell into deep-sounding water. Returning, a few yards from En-rogel, we looked back upon the King's Gardens. They are richly fertile, and plentifully watered from Siloam. They look rich above with olives, figs, and pomegranates, and below with bearded wheat, lettuce, and common artichokes. Their extent is, perhaps, from three to four acres. From En-rogel we ascended by stairs in the rock to the olive-planted ledge of Aceldama. Here are many tombs in the rock, with ornamental but simple door-facings. One tomb is domed in the rock, and has round its dome about six or eight little chambers, each double as a bisomaton; and two of the six or eight have further chamber within chamber again. Here lie many bones and skulls, evidently of various nations, from the marked variety of formation; *e.g.*, so different from the general similarity of those at the Mount Sinai convent cemetery. Wild cats and hyenas frequent these Aceldama tombs in the winter; porcupines also are found here. This winter, snow continued many days on the mountains of Moab, and, I think,

* See 2 Chron. xxxiii. 1-10; Heb. xi. 37.

even fifty days in parts of Jerusalem; it was seven or eight feet high. From Aceldama we wound our steep upward way to the Tomb of David, and in at the Zion gate. Near the leper's huts on our right, and not far from the gate and wall, were two Moslem boys quarrelling and half-fighting. They were, perhaps, from fourteen to sixteen. After much abuse on both sides, the one wound up his abuse by calling the other, "Abou khamseen Yehoud" ("Father of fifty Jews"). So ended our circuit of the two sacred mounts, Moriah and Zion.

On *Thursday, April 18th*, we went about eleven over the hospital with Mr. Sandford. B., once a slave-trading Jew, now a Christian, is at the door. The two men's wards below are called Abraham and Benjamin; four women's wards above, are called, the first, Sarah, and then three opposite, Rebekah, Rachel, and Leah. In "Rachel" is a Rabbi's daughter from Saphet; her father was overwhelmed there in the terrible earthquake (1837.) All is beautifully clean and well-aired, and, (still more important here,) well drained. Mr. Sandford, speaking of the Jews' quarter, said that very offensive slaughter-houses were purposely placed there. The filth is not removed, but the offal is burnt in fires. Yet Jerusalem has plenty, and might have still greater plenty of water, and also plenty of fall, by the Tyropaeon valley and elsewhere. It is said that at the present moment, as the latter rains have been unusually plentiful, and extended beyond the middle of April, Jerusalem has water sufficient for at least three years.

From the Hospital we went at about half-past eleven

to the School of Industry, under Miss C.'s superintendence. Here were about twenty, chiefly young Jewesses ; three or four wore the high round head-dress, which marks those of Spanish origin ; some were from Africa, Tunis,* and one from Italy. Mrs. Gobat, who was with us, mentioned here incidentally the coming of the new organ for the church ; it is expected in two months. On it are three Gothic panels. The centre expresses the presentation and dedication of it. On one side is, “Great is our God, and greatly to be praised, in the city of our God, even upon his holy hill.” On the other is, “Praise the LORD, O Jerusalem : praise thy God, O Zion.” From the school of Industry we proceeded about half-past twelve to Miss Harding's school; it contained about twenty-five or twenty-seven children. I chose a chapter, (John xi.) and nine of the children read it to me, and answered very fairly. They learn to read, &c., by Ridgway's thirty-seven cards, “Reading Disentangled,” by the authoress of the “Peep of Day.”

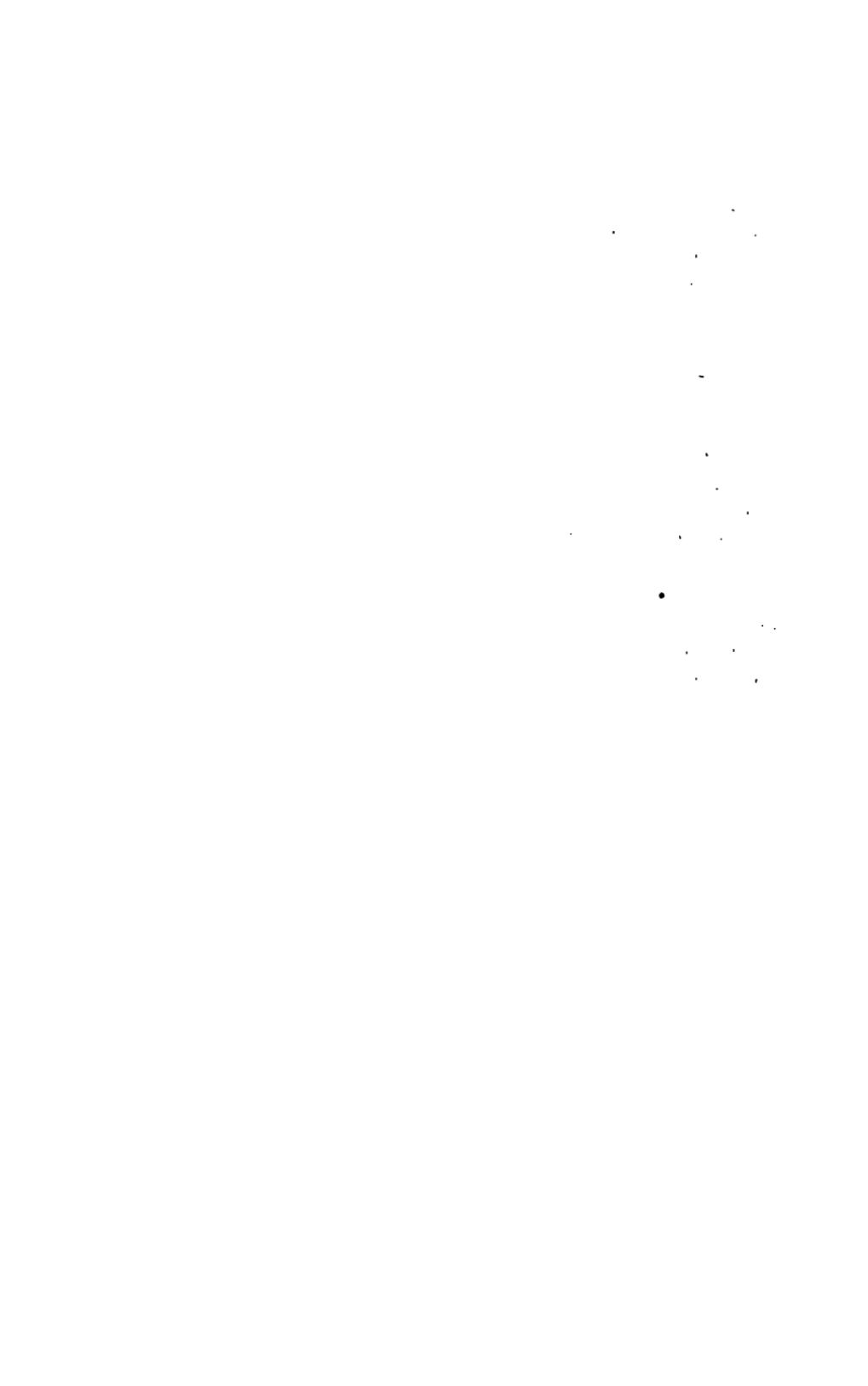
Thursday evening we spent at the Bishop's ; there were about thirty present. The bishop made some very

* According to Mr. Ewald, there are in North Africa, in the empire of Morocco alone, three hundred thousand Jews, and in the Regency of Tunis, from one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand. In Tunis itself there are forty thousand. A missionary field of labour was commenced by Mr. Nicolayson ; and a station was occupied here by Mr. Ewald and others from 1829 to 1846, under the London Society. It has since been abandoned. Considering the numbers of Jews in that region, it seems very desirable that, on the first favourable opportunity, missionary labours should be recommenced, lest former exertions should have been wasted, through want of continuance.

nice remarks on the Beatitudes, especially on the first, and its relative position. He spoke of the four first as answering, perhaps, in some measure to the "strait gate," and the rest to the "narrow way."

Friday—sad Friday arrived; sad, because it was to be our last day—our day of leaving Jerusalem. Mr. Rogers, however, the vice-consul, kindly aided us in seeing a few other interesting points, before our leaving it the second time, and probably for ever. There is, indeed, a peculiar feeling of sadness which attaches to the leaving Jerusalem, different from that on leaving any other place on earth. With Mr. R., then, we visited the Armenian convent, the largest in Jerusalem: thence we went on to the walls of the city, near the Zion gate. To ascend the steps of the wall, we passed by the ten or twelve huts of the Lepers. I had never before noticed that all their doors are turned away to the walls, so that their only door is, as it were, a back door away from the street. Five or seven of these poor creatures sat under the sunny but filth-covered cactus hedge, begging of us as we passed. T. gave them about a half-piastre each. Ascending the wall, we saw still more of poor Zion's desolation. Below, at a quarter or one-third of a mile distant, was the garden of El-Aksa, a grassy field. Here were two or three of the consul's horses at grass. Nearer, and on this side of the Tyropæon, were high heaps of rubbish, and in the centre of the top of them two large black pools of privies, poured here, and left without outlet. From the walls we descended into the Tyropæon, and passed the little donkey gate. It is like a large postern, and is only opened about twice in the







JERUSALEM,
From the Christian Quarter, looking towards the Mount of Olives

year ; *e. g.*, when the pilgrims go out to Jordan, or the Fountain of the Virgin, and return.

We then turned to the left, along a narrow valley, with cactuses, rank nettles, and wild parsley. The offensive stenches here were the worst I ever smelt. In one place was a dead horse, with putridity upon the bones, reeking in the hot sun. Passing on towards the wailing-place we came to an open space, and saw before us the much-famed arch-spring. Its stones are gigantic indeed; I suppose several are from twenty to twenty-four feet by five feet. There only remains the spring from the temple wall or foundation; but three such arches and two piers would have spanned the whole valley (probably once very deep) of the Tyropæon. It was now half-past eleven, but we lingered at Meshullam's until nearly two o'clock, still unwilling to leave Jerusalem. Oh, what must be the feeling of a poor pious pilgrim, who has no Bible at hand, as we, to shew him that Christ is everywhere present !

FIRST DAY AT JERUSALEM.*

*Written in Easter Week, on Wednesday, March 31st, and Thursday,
April 1st, 1847.*

O JESUS, whom this place shall own
Hereafter on Thy glorious throne,
Her Saviour, Priest, and King;
Inspire his lips with holy awe,
Who, trembling at Thy broken law,
Yet fain Thy praise would sing.

* See Chapter X.

There, southward, lies Thy place of birth,
 Cradled amid the beasts of earth,
 A helpless infant then ;
 Yet over-head the angels' song
 Was heard the pasture-vales along,
 Proclaiming peace to men.

Here in this city Thou didst teach,
 Here didst Thou comfort, warn, and preach
 Salvation in Thy name ;
 And we, as then, may hear Thee still—
 May read Thy word, and know Thy will—
 Ever, as then, the same.

Here cam'st Thou, with Thy chosen few,
 (Twelve chosen, and yet one untrue,)
 Thy passover to keep :
 Then, while beneath yon eastern hill
 Sorrows of death Thy spirit fill,
 Thy choicest three thrice sleep.

Here, here prevailed the lawless cry
 Of “Crucify Him—crucify,”
 And set the murderer free :
 So may each murderous hand and heart,
 That now would act a nobler part,
 Come, Prince of Life, to Thee.

And doubly dear yon southern spot
 Without the gate, (who knows it not,
 Yet who exactly knows ?)
 Where to the cross, and to the tomb,
 To death, to burial Thou didst come ;
 Brief triumph of Thy foes.

For where Thou diedst, Thou liv'st again ;
That garden nigh that saw Thy pain,
Beheld Thy rising too ;
Where late the women saw Thee die,
Spices and balm unheeded lie,
Thy risen form they view.

Yon eastern mount has seen Thee rise,
Returning to Thy native skies,
Leaving Thy peace below ;
While thoughts of joy within them burn,
Hither Thy chosen ones return,
Soon through the world to go.

And when, as Judge, Thou com'st again,
That mountain shall become a plain,
Westward and eastward riven ;*
Jehoshaphat's deep valley then
Myriads shall fill of risen men,
To each just doom be given. †

Lord, who the sinner that should die,
Freely dost deign to justify,
And count him for Thine own
Grant us so now Thy cross to bear,
That we may sit in glory there,
Sharing Thy judgment-throne.

* Zechariah, xiv. 4, 5.

† Joel, iii. 11-14.

CHAPTER X.

"They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward."—
JEREMIAH, 1. 5.

"Where is the land with milk and honey flowing,
The promise of our God, our fancy's theme?"—**CHRISTIAN YEAR**.

BEFORE quitting our present point, which most, if not all, who may take up this volume, will probably regard as more interesting than any other, namely, Jerusalem, it may not be altogether uninteresting to recall and record here the first impressions of Jerusalem and Judea in a previous journey made in 1847. On that occasion, in a lesser party of three, we followed the more direct route—a route traversed by the forefathers of the Israelites—by Abraham, and also by Joseph's brethren, returning out of Egypt, though for all-wise purposes it was, four centuries afterwards, withheld from the Israelites on their finally leaving Egypt, as the downward path to Egypt had been withheld from Isaac. (See Exod. xiii.17, 18; Gen. xxvi.1, 2, 12).

On this occasion we set out from Cairo at four, P.M., *Tuesday, March 16th*, for the little desert and for Jerusalem, which we hoped to reach before Easter. Our little caravan consisted of an El-Arish Sheikh and four camel-drivers, Ibrahim Salim, and another dragoman, eleven camels, and one white ass. To this staff was added, as a

supernumerary, the sheikh's father, a fine hoary-bearded old man, who, keeping a quarter or one-third of a mile a-head, was very useful in pointing out our path through this frequently trackless waste. We had with us three tents, purchased severally, for two hundred and seventy, two hundred and thirty, and sixty piastres.* We passed several wells by the way, round cistern-like hollows, and saw how easily they might be filled up with sand. (Gen. xxvi. 15, 18.) At one point of our second day's journey, some children, eight or ten years old, issuing out of little earth-raised huts, brought out and offered to us cups of cold water. (Isaiah, xxi. 14; St. Matt. x. 42.)

March 17th. To-day the thermometer was eighty-one degrees Fahrenheit, in the heat of the day; but at four P.M., by the effect of a cloud, it sank to seventy-six, and by five to seventy-one. The very lightest white thin cloud makes a surprisingly great difference to the temperature. (See Isaiah, xxv. 5.) The shade and sight of palms waving with the north wind, or the sight of running water, is truly delicious. Our road has been an undulating, gradual ascent, over wavy undulations of sand and pebbles. This ascent, though gradual, is, upon the whole, considerable, and shows the exactness of the Scripture expression, "going up out of Egypt," "going down into Egypt" (Gen. xii. 10; xiii. 1; xxxix. 1). This was also

* Total, about £5 9s. The tent-seller, on the bargain being concluded, and the price being agreed upon, asked for a token, a "God's penny," as I believe it used to be called in England. Here it is called Arboon. (Greek $\alpha\beta\beta\alpha\beta\omega\nu$) Ephesians, i. 14, earnest, i.e., instalment a part ensuring the whole.

the case subsequently, on March 18th and 20th. The air, though warm, is healthy and bracing. On the second day of our desert travelling, Ibrahim remarked, volunteering what he said without anything to lead to it, "I always grow stronger travelling in the desert." And Mr. L. at Cairo also volunteered the observation, that travelling in the desert is reckoned very beneficial in certain cases of consumption. The air reminds me of that of high Berkshire downs with a fresh breeze on a bright day in an English summer.

March 18th. To-day, at one P.M., the sun being hot, we saw across the desert under the sun, and to the east and north-east, the mirage (Arabic, "sarab"), quivering waters, and bright white waters, and waters in air, and an appearance of high ground, which had no reality. It was a most perfect deception: there were both pools and streams of running water. The pools usually appeared two or two and a half miles off, the running streams somewhat further. It lasted variably till four or five o'clock, and either followed or seemed to follow us. We noticed a gazelle among some sandy verdant hillocks, towards a salt lake on our left: our sheikh presented us with some of its dung, like black lupin seeds, odoriferous and fragrant, like musk. To-day, between twelve and one, we saw, to our right, under the sun, a column of whirled sand, the small particles forming a tall brown pillar, perhaps one hundred feet high in the air,* close and

* Several of these whirlwind pillars of sand were measured by Mr. Lane with a sextant, at Thebes; he found them to be between five hundred and seven hundred feet in height. One was seven hundred and fifty.

somewhat compact at first, but afterwards more thin and dispersed. Another, but thinner and lower than the first, passed close behind A. on her camel. Such, probably, is "the wheel" spoken of. (Psalm lxxxiii. 13. See also Isaiah, xvii. 13; and xxix. 5.) We are now in "the parched places of the wilderness, a salt land, and not inhabited."* Hence to El Arish all is desert.

March 19th and 20th. Encamped in solitary places between Kreen and Salkhiah, and between Salkhiah and Kanata, both beautiful spots. The road, sometimes sunk, sometimes a little elevated, winds through verdant hills and hillocks of sand, covered with a kind of tamarisk, and various kinds of shrubs and underwood. Our sheikh and his men made fires of the juniper and other dry roots in yesterday's and the previous day's encampment, and baked flat bread upon their embers.

"He led them through the deep as through a wilderness." The pathless desert is here (so to speak) free sailing, very different from a rocky and narrow road; so much so, that as far as the journeying and encamping is concerned, travellers usually prefer the desert to Syria. (See Isaiah, lxiii. 13.) Streams, running streams, in the desert, must have been a miraculous and paradoxical appearance indeed. Besides the fact of no perennial streams being found, the deep dry sand of the desert would naturally speedily swallow up a vast quantity of running water. We carry with us barrels of water of the muddy Nile from Cairo hither, but our chief supply is in goat skins.

* Jeremiah, xvii. 6.

March 21st. Sunday in camp in the desert. At two P.M. we had the communion service in our tent; we also sang the hymn "Guide us, O thou great Jehovah." At ten P.M. we had evening service. There was thunder and rain during nearly the whole night, accompanied with bright blue and white lightning. In the morning I gathered several wild flowers of delicate but stunted growth, like down-flowers in England, several scented, not scented in England; their little tap roots run deep into the sand, as if instinctively boring for water and moisture. Sand is perforated in various places by the nimble little grey lizard, and also by numbers of a large kind of black beetle, which, by burying camels' dung, fructifies the barren sand.

March 22nd. Having dried our soaked tents, &c., we left our Sunday's encampment soon after noon. To-day we have ascended many undulating hills of sand, drifted in places, and drifting like snow. Here and there we opened upon a sheltered hollow nook with palm trees. We passed the deserted Kàtich, strewed with broken pottery, but still possessing palm trees and water, and we are now three hours advanced towards Beer-el-abd.

March 23rd. To-day we left our encampment about half-past ten, and passing Beer-el-Abd, "The Slaves' Well," at two, P.M., where we took water, we have proceeded continuously till nine, P.M. Our average pace is, probably, three and a half miles an hour. This will, probably, make our journeyings hitherto somewhat as follows:—From Cairo to Khanka, sixteen miles; on to Bilbeth, twenty miles; to encampment between Kreen and

Salkhiyah, thirty-two miles; on to Salkhiyah and Kanata (deserted), thirty miles; Kanata and Kàtieh (deserted), twenty-six miles; Beer-el-abd and Aboo'ljilbànah, thirty-nine; El Arish, forty. The large black-beetle has been busily employed to-day, availing itself of the wind to roll backwards, with its long hinder legs, the camel's dung, over the smooth-surfaced sand to the appointed place of its nest under the earth. Yesterday, by a hill-side, we saw a flock of sheep and goats undistinguishably intermingled; the sheep were black and white, so were the goats; the sheep also have long, curling, glossy, hair-like wool, like the goats.

March 24th. Encamped by El Arish,* famous in the

* *March 25th, El Arish.* Our sheikh's three children—Hemdan, seven years old, Daood (David), four and a half, and Abdallah, three—are now standing at the north door of our tent. Hemdan has a brown surtout, with dark-brown stripes, and leather girdle round his waist; Daood has a red jacket girded under his brown surtout, and a leather girdle round his breast; H. and D. have both coarse white shirts below, and little red caps lined with white. Not one of the three have either shoes or stockings. Little Abdallah has a white cap, a brown surtout like Daood's, a dark green jacket, and a red and blue checked handkerchief tied round his breast upon his shirt for a girdle. The name Hemdan (or Amram) occurs Gen. xxxvi. 26; 1 Chron. i. 41.

This night, soon after midnight, A. was awaked by the cry of the wolf. Its loud, long, wailing, complaining cry sounded about two hundred yards distance, and was repeated at intervals during the night until daylight. Its painful, hungry, fierce moan, which is two long, wild, minor notes, awakened the bark of the dogs round our tent, and in the town of El-Arish. They effectually kept their first cousin at a distance.

days of the crusaders. To-day we have journeyed from nine, A.M., to ten, P.M., without stopping. Our course has, for many miles, been along the edge of salt lakes, joining the sea. Mercies have followed us all our journey from England hitherto. Now we are on the immediate border of Syria. Sight (especially of sacred and now desecrated and deserted localities) has in many instances proved a trial fatal to faith. There is, however, no real reason why it should be so. May we be enabled here also to "walk by faith and not by sight!"

Katieh, the ancient Casium, is the reputed resting-place of the Holy Family on the flight into Egypt. Broken pottery, probably from Egypt, is now almost the only remaining record of former habitation.*

* By the kind permission of a fellow-traveller, the following lines are inserted, suggested by viewing the potteries of modern Egypt:—

"THE POTTER'S WHEEL.

"God, of heaven and earth the Maker,
While the potter's wheel I see,
By this symbol a partaker
Of true wisdom may I be!

"Once a vessel fair, though lowly,
Now defaced with sin's dark stain,
Marred and broken, and unholy,
Place me on the wheel again.

"Through Christ's merit, all-prevailing,
Through the riches of His grace,
Through His Spirit, all-availing,
Give me in Thy house a place.

March 26th. This morning, having forded, with our eleven camels and ass, the stream which is supposed to be the scriptural "river of Egypt," we entered Asia, Syria, Palestine. A journey of eleven hours, and about thirty-five miles, has led us through the most desolate country ever beheld. "Upon the land of my people shall come up thorns* and briers." Sand-hills, and slopes and valleys of sand, with various wild flowers, iris, convolvulus, clover, marygold, &c.,—a land capable of cultivation, but uncultivated. Nothing living to be seen, but here and there the mixed sheep, and goats, and young camels of the Bedouins. One of these on horseback rode up to our caravan with a long rude spear, and attacked with his sword one of our camel drivers, who resisted his illicit demand (for he was not the real sheikh of his tribe) for

"Save me, Lord, from sinful mourning,
Let me live, or let me die;
While Thy hand the wheel is turning,
Passive on it let me lie."

(From "*Pencilings in Palestine*," p. 22,
by the Rev. J. ANDERSON. 1851.)

* There is a kind of prickly plant very abundant in Palestine, wherever there is any vegetation at all. It grows usually from two or three to five or six inches high. All its leaves are armed with thorns, and it resembles a thistle more than any other kind of weed, but its thorns are dryer and stronger than those of English thistles. A great proportion of the uncultivated ground in South Palestine, which is now capable of producing anything, is mainly covered with this thorny plant, which grows both on hills and valleys. Judea, as has been frequently remarked, is (with a few exceptional points, e.g., Hebron, Emmaus, Jaffa) the most desolate portion of this desolate country.

money. So was fulfilled, in one instance, before our eyes, the prophecy, "His hand shall be against every man, and every man's hand against him." (Gen. xvi. 12.)

March 27th, Gaza. At nine A.M. we proceeded from our encampment through open pastures and sand-hills by the sea, whose hollow roaring we heard through the night, with the loud pattering of heavy showers upon our tent. T. heard here also the cry of a wolf towards morning. As we walked through the pastures and open corn-fields, we tried to sing "From Egypt lately come." We found, however, that we could not correctly remember more than one stanza. About eleven A.M. we came in sight of the pretty village of Khan Younis, with its palms and minarets, its gardens of newly planted fig-trees upon the sand, with hedges of cactus and acacia, and here and there venerable sycomores, having gnarled trunks, and growing like sea-stricken oaks, and easy to climb. (Luke, xix. 4.) These gnarled but venerable looking trees stretch in lines along the pasture plains all the way to Gaza. (2 Chron. ix. 27.) It is impossible to describe the delightful sensation of the first sight of the green gardens, corn-fields, tamarisks, &c., of Khan Younis, after the sea-like expanse of the grey, sandy desert. We observed more than twenty kites, wheeling their flight over the town: they will, it is said, descend and eat flesh out of the hand, if held out to them. The prevalence of birds of prey is a very marked feature of this land of general desolation. We passed many droves of young camels, forty or fifty in a drove, feeding in the valleys; and on the sandy hill side were black and white sheep and goats inter-

mingled, and cows feeding with them. The usual inquiry put to our camel drivers to-day by every passer-by was, "Where do you come from?" or, "Where did you sleep?" and the usual salutation, "Salàm ilàik"—"Peace be to thee." The answer to which was the same repeated, or occasionally in reversed order, "Ilàik salàm"—"Unto thee be peace." (Ruth, ii. 4; Matt. x. 12, 13.) We are now in Gaza in quarantine. It is a pretty spot, and more elevated than Khan Younis, from which it is four or five hours distant. Walking at sunset on the flat grassy roof of our quarantine quarters, we had a beautiful view of the city, its gardens of palm, olive, and cactus, and its surrounding fields of barley now in ear. We could count about half-a-dozen minarets.

Palestine is now (March) at its greenest: there are frequent showers on the sea and from the sea; we had thunder and heavy rain last night; the semi-desert even is green; but the grass on the roof is even now brown as the sand, and looks quite withered; even the recent rain of last night has quite failed to make it fresh and green. The flat roof, or terrace, is covered with grass; but all looks dry and withered—quite a contrast to the green fields of corn and pasture below, all around this city. (See Psalm cxxix. 6-8.) Thus even a selfish motive, if better ones are wanting, should lead us to pity and love Zion.

The site of old Gaza is more toward the sea, and not identical with the modern town.* As before at El Arish,

* Here in Gaza we are about twelve hours from Hebron, fourteen from Jaffa, and twelve from Ramlah (Arimathea). The position of Beersheba (Beer-es-saba) is, probably, now some miles south of us.

so here, also, we notice outside staircases. (Matt. xxiv. 17; Mark, xiii. 15.) People go up and down them without ever entering the house itself. Our quarantine quarters here resemble a collection of caravanserai buildings or khans: courts surrounded by old arches with covered rooms, raised sides for beds, some entirely, and others half-full, of rubbish, and then blocked up and left. This, as we afterwards observed, is also the case in many parts of Jerusalem. Houses and parts of houses are filled up by degrees with rubbish carried there, and then it is boarded or stoned up. We noticed two, if not three, whole bazaars in Jerusalem thus blocked up and forsaken. One made still a very cool covered street to pass through; but it gives a sombre and forlorn appearance. The late Prussian Consul cleared away the top of one of these bazaars, and watered his garden with the rain collected upon it. Were the rubbish in Jerusalem carried out and spread upon the rocks and hills around, there would be at once means of immense fertility over and above the natural extreme fertility of the soil.

March 30th, Ramleh (Arimathea). We arrived here

Gaza is mentioned (Joshua, xv. 47), with Ekron and Ashdod, as the south border of Judah, on the plain, and towards the sea. The taking of Gaza by Judah, conjointly with his brother Simeon, is mentioned in Judges, i. 17, 18. But the most interesting association, perhaps, of all is the mention of it as desert, when Philip near to it met the Ethiopian Eunuch. Mr. Veitch afterwards mentioned to us that there are from Jerusalem to Gaza direct many traces of a Roman road, and that, in one point in particular, where there is an old fountain of water, he observed also a road at that very spot leading towards Ashdod (Azotus). Acts, viii. 26, &c.

this morning about half-past nine, having travelled through the night about sixteen hours, our concluding journey on camels, from Gaza. It has been chiefly through a pleasant, cultivated, and pasture country. Near Gaza are venerable olive woods, with corn and pasture below; and near Ramleh fine crops of rye, and barley, and bearded wheat, all in full ear. Ramleh has a venerable appearance from ruined dwellings, not of mud, as at Gaza, but of hewn stone, ruined caravanserais, and granaries of the Sultan. A few palm trees and minarets rise here and there among the buildings. Towards the east are pleasant elevations and gently rising mountains towards Jerusalem, which we hope to reach (D.V.) to-night. A. and I have had an interview with the Turkish Governor here, and sat in his divan for about half an hour, and took coffee. Our object was to procure two horse soldiers as escort to Jerusalem, chiefly to show the way. The Governor was a pleasing old man: his secretary, who addressed us in Italian, had also a pleasing countenance: its expression was that of a man who had the wants and distresses of the poor brought before him, and who attended to them. This, indeed, seemed to be his then occupation. Many, besides officials, were coming and going from the divan; and, contrary to what is usual among Orientals, business seemed to be going on and attended to.

March 31st. Jerusalem. At a quarter past seven last evening, leaving our camels at Ramleh, we proceeded on horseback, with baggage-mules, for Jerusalem. After two or three hours of nearly level pasture, we ascended first undulating rocky hills and pastures, then rocky passes

one after another among rocky hills, terraced as for the planting of vineyards ;* rocky stony roads, rocky hills, and desolation. Indeed, hill after hill, and rocks after rocks, stand round Jesusalem. About two o'clock in the morning we passed through the village of Abou-goosh, supposed by some to be Emmaus. It is a rather scattered little village, and lies low in an irregular basin of rocky hills. Its dogs bayed us at more than half a mile before our arrival. Near it, on the slope of the hill, was the abode of a famous robber chief named Abou-goosh, (Father of Terror,) who, till recently, plundered all passers by. Now, however, he has been captured, and, I believe, banished. The road was now much more desolate, and stony, and rocky than the most rugged and rough Alpine pass I ever saw ; no cultivation the whole way, except one little patch of rye in full ear, and one or two small olive-grounds. Day began to dawn and the full-moon set, as we reached Jerusalem. The gates were not yet opened, but our dragomans went forward, and had them opened for us. Many camels laden with stone† stood ready waiting for the opening of the gate. We delivered our quarantine paper from Gaza, and passed on. The streets within are rather narrow, but much wider

* Kallonia, the last village we passed before arriving at Jerusalem, is, I think, remarkable for this seemingly natural terracing for vineyards. The valleys and hills adjoining it are supposed to be the scene of the conflict between David and Goliath.

† The stone, as we afterwards learnt, was for the completion of the church on Mount Zion ; it is a beautiful white limestone, almost like marble, and is from a quarry about four miles distant. The church is, I think, about fifty feet by seventy.

than Cairo ; but the stones of them are filthy with dirt of every kind, and slippery like smooth-worn marble. All kinds of Oriental costume appear in the streets. We have found our quarters at Meshullam's* little hotel, once the house of Raschid Pasha. It has only five rooms in all, but they are comfortable and cool. Ours, especially, being thickly domed over, and looking nearly east, and admitting scarcely any sun, continued delightfully cool throughout the day, if the door was not left long open. Almost all the houses in Jerusalem into which we have gone, are thus pleasantly domed over. The windows are very small and low, and usually towards the north or east, the great object being to exclude the sun. Yet in the clean and furnished houses of the Mission and of Frank residents, it is surprising how very cheerful the rooms are, and habitable. Mr. Nicolayson's principal upper floor room has a beautiful view eastward over the city, to the Mosque of Omar, and the Mount of Olives. This evening we called on the Gobats, and found the bishop, Mrs. G., and their children, together with Mr. Veitch, and Mr. Finn (the British Consul), walking outside the Jaffa gate. The sun, however, had just set, and we had soon to hasten in, as the gates were about to close. (Josh. ii. 5 ; Neh. xiii. 19.)

Strange and singular, and yet pleasing, was the sensa-

* M. and his wife and family arrived in Jerusalem from Malta, March, 1842, as a converted Jewish family. Mrs. Gobat had induced Mrs. M. to remain with her husband. (See Ewald's *Missionary Labours*, 2nd edition, pp. 90, 91). In June, 1842, the Meshullams lost a little boy of seven years, and also a little girl of two years, who died while the former was being carried to the grave.

tion on first awakening on our first morning at Jerusalem, to find it not a dream, but to find ourselves actually here in this holy city. Here, then, Messiah was crucified; here the eternal Son of God came, and coming as man, was rejected of men. Here "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not."

Thursday, April 1st. At ten A.M. we went to the English service on Mount Zion. The hymn sung before the Communion service was, "When I survey the wondrous cross." Having called on Mr. and Mrs. V., we went at two P.M. through the Damascus gate, purposing to make a circuit of the city. We went first twenty minutes along a stony road among olive-trees and a few terebinthine trees (the oak of Scripture), to what is variously called the Tomb of Helena, and the Tomb of the Kings. We descended under a massy grey red stone architrave, ornamented with grape clusters, circles, and festoons.* Below, on the left, we descended into rocky

* It appears, I think, as if in this and in several other instances, (*e.g.*, the Tomb of Absalom, the Tomb of Zechariah, and the place where the apostles are said to have hid themselves,) Roman work had been superinduced upon the solid original Jewish work of the actual date of the names still attached to them. They are all in the main imperishable, being so much living rock cut into a particular form, but suffered to remain in its original place. So, too, the tombs of the Kings are, like those of the Theban Kings in upper Egypt, rather excavations than buildings; everything, except the fallen stone doors, is merely cut out of the living rock, which exhibits scarcely any signs of alteration, decay, or change of shape and outline. David and all the succeeding kings are stated to have been buried in "the city of David," (also called "the city of Judah,") except Jehoram

chambers containing twenty-six crypts, in numbers of nine and of six separately in each chamber. (See Robinson's "Biblical Researches," sec. vii.) The wild Arab who guards these sepulchres, told us that twenty days ago a wolf took refuge in them, following a kid, who had sheltered there from the rain and cold. The wolf being dislodged thence, passed by a traveller at the door of the sepulchre, but killed an ass at a short distance above. Enormous massive stone gates lie scattered in the sepulchres on the floors. About ten or twelve minutes hence we first came in sight of the Mount of Olives, with the dome of the church of the Ascension and minarets on its summit. Then we saw above us on the right the double arched gate, now blocked up, the gate (as to position) of our Lord's triumphal entry into Jerusalem; hence he would come soon and suddenly into the temple. We now passed near and among several Mahometan burial-grounds; women and men were seated among the tombs, upon the graves of their friends.* Close beyond these, one hundred and fifty yards below St. Stephen's gate, a rocky, marble-like, rough, bare spot marks the scene of St. Stephen's martyrdom. Here, as everywhere, are abundance of loose stones of all sizes. About one hundred yards more brings us to the brook Kedron, now constantly dry. Our guide,

and Ahaz. Unless, therefore, these expressions be understood, as it is very natural to understand them, of a much larger space than the circuit of Mount Zion, these cannot be the Tombs of the Kings.

† The Mosque of Omar is highly esteemed by Moslems as a central spot of acceptable prayer. It is called by them "Ear of God," and "Light of the whole Earth."—*Scripture Lands*, by Rev. W. J. Woodcock. Longman, 1849, p. 147.

a Latin, from Bethlehem, stated that he has for sixteen years seen no water in it. Fig-trees are in the channel, olives around it. Facing us close to the brook, eight or nine very venerable olives, enclosed by an irregular rough wall,* mark the garden of Gethsemane. It is situated just at the beginning of the ascent of the Mount of Olives. The enclosed space is perhaps about sixty or seventy yards by forty or fifty. At sixteen or twenty feet underground, adjoining what is called the Chapel of the Virgin, is a rude chapel. Over the eastern altar is written :—

HIC

FACTVS EST SVDOR
EIVS SICVT
GUTTÆ SANGVINIS
DECVRRENTIS
IN TERRAM.†

From hence we passed on by what is called Absalom's Tomb and the Tomb of Zechariah. Both have Ionic volutes and tryglyphs, but seem to be originally merely worked masses of native rock. The mass of bass-work has transverse diagonal veins at seven or eight, or ten feet distance; three or four vein-divided blocks form the whole lower story. Passing on farther along the valley, after numberless Jewish tombs on right and left, an aged mulberry-tree marks the spot where Isaiah is said to have been sawn asunder‡ by King Manasseh. This spot is a few yards below Siloam, a deep, stony fountain still

* Since this was written, it has been surrounded by the Latins with a high wall on all sides.

† St. Luke, xxii. 44.

‡ Heb. xi. 37.



POOL OF SILEOAM.

resorted to.* It flows usually two or three times a day, but in summer once or twice only. At the time we saw it, it appeared recently to have flowed, as there was a large space wet, which evidently had very lately been covered with water. It may well be said still to "flow softly" and unobservedly (*Isaiah, viii. 6, 7*), as contrasted with Euphrates or any other great river, since its waters come in full stream from underground, and in the space of five or six yards return underground again. The cause of its ebbing and flowing is unknown; but it appears probable that Siloam has its primary source from underneath the site of the temple.

* Modern Jerusalem is, however, very scantily supplied with water; we paid, consequently, more for our washing at Jerusalem, than anywhere during all our travels. And Mr. Ewald, in the latter part of the autumn of 1842, paid two shillings daily, and upwards to ten shillings for the daily supply of water.

From Siloam we mounted up the steep stony ascent to Zion Gate, and passing by the rude mud huts of the lepers on our right, went through the Jewish quarter, and so home. The Jews now in Jerusalem are variously said to be five or seven, or even thirteen thousand.* They are certainly rather increasing, and the Mahometans decreasing. Houses are difficult to obtain in the Jewish quarter, easy in the Mahometan. Four months ago an influenza among the Mahometans carried off many *men*, heads of families. It was by the *Damascus* and St. Stephen's Gate that the Crusaders entered, and the Turks, through fear, have stopped up the Golden Gate. There is, however, still a smaller gate in that part of the wall.

Jerusalem, Good Friday. To-day, at ten, we went to the English service. The same hymn was sung as yesterday, and two other hymns also. Mr. Veitch preached on 1 Cor. xv. 55-58. We afterwards, with the Nicolaysons, went to call on two rich Jewish families, the Amslacs and another, living on Mount Zion. Their houses were beautifully clean, and the inmates, including a recently-betrothed bride, were in their richly-ornamented passover dresses.

At three, p.m., we attended the German service, and witnessed the baptism of five Jewish converts. One, a youth of sixteen, had suffered much persecution. Their

* "The most probable estimate of the present number of the Jews in Palestine is as follows:—Jerusalem, 8,000; Hebron, 500; Tiberias, 1,500; Safot, 3,000; Jaffa, 200; Nabloos, 200."—*Historical Notices of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews*. 1850. Page 11. The chief recent increase is at Jaffa.

names were Jacob, Maria, John, Peter, Rachel. The Bishop baptized them, and afterwards preached on Rom. vi. 3, 4. It was indeed a deeply-interesting service. The reception of those young converts reminded us, on this day and in this place, of those cheering words, "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied." (Isaiah, liii. 11).

From the afternoon service we went to the wall below the Mosque of Omar, to the wailing-place of the Jews, close by the site of the temple. Going thither, we met many Jewesses in white, with their faces entirely covered. It is a wall of splendid masonry, huge, well-hewn blocks of stone, under which the Jews we saw stood wailing, and singing Psalms in recitative. Five or six Jewesses also stood, about 20 or 30 feet distant from the men, under the same wall, and similarly occupied.

In coming here to Jerusalem, I seem to realize in a new manner, and more than ever before, the humanity and the humility of our Lord; His humanity, for here he walked in the temple, and over that brook, and up that hill—yonder He knelt and prayed. Again, His humility; for what a small sphere did He choose for so great deeds, so great sufferings. All lies in a very little space—Jerusalem, but a little city, compared with many, as Nineveh, Babylon, Rome, &c.; Kedron a little brook, the Mount of Olives a little hill. "And seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not." How full of love, to come down to this little but wicked city—to walk among these little hills, these little brooks, these narrow little valleys! **THOU WAST TRULY HERE!** and here most certainly, in a small compass, that great work was done.

The flat roofs of the houses of Jerusalem have various elevations, a lower roof in the centre of the house being usually surrounded by higher ones. Wishing, last evening (*March 31st*) to view the eclipse, and survey the city by moonlight, we asked for a ladder to ascend one of these higher roofs. We were, however, told that at night it would be dangerous; we should be taken for thieves, and perhaps shot at, if seen by the soldiers of the Turkish garrison. Some of the roofs are partly surrounded by perforated walls, formed of broken earthen jars. Such walls afford outlets to see, and also break the flapping of a strong wind, as a hedge breaks it, better than any wall. They also hide each householder from the too near observance of his next neighbours.

April 3rd, Easter Eve. Nine, A.M. We are just returned from the Mount of Olives—a ride on horses or mules of about an hour and a half. Passing through the St. Stephen's Gate, and crossing, after the rugged and steep descent, the brook Kedron, we ascended the rough path leading up the Mount of Olives to the Church of the Ascension. The air of the morning was fresh from the north-west, and sweet with hawthorn blossoms. On the rocky stony banks of the hill-side we gathered blue and pink geraniums and red anemones. Mallows are flowering here and there, and on the bank up to St. Stephen's Gate the bright blue anchusa. We reached the summit*

* The Mount of Olives is, perhaps, from 4 to 500 feet above the channel of the brook Kedron; it is stated to be 2,700 feet above the Mediterranean; Mount Moriah, 2,300; Mount Zion, 2,500; and Mount Acræ (joining on Zion northwards) is said to be 2,600. St. Stephen's Gate

ut eight. The morning sun shone full on Jerusalem, east out behind us. We ascended a low ruined tower, the precincts of the Church of the Ascension, and had a most interesting view eastward also. Beyond nearer rocky hills of Judea, the waters of the Dead Sea lay before us, stretching (to appearance) east and west, and shining in the morning sun. Jordan itself we could not discern, being hid by the hills of Judea; but its broad plain we saw reaching far away to the north-west, and, on the other side of it, the blue precipitous mountains of Moab—an almost level line. The Dead Sea gently fills and occupies the valley and plain of Jordan. Descending from the tower, and returning down the Mount of Olives, at a certain bend in the road, the city somewhat suddenly opens upon your view. At this point we might well suppose that our Saviour wept over Jerusalem. The site of the city inclines downward a little towards the Mount of Olives, and, thus sloping, is more easily seen. Here, also, very probably burst forth the halting praises of the multitude, described Luke, xix. 38—"And when he was come nigh, even now at the ascent of the Mount of Olives, the whole multitude of disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice for all the mighty works that they had seen; saying, Hosanna to the King that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in heaven, and glory in the highest."

represents the site of the Sheep Gate (Neh. iii. 1.; John, v. 1.), probably so called from the sacrifices being brought in this way, close at hand to the Temple. By this way, doubtless, was our Saviour, the paschal lamb, brought bound into Jerusalem, to the High Priest, to Gethsemane. (John, xviii. 1, 2, 3, 12, 13.)

CHAPTER XI.

"And thou, O tower of the flock, the stronghold of the daughter of Zion, unto thee shall it come, even the first dominion ; the kingdom shall come to the daughter of Jerusalem."—**MICAH**, iv. 8.

" Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid."—**HEBER**.

Saturday Evening. We are now returned from Bethlehem—a ride of about four hours; Bethlehem being only about six miles distant from Jerusalem, which shows the careless inquiry of Herod and the chief priests. Bethlehem has a population of perhaps three thousand, or more. They are Greeks, Armenians, and Latins, scarcely any Mahometans, and very rarely a single Jew to be seen there. Within two miles of it, we first noticed the pink and white cyclamen, and the white star of Bethlehem. The little village lies on a somewhat bold rocky eminence, the sides of which are for the most part pleasantly cultivated for corn, and planted with olives and fig trees. The principal object in the village is the large Latin convent, over the supposed place of our Saviour's birth, at the east extremity of the town. Such was its relative position when

Bishop Arculf visited Bethlehem, A.D. 700. The underground chapel is shared by Greeks and Armenians, and no sooner was the Armenian service ended, than the Latin began. They sang the hymn, "Jesu, Redemptor omnium," and other hymns,* and repeated also our Epi-

* After the Hymn "Jesu, Redemptor omnium," follows the singing of these words of St. Jerome :—

"At Bethlehem, lo, in this little hollow of the earth
Was born the Maker of the Heavens.
Here was he wrapped in swathing bands :
Here was he laid in a manger :
Here was he seen by the shepherds :
Here was he pointed out by a star :
Here was he worshipped by the wise men :
Here sang the angels, saying,
Glory to God in the highest.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia."

At the supposed place of the manger itself is sung the Hymn "Quando venit ergo sacri," &c.; then St. Luke, ii. 7; then the following collect :—

"O Lord Jesu Christ, who art the comfort of the poor, and the glory of the humble, who to instruct our hearts didst vouchsafe here in poverty to be born at an inn, and didst appear in great humility among the beasts of the stall: Grant, we beseech Thee, that we, continually journeying through this world in like poverty of spirit and humility of heart, may at length be accounted worthy to possess, among the choirs of angels, the joys of an everlasting mansion in heaven: who livest and reignest for ever and ever. Amen."

In the same spot, a few yards distant, is celebrated the massacre of the Innocents, with the beautiful little hymn "Salvete flores Martyrum," and also the Latin original of our Innocents' day Collect. There is in all this proceeding too much localizing of events and prayers; yet it is altogether, so far as words are concerned, a beautiful service.

phany Collect, "O God, who by the leading of a star," &c. A few yards from the exact (supposed) spot of our Saviour's birth, is the place of the manger, and of the adoration of the Magi. In the same underground galleries are the study of St. Jerome, and the tomb of Paula and her daughter Eustochia, who are very beautifully depicted in death, the mother and daughter side by side. Bethlehem is the first village south of Jerusalem, and there is no other village near. You scarcely lose sight of Jerusalem over the long hill, before you come in sight of Bethlehem. We returned to Jerusalem about sunset, and our dragoman hastened us onward, as the Jaffa gate was just closing; and, when we arrived at the gate, the soldiers asked a "baksheesh" for keeping it open for us. How different was this from the yet future Jerusalem, of which it is said, "Thy gates shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day nor night" (Isaiah, lx. 11.)

Easter-Day, April 4th. To-day, at ten, we went to the English service. The hymn, "The Lord is risen indeed," was sung, and two others. Bishop Gobat preached on Luke, xxiv. 34. There were seventy or eighty communicants. There was German service at three, and English service at five, at which Mr. Ewald preached on 1 Thess. iv. 14.

Monday, April 5th. This morning T. and I started at eight A.M. to join a large party to the Jordan and Dead Sea. Soon after leaving the Mount of Olives, the country becomes an entire desolation for eighteen miles of mountain, until we reached the plain of the Jordan. It is

foretold (Ezekiel, vi. 14), and is remarkably fulfilled, that Judea should be more desolate than the desert itself. That plain itself is now, in great measure, bare as a desert; although Arculf (A.C. 700) speaks of vineyards, and numerous palm groves, and scattered houses almost innumerable, between Jericho and Jordan. The heat, even on the mountains, we found very great; and in the low plain it was much hotter still. The produce of the plain is usually three weeks, or even a month, earlier than that of the mountains of Judea. Our party (about forty, including guides, dragomans, and Arab escort) encamped at half-past two by a pleasant thicket-covered stream, called Ain-es-Sultan, called also the Fountain of Elisha. This beautiful little stream was almost the only one we saw through the whole of central Palestine, until we came to near Tyre, and there fell in with the many and plenteous "streams from Lebanon." The locality, and the circumstances, and appearance of this little stream, seem exactly to correspond with the narrative in 2 Kings, ii. 19-22. The foliage of the surrounding thicket was of a singularly beautiful appearance: it consisted, however, of acacia-thorns, and various kinds of prickly plants. From the Fountain of Elisha and the plain of the Jordan, T. and I returned the same evening, and encamped at Bethany.

Across the desolate country scarcely an animal is to be seen between the plain of Jordan and the Mount of Olives: on going we saw only one little herd of goats, and about five or six camels; and on returning we saw not more than five or six birds, which were not birds of prey. In one valley we passed there were several ravens,

and in another were fifteen or eighteen eagles, resting at sunset on an acacia-thorn. Some were young birds.

By nine P.M., having travelled about two hours after dark, we reached Bethany, and encamped there on the Mount of Olives, among almond trees, just above the village. Next morning, before day-break, we saw two portions of the Dead Sea to the south-east; and at half-past five the sun rose over the level line of the mountains of Moab. At six we returned to Jerusalem by St. Stephen's gate: the gate had lately been opened, and streams of pilgrims, issuing out of the city to visit the various scenes and sacred spots here, were pouring down into the valley. At ten we went to the Church service: the hymn "All hail the power of Jesus' name" was sung. The rest of the day was spent with the Gobats, in writing letters for the mission post, in calling, and visiting the Consul. The court of the Consul's house was lit up with the peculiar kind of lantern, used in Cairo, and Jerusalem, and elsewhere in the east, formed of oiled or wax cloth (white calico), with wire rings, so as to be very large when in use, e.g., two feet high, but to fold up at other times in less space than a couple of flat Arab cakes of bread. The top and bottom are of circular perforated tin. The conversation during the evening was chiefly about the site of the Sepulchre, and about the flowers and climate of Palestine.

Wednesday, April 7th. At seven A.M. we went to the Hebrew service on Mount Zion: they were singing a hymn as we entered. The second and third collect struck me as very beautifully translated, as is also the General

Thanksgiving. The ninety-fifth Psalm was chanted to a plaintive Hebrew chant. After breakfasting with the Nicolaysons, we went out skirting the city along from the Jaffa gate to the Zion gate, to go to Bethany. The Jaffa gate leads also to Hebron : hence, as leading to Abraham's abode, it is called by the Arabs, " Bab El-khalèel "—"the gate of (our) friend" and ancestor Abraham, or, possibly, "the friend" of God. El-khalèel is the present Arab name of Hebron. Bertrandon, who visited Palestine A.D. 1432, appears to call Hebron, St. Abraham. For a similar reason Bethany is called El-Lazariyeh ; as Ajalon was, in the twelfth century, called, from the Scripture narrative, "Val de Luna." The Arabs call the Zion gate, "Bab Seidna Daood"—"the gate of our Lord David."* Descending from the Zion gate, we had a striking view of the numberless Jewish tombs in the valley of Jehoshaphat, as well as of the tomb of Zechariah, Absalom, and the place where the disciples hid themselves. The village of Siloam, itself situated in this valley, is an old necropolis, like Petra, only on a small scale. The occupants of these forsaken tombs are half-wild Arabs, and are said to be not very civil to any travellers who intrude among their dwellings. The village consists of, perhaps, sixty or eighty dwellings, scarcely distinguishable from the rock. In fact, they are rather caves than houses. We went round skirting the southern side of the hill of Olives to Bethany. It is situated on a very slight eminence in a hollow on the east side of the Mount of Olives, overlooking the hill country of Judea, the vale of the Jordan, and the Dead Sea, and the mountains of Moab beyond. The

* See Ewald's *Missionary Labours*, Second Edition, pp. 39, 40.

village appears to consist of not more than about fifteen or twenty houses at the most. It is not a third of the size of Bethlehem. Bethany has in its centre two or three rude, ruined walls ; among these are pointed out the site of the house of Lazarus and his sisters, and Lazarus's tomb. It is surrounded by gardens of olive trees,* almond trees, pomegranates (now beautifully budding in red tinted leaves and scarlet flowers), apricots on the sides of the hills and in the adjoining little valleys. Around are thin stunted crops of barley, nearly ripe. It is quite hidden from Jerusalem. The early flowering of the bright scarlet blossomed pomegranate is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful sights in Palestine ; of spots near Jerusalem, they are most abundant at Bethany. Several of the English residents spoke of the effect of the scenes of Jerusalem, such as Gethsemane, the Mount of Olives, &c., as it were, growing upon them, the longer they stay in the place, rather than decreasing ; that at first it was difficult to realize—every thing seeming confused ;—but that subsequently daily sight, and repeated visiting them, only enhances the interest. Mrs. V. said that, at first, when their children came in from a walk, and said, “ We have been to Gethsemane,” or, “ We have been up to the top of the Mount of Olives,” it caused a sort of feeling of

* Olive trees, perhaps, five or six hundred ; fig trees, one hundred, or one hundred and twenty ; almond trees and apricot trees, almost indistinguishable, perhaps eighty or a hundred ; pomegranates, forty or sixty ; carrubas, ten or fifteen ; walnut, one. The above statement may serve to give a general idea of the proportion of the more common fruit trees in Palestine. Olive is by far the most abundant, and next, perhaps, fig or pomegranate ; vines rarely are seen, except at Hebron in the south, and in the north on Lebanon.

profanation, and she was almost inclined to blame them for, as it were, profaning such consecrated names. But certainly, in none of the parties that we have yet seen at Jerusalem, does there appear, about such things, any unbecoming levity. All seem to remember where they are. We returned by a direct path right over the Mount of Olives. This path winds up along the ledge of the hill ascending from Bethany, and must be nearly the same as our Saviour would probably go, when he lodged at Bethany,* and in the mornings went to Jerusalem. Descending from the Mount of Olives, Jerusalem lies spread out at a turn of the path, extended to view almost as a map. Here, it is said, our blessed Saviour wept over Jerusalem.

To-day we called on Mr. Schultz, the Prussian Consul ; he has prepared, by clearances and gardening, an excellent house in the centre of Jerusalem ; it has a fountain and ceilings, like the houses of Damascus. His little roof-garden shows that good soil may be found, and good gardens may exist in Jerusalem. At present, however, it consists chiefly of orange and lemon trees, with blue irises, and the pink gladiolus beneath. This last flower grows wild over the ploughed fields of ancient Jerusalem. At five we went to the church of the Sepulchre, termed at first, and more fitly, the Church of the Resurrection. It is a massive and solemn building. Although we are per-

* Several nights, however, appear to have been spent by our blessed Lord, before the passover, not under some friendly roof at Bethany, where were Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus, but on the Mount of Olives itself. (See St. Luke, xxi. 37 ; xxii. 39 ; St. John, viii. 1, following upon ver. 53 of chap. vii. ; also, St. Luke, ix. 58.)

haps indebted to her for enclosing Calvary within the city walls, the Empress Helena's place of finding the Cross seems the most absolute invention; all the other places are either true or probable, or unimportant, or at least not useless as commemorations; still, there is too much of picturing to the eye what should rather be simple matter of faith. Yet what a thrill of feeling instinctively pervaded one's whole soul at being told, of a few plain marble slabs, "this is the tomb of Jesus Christ." The place pointed to as the position of the cross is raised about sixteen feet above the rest, which has probably been cut away. It is to be remembered that Holy Scripture nowhere speaks of *Mount* Calvary. The other spots are the dividing of the clothes, the fixing of the nails, the position of Mary Magdalen, &c. Also, where the angel rolled away the stone. Upon the whole, with its dim light, its lamps, and caverns, it is a solemn impressive building.*

At half-past six p.m. we left Jerusalem, the Damascus gate being kept open for our departure. After wandering northward out of our way in the darkness of the night, we encamped about twelve at Beerah, traditionally Joseph and Mary's first day's journey from Jerusalem. As now, the first day's journey was usually a very short

* For a detailed account of the Holy Sepulchre, the reader is referred to *Williams' Holy City*, in which is given a coloured plan of the building, and showing the parts occupied by the various Christian churches. It is interesting, though very painful, to notice how these different communities crowd around the spot, in superstitious and erring love to Him, who IS NOT HERE, BUT RISEN, and whose kingdom should be within them.

one. This may serve to explain their apparent carelessness and neglect. (See St. Luke, ii. 44).

Thursday, April 8th. At noon we left Beerah, and passing through flowery and verdant valleys with corn and olive, and in one place pomegranates and vines upon the walls, we encamped just beyond Bet-een at a quarter past six P.M. Black flocks of goats were wending their homeward way up to Bet-een (Bethel),* as we passed it. It is a small village of perhaps twenty-five or thirty houses on a slope of the hill above a corn-covered plain, pleasantly sloping to the south ; it lies perhaps one hundred and fifty feet above the plain it overlooks, and which is perhaps four or five miles in irregular circumference, skirting gently rising mountains. It must have been on the high road north of Jerusalem.

April 9th. To-day we left our encampment at nine, and reached Nablous (Shechem, Sychem, Sychar), at two. We passed along the north-east and north side of Mount Gerizim. It has on its base many olives ; on Mount Ebal are quantities of the prickly pear. Nablous is well-watered, and besides olive groves, has abundance of mulberry, pomegranate, and fig gardens, and is altogether a very beautifully situated town. Here a baker's wife joined us, riding (as Eastern females always ride) cross-wise on her mule, coming from Jerusalem to visit her friends in Aleppo. She was clothed in the usual out-of-doors costume, a

* See Amos, iv. 4, 5; v. 4-6. In Hosca, iv. 15; v. 8; x. 5, it is called Bethaven (house of [*an idol which is*] nothing) and probably x. 8, also ; though in mercy it is again called Bethel, v. 15, and xii. 4.

large enveloping black silk mantle, covering her from head to foot, and spreading out, somewhat like a bat's wing on either side. Nothing appeared, besides occasionally the yellow turned-up slippers on her feet. The face is covered alike from the heat of the sun, and from the gaze of men. We are now encamped among olive woods near Geba. The jackals have been crying, and the dogs of Geba answering them.

Nazareth, Saturday Evening, April 10th. On awaking this morning in our encampment, we found ourselves in a pretty woody valley, chiefly of olives, with corn below. We rose about four, but did not set out till a quarter past eight. Our road lay along a fertile plain, with large fields of rye and barley both in full ear, but still green. In an hour we passed under the walls of Sanoor, crowning a hill. Along the plain we noticed several men ploughing; they had each one yoke of little oxen, and a very simple plough. There was but one man to each, who usually held the plough with the right hand, and the ox-goad with the left. Occasionally it was the reverse of this. Leaving the beautiful flowery plain, we came to the summit of a rough rocky hill; on the top was a large wild carubba tree, on which were fastened perhaps as many as two hundred pieces of rag. It is said to be the burial-place of some Moslem saint, and the rags are from pilgrims. Descending, we passed by a little village with thousands of olive-trees in flower. It is a small and pale green blossom, and resembles that of the English garden evergreen, the phillyrea.* There were also several hundred pome-

* In a sheltered spot in the rectory-garden at Havant in south

granates in young leaf, like autumn tints, and many of them covered with their bright scarlet flowers. These were in the gardens. On the hill were several fine carubba trees, now in green pod. These are supposed to be the husks alluded to, St. Luke, xv. 16. In south Italy they are given as food to horses. In and beyond the village were five or six wells; the mouth of them was stopped sometimes with a large stone, sometimes with the thick trunk of a tree. About twelve we reached Jenin, (*En-gannim?* Ginea, *Josephus*), the entrance of the valley of Jezreel. Here Mount Carmel first came in view, across the broad plain on our left. Mount Carmel here appears a long ridge of woody mountain, terminating somewhat abruptly towards the sea. For four or five hours we now crossed the rich and broad plain of Esdraelon, with perhaps nearly two-thirds of it cultivated, and either waving with or ploughing for corn. It has a rich red fine garden soil. Many and numerous flights of storks hovered over our heads, or fed upon the ploughed plain. These storks were not all grey (like those in Switzerland), but white and black; they were very tame and fearless. These peaceful birds, which in the church's early days were regarded as emblems of the Christian,* formed a contrast to the historic plain, over which they were hovering—the battle-field of many nations from the days of Jehu and Josiah, onwards, until it becomes, as seems more than

* Hantz, is a small olive, five or six feet high, which has now stood several winters in the open air, uninjured.

* This idea is traceable, for its foundation, to the following passages:—Psalm, civ. 17; Hosea, xiv. 8. Compare, also, Ezekiel, xvii. 22-24; the cedar itself being a kind of fir.

probable, the scene of the closing conflict of Armageddon itself. Meantime the rocky mountains, which hide Nazareth, rose straight across the plain in front of us, as we hastened on to reach Nazareth before dusk.

By five o'clock we reached the foot of the mountains, and ascending an extremely rugged and difficult path of red rock, came, after half an hour, in sight of Nazareth, just lit up by the sun's last western rays. Nazareth is prettily situated, and stands on a steep hill side. It overlooks a pretty little valley among mountains: this high little valley is, perhaps, three-fourths of a mile long, and one-third broad; it is covered with fresh, green corn, and in parts by the hill side with olives, and a few carrubba trees. The houses (perhaps more than a hundred and eighty, or two hundred) look, for the most part, better than usual in Syria; and the children are remarkably well-looking and intelligent. Several children wished us "Good evening," some in Italian, "Buona sera," some in Arabic, "Masà al kheir," and "Masàkem b'al-kheir." We are now lodged in the Latin Convent, and have just read St. Luke, iv. 16-30. Nazareth is said, altogether, to contain nearly five thousand souls; of these, about two thousand are Mahometans, the rest are Greek, Maronite, and Latin Christians. There is a Latin school of eighty or ninety children; they are taught Arabic and Italian. The Franciscan Convent, in which we are now lodged here, contains sixteen or eighteen monks. The convent house, in which we stayed three nights, was remarkably clean and comfortable, and the rooms airy and cool. Our present rooms have arches and arched sides, having long divan-like sofas under them. The roofs, also, are vaulted,

but not in the singular, thick, circular, dome-like form usual in the houses in Jerusalem. We are writing by the light of a singular kind of standard oil-lamp, the light of which you renew by pumping up the oil from time to time from the lower part of it. We had the same kind before in Jerusalem. Hills rise all around Nazareth, except towards the little mountain valley. It stands high, and must, I should think, like Jerusalem, possess an extremely healthy air and climate. We met little herds of cows winding up the mountain hither; and just after we came in sight of Nazareth, about half-past five, we saw close before us a mingled flock of sheep and goats. The sheep had immensely broad tails; but, as usual, it was difficult at a very little distance to distinguish between them. This put us (in this spot) in mind of our Lord's words, St. Matt. xxv. 32, 33. At Nazareth, and at several villages before coming to Nazareth, we had noticed rude irregular butts, of a conical shape, usually about six or eight feet high. We took them at first for a poorer kind of habitation, but, on examination at Nazareth, found them to be ovens. There are great numbers of them in these villages—one, perhaps, to every four or five houses—so that they make quite a feature in the general appearance of a village. In the interior there is nothing but a large flat stone, or hard cement-like clay. This is in the centre, at the bottom, and is heated by quantities of grass put in and burnt there. Then the flat broad cakes, usually about five or six, but sometimes about twelve inches in diameter, are put one by one upon it, till it is cool. What our Lord speaks of, and what is still used, appears to be the flowery grass of the field, which grows

anywhere here without cultivation. (St. Matthew, vi. 28-30.)

Nazareth, Sunday, April 11th. After service to-day, at which we sung the hymn "Sweeter sounds than music knows," we went, with the monk in attendance, to the top of the hill over Nazareth, about three-quarters of a mile. Thence we had a lovely view to the south and south-east over Nazereth, its little mountain valley; then the rounded woody top of Mount Tabor; then, more to the right, the rocky ledge of Nain on a brown mountain; also the plain of Esdraclon, and Mount Carmel; then from Mount Carmel, over Acre, the Mediterranean Sea and sand; and, far to the north, the snowy and clouded heights of Lebanon. Below and nearer is the village of Sephoora, where, tradition says, St. Ann lived. Returning, the monk (a Franciscan of Tivoli) pointed out what is called the "Mount of Precipitation." We also went into a little Maronite church, and the priest's house. The children of Nazareth look remarkably well-favoured, intelligent, and happy. Here only have we seen English amusements—a swing on a fig-tree, and two boys with a paper kite.

This evening, between five and six, we saw a Mahometan wedding, and visited the bride, as she sat with closed eyes, to be opened upon none other than her husband,—to view him first of all on opening them. The friends of the bridegroom stood in a circle of thirty or thirty-five, with shoulders together, and bending forward a little, and also with a wavy, circular motion; they sung three or four oft-repeated words of congratulation, and clapped their hands continually, in a kind of cadence with their

words and with their bodily movements. Several more intimate friends (as they seemed) of the bridegroom stood within the circle, and by words, looks, and actions kept the rest up to it, repeating the congratulatory words, clapping their hands, and doing and looking all that they wished *them* to do and to do again. The bridegroom meantime sat quite still, near the house, enthroned on a carpet with a raised seat upon it, unusually high for a Moslem to sit. The bride also was similarly seated on a kind of recessed throne in the house of a friend, surrounded by her female friends and companions on either side. She was about fourteen, and wore many ornaments, and apparently all her riches.

Nazareth, Monday, April 12th. This morning we set out early from Nazareth for Tiberias, which is reckoned six or seven hours distant. We purposed returning hither in the day; and have done so. Soon after ascending above the little mountain valley of Nazareth, Mount Hermon with its snowy hollows appeared before us, and Mount Carmel, a long ridge ending in the sea on our left. Between them both we looked towards Acre, with the sea beyond it. We crossed several rich valleys clothed with good crops of rye and barley in full ear, and passed by two cheerful-looking villages with gardens of olive, fig, and pomegranate, having strong cactus hedges. Women stood at the wells to draw water, it being now seven or half-past seven, A.M.

About four hours' ride brought us to the sloping brow of a gentle hill. Here we perceived the sweet breath of indistinguishable flowers, and felt cool air as from over

water. Here, too, we gained a fuller view of Mount Hermon, and here first came in sight of the Sea of Galilee. It lay far beneath us, and wore hues of delicate pale blue.* The part we now saw was the upper end of the lake. On this side it has sloping banks; on the opposite eastern side are steep abrupt precipices. The ground beneath was decorated with blue lupins, chicory, and various kinds of thistles. Tiberias, enclosed in old walls, now came in sight, and three-quarters of an hour's steep descent brought us down to the gate. Within the walls are many ruined houses, chiefly, I believe, overthrown by the fearful earthquake of January 1st, 1837. Many now inhabited houses have booths built, or being built, on the top of them. These, no doubt, belong to Jews, there being, I believe, resident here fourteen or fifteen hundred. There are within several palm-trees,† and a ruined mosque. Outside the gate are several acres of cucumber garden. There were also several fields of ripe barley, and five or six men and women reaping it.

* We had seen almost all the lakes of North Italy and of Switzerland, but still, in the lake now at our feet, there was something peculiar and distinctive in colour and appearance.

† The rarity now of palm trees in this once palm-emblazoned land, is one of the many marks of its present desolation. Many of its distinctive productions have almost or entirely perished. The vine is rare, the palm still more so. Honey is rare, and the balm seems to have perished. Sir John Mandeville (A.D. 1322) gives a singular account of the last-mentioned production, stating that the trees were, from time to time, rooted up and carried, as it seems, to Egypt. "Between Jericho and the Dead Sea is the land of Dengadda (Engedi), where formerly balm grew; but men cause the branches to be drawn up and carried to Babylon, and still they call them vines of Gady." (Chap. IX.)

Here one can the more readily understand and enter into those words of St. Paul : "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits (the offered first sheaf of harvest) of them that slept" (1 Cor. xv. 10). While in England we have in all our pasture-fields, as it were, the Paschal Lamb, the time of Easter is here the time of the beginning of harvest. (See Exod. xxii. 29 ; Lev. xxiii. 9-14 ; Deut. xvi. 9.) "He rose," says St. Clement of Alexandria, "on the third day, which is the first day of the weeks of the harvest, on which also it was appointed in the Law that the priest should offer the sheaf."

From Tiberias we walked along the edge of the lake. It has clear pebbly water, bright and transparent. We wished for a boat, but the only one on the lake was gone across for bread for the Turkish soldiers. Several ruined columns appear on the bank, and their bases show beneath the shallow water. Two miles, or a mile and a half from Tiberias southward, are hot salt-springs. It comes out of the ground as hot, or hotter, than my hand could bear, Ibrahim Pasha built over them handsome marble baths ; but they are already all going to ruin and decay. However, we stayed under their shelter, and lunched, and sang in them, as a grace, "We thank thee, Lord, for this our food," and afterwards the hymns, "When His salvation bringing," and "If those who dwell around Thy throne."

The sides of the lake have many fine oleanders now in blossom. Herds of black goats browsed on its edges ; on it were two or three water-fowl. Judging of the lake from our eye, A. supposed it seven miles by three ; I, thirteen by four and a half ; and T., fifteen by seven.

We returned hither to the convent by half-past six, or a quarter to seven. *Our ride has probably been forty-four miles. Mount Hermon, the southern out-lier of the Lebanon range, rises beautifully over its northern extremity, near where the Jordan enters it. Possibly from some point near this lake, the Psalmist, looking northward to Hermon and southward to Tabor, may have said, "Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in Thy name" (Psalm lxxxix. 12.)

April 13th, Encampment between Acre and Tyre. We left Nazareth, and our lodgings in the convent-house there, at half-past seven this morning. On leaving it our dragoon, Ibrahim Selim, purchased, for one piastre, eight eggs and three oranges. This is a great contrast in price to Upper Egypt, where eighty eggs may be purchased for one piastre, *i. e.*, about four hundred for a shilling, and two turkeys for twelve or thirteen piastres. In about an hour, we had a view again of Mount Carmel, and we passed along rich fertile valleys of corn, rye, and barley, olive and pomegranate gardens, interspersed with fig-trees. We also passed along several valleys of rich red soil, with many trees in fresh leaf, called in Arabic "baloot," in appearance something between a gnarled oak and a beech. Some writers speak of them as identical with the Valonia oak.

In this day's ride we put up, from their settling-place, two considerable swarms of large locusts. We could have counted three or four hundred, probably, in each swarm, and, no doubt, there were numbers more which we did not see in both swarms. Their appearance was something between that of a grasshopper and a dragon-fly, but, at

first glance in the air, they might be taken for little birds. They were of a bright yellow straw colour, with a slight greenish tinge, had four wings, and were a long finger's length. Mr. H. at Beyrouth, inquired of us subsequently if we had seen any, and remarked that he was sorry to hear of them, as they do great mischief to the corn, and indeed (he said) to every green thing. They rose up, as our passing disturbed them, and flew across our path with a hurried and rather rapid flight, rising about ten, or twelve, or fifteen feet, or more, in the air, and then settling down again at about forty or fifty yards distance. The expression in Psalm cix. 23, "I am tossed up and down as the locust," probably alludes to this flitting, uncertain flight, somewhat between a bird and a grasshopper. David's flittings appear to have resembled both. (Psalm xi. 1 ; lvi. 8.)

Four hours' ride eastward brought us in sight of the city of Acre, far distant over a flat plain. The long level ridge of Mount Carmel (about ten or twelve miles long) now appeared at full length on our left, with the convent on its top, and the house of Ibrahim Pasha. Here, I believe, he is said to have put to death in boiling oil twenty-four priests of the Druses of Lebanon, who had sided with England. Inhuman as was such punishment, it may serve to remind us of the like treatment of St. John by Domitian. Near Acre the sea appeared round the promontory of Mount Carmel. Acre lies flat on the plain, and has deep lines of fortification, which we discerned on the right hand of the town toward the sea northward. We lunched about half-past one, not far from Acre, in a beautiful orange garden and Oriental alcove, with marble fish-

pond, &c., built by Abdallah Pasha of Damascus. In three hours more we found our tents pitched close to a fig and orange garden, near a plentiful spring of water. The snowy Lebanon we first caught sight of not far from Acre to the north. The height of the Lebanon ridges of mountain varies, I believe, from six and eight thousand to ten thousand feet. The highest point in the ridge of Mount Carmel is not more than twelve hundred, and towards the sea it is less than nine hundred. The many plentiful streams from Lebanon, which we crossed from time to time, without seeing the mountains from which they came, reminded us of Jer. xviii. 14. They are snow-waters in great measure, and are "strange," i. e., foreign, "coming from another place," a distance. To-day we have seen little oxen ploughing; many herds of black goats, and a very few broad-tailed sheep, as at Nazareth. Often we have seen large herds of black goats, with only two or three sheep among them.

To-morrow, we hope to go early to Tyre (Soor, Hebrew Soor, "rock," and on to Sidon (Saida).

Wednesday April 14th. Encamped by the sea between Tyre (Soor) and Sidon (Saida). This morning we started about half past seven, and ascended the sea-cliffs towards Tyre, which we saw indistinctly far across the sea, after the first ascent. On nearer approach to it, nothing was to be seen but a few bare walls, and the white minaret of a mosque. Our road was well carried along the overhanging white rocks, and the native rock usually formed a precipice on our left towards the sea, the road itself being sunk behind it. Whatever this road may have been two or

three thousand years ago, it is now extremely rough, both on hill and valley. Before reaching Tyre, we crossed three very fresh clear plenteous streams, surrounded with tall fresh verdure of reeds and shrubs, and interspersed with fountains and troughs for water. These are doubtless "streams from Lebanon," whose range is now on our right, but to-day obscured with clouds. Coming parallel with Tyre, which juts out on a rock not very high into the sea, we passed two ruined aqueducts. One of these was about twenty-five or thirty feet high in its arches, and was much more ancient and time-worn in its appearance than those which stride across the Campagna of Rome. Of this we only observed three arches left; they were of tall stones, the height of the stones being much greater generally than their breadth. The arches were circular and well turned. The other aqueduct was lower, being not more than ten or twelve feet above the present soil. Of this, about fifty arches (small round ones) were remaining: it appears more modern than the other. A little before reaching Tyre, we saw fishermen spreading their nets over an old bridge. This was the only place in which we noticed them.* There were two or three small vessels laden with fire-wood; there were stacks of it on the shore, apparently cut from the adjoining woods on the hills towards Lebanon. All along to-day's journey we have enjoyed very magnificent views of the sea, from Carmel and Acre south, to Tyre and the mountains beyond it north. About three quarters of an hour east of Tyre we sat down to lunch under a forsaken garden of old lemon and orange trees. On our left was Tyre; before us were

* Ezekiel, xxvi. 4, 5.

its old aqueducts. About two hours or two hours and a half from Tyre, passing along sea-side meadows from which low shrubs and brushwood had been cut away in places for corn, five or six gazelles crossed our path speedily, and running among the thickets, at several hundred yards' distance, stood and looked back at us. We are now encamped under olives and tamarisks on sand close to the sea, two or three hours, (it is said,) from Sidon. To-day between Tyre and Sidon, Ibrahim picked up a porcupine's quill. The Arabic name is "kamfud," "kippôd" of Scripture, whose haunts are desolate places, such as Edom (Isaiah, xxxiv. 11) and Nineveh (Zeph. ii. 14). Near the same spot, on the sandy shore, was strewn a quantity of sponge. There were about three different sorts, two very fine and beautiful, but useless as our common sponge is used. The good sponge lay commonly in the largest pieces. A little stream here runs into the sea close by us; the sea being not more than eight or ten yards distant from our tent. To-morrow we hope to pass through Sidon to Beyrouth. To-day on one side of Tyre we read Ezekiel xxvi., and soon after, having passed it, we read part of Ezekiel xxvii.

Yesterday morning, and the evening before, when at Nazareth, we saw two women in the court of a house there, grinding at the mill. This was going on at dusk between six and seven, and again soon after seven in the morning. They together turn the upper stone; they grind only sufficient for daily use. Such was the custom of old among the Israelites, even in Egypt, as we may gather from the words of the prohibition (Deut. xxiv. 6), the force of which depends upon the custom of grinding only day by day.

enough for the day. Viewed in connection with this, we may notice the petition “ Give us day by day our daily bread.” See Matt. xxiv. 41 ; Luke, xvii. 35 ; xi. 3.

Thursday, April 15th. Encampment between Sidon and Beyrouth. This morning we left our encampment by the sea at half-past seven. The morning light showed what a pretty spot we had lighted upon. Our shelter behind us was a large garden of mulberry trees, with many zin-zalaght trees, not very unlike an acacia, now in graceful lilac-coloured flower, and also a few pomegranate trees. The fringe of the garden was very large tamarisks, thirty or thirty-five feet high, and knotted trunks several yards round. There was also a single gemaiz (sycomore), a very venerable rugged tree with immense gnarled trunks, now become like two distinct trees. Before us was the sea, and on our left, rising hills over the sea towards Tyre ; on our right were hills towards Zidon and the snow-covered heights of Mount Lebanon towering afar off over several lower ranges. About three hours brought us to Zidon, situate on a projecting ridge of low rocks, but apparently lower and less than Tyre. We read Ezekiel, xxviii. 20-26, and observed that the guilt and denunciations against Zidon are less severe. It is still a beautiful spot, not so bare as Tyre. Many rich gardens of mulberry and fig, mixed with pomegranates and girded with fine tamarisks, are in its suburbs. We noticed sugar-canies in the gardens nearer the city ; and under the walls of the houses in the town gardens, a quantity of tall bananas with their black pendant cone-shaped fruit ; they were growing twenty or twenty-five feet high, and looked very rich and

beautiful. Cheerful booths were here and there in the streets, and the bazaars were full of fine lemons and oranges, and very excellent cake-bread, much finer and better than the common brown Arab bread. A little bridge crosses from Zidon to a small rock in the sea ; the city itself has walls and circular towers, and, as we went on from it, made a very pretty object. Tamarisks and mulberries continue to abound. To-day we have crossed five or six more streams from Lebanon, fresh, clear, pebbly, rapid, sweet, and refreshing. Their banks and many valleys are most beautifully decorated with oleanders now in bloom. Their beauty is greatly enhanced by their peculiar clustering growth, like a garden, many shrubs being collected in one, although also every single plant by itself has its own beauty. To-day they were reaping fully ripe barley near Zidon. The chief crops to-day have been barley, wheat, and, nearer here, beautiful blue lupins. Of oats we never see a single field in Syria. To-day, an old man stood by a well, surrounded by a circle of stone cisterns, and offered to draw water for us and our horses.

Friday, April 16th. Off Beyrout. Last evening about seven we encamped on a clear sandy mound, of red fine sand from the sea, and near fresh water. Lebanon was behind us, and the sea before us. We had a loud chorus of frogs, but not so clamorous as at our encampment between Acre and Tyre. We left our last encampment soon after seven A.M., and about nine A.M. reached Beyrout. Its bazaars have slanting arches, over which is thrown coarse matting. In Beyrout there are not more than two or three hundred Jews. The chief manufacture

is silk, and silk and cotton. The gardens around Beyrout are chiefly mulberry for the silk-worm, but they have also many zinzalaght trees, and also Italian pines, and cactus hedges. All the soil is deep red sand. The houses of Beyrout are more scattered than any Oriental town we have seen; they are less lofty and shady than those of Cairo, and not arched against heat, in the same way as those of Jerusalem.

At about six we left Beyrout, having disposed of our tents, and got rid of our sheikh with his five horses and six mules. Mr. Winbolt, with his little boy, called upon us at Beyrout. He is since dead, and his place, I fear, as yet is not re-occupied. Here we parted with our faithful dragoman, Ibrahim Salim. We are now on our way to Alexandria, which we hope to reach in about thirty-eight or forty hours.

Saturday, April 17th. On board the "Alexandrie" (French Steamer). Fair north wind, calm sea.

Sunday, April 18th.—Fair north wind, calm sea. At half-past eleven and at half-past seven, we had service in the saloon, and in the cabin. There being a very good piano on board, we sang several chants, “Camidge,” &c., and several hymns, among others, “Come ye that love the Lord.”

In the night, about twelve or one, the sailors twice sounded, being, I suppose, at that time off Damietta, and no very great distance from land. We arrived safe at Alexandria at half-past seven or eight A.M., Sunday morning, after a most favourable voyage of about thirty-six or

thirty-seven hours. The Greek Bishop of Jerusalem came with us from Beyrouth hither. He had a cabin opposite ours, and always took breakfast, dinner, and tea with the officers and with us. He appeared about sixty or sixty-five. His baggage consisted chiefly of saddle-bags, and one small portmanteau; he had one priest with him.

This evening, between four and five, we went into a quarantine boat with the customary yellow flag alongside the "Ariel," which had just arrived from Malta. We inquired for English passengers; Dr. Keith and Dr. Black had been among them, and had just left for Cairo. We afterwards went near the Grand Pasha's (Mehemet Ali's) new palace; it is built in European fashion, with a sloping roof, and is said to be furnished principally with French furniture—presents to him. Both the sloping roof, and the European dress which his soldiers have been compelled to adopt now five or six years, seem alike unsuited to the climate. The latter is naturally very unpopular.

This evening (Monday), an American physician of Philadelphia, Dr. R., with his wife and their servants, came on board. They had been to Cairo, intending to go to Jerusalem, but had turned back. The circumstance seemed to call for additional thankfulness on our part—that we had been permitted to accomplish our purposed visit thither, and that we had seen that land and that city, whose past associations and future prospects form, as it were, an abiding link between earth and heaven. We have had two or three showers to-day, with sirocco, and it is now raining heavily, with lightning and occasional thunder. The lightning is like what is called summer or

sheet lightning in England, only it seems more actually and thoroughly to fill the air all around you. The lightning is much more prominent than the thunder, and reminds us of Psalm cxxxv. 7.

Here, with our arrival in Alexandria, and the landing and departure of the Greek Bishop of Jerusalem, ended upon this occasion, our visible association and connection with the Land of the Morning. The succeeding chapter will return again to Palestine, at the point of our leaving Jerusalem, Friday, April 19th, for Jaffa, and the plain of Sharon. To the subject, however, of Jerusalem, past and future, we shall have occasion to recur again hereafter.

WRITTEN AT ALEXANDRIA,

Whit Tuesday, May 21st, Ember Week, 1850.

MAY the Spirit of Grace, from the heavens that came,
With the strong rushing wind and cleft tongues as of flame,
Clothe the Priests of the Lord with such power divine,
That light, truth, and love in each action may shine.

May the Comforter, promised to dwell in Christ's saints,
Send his aid to the soul that with earnestness faints;
That wounded in heart with sweet sorrow begins
To gaze upon Him who was pierced for his sins.

O, how joyous the moment, how happy the day,
When the heart, once like stone, melts like rivers to pray;
When God's word, like the hammer, has broken the rock,*
And the lost wandering sheep is brought home to Christ's flock.

* Jer. xxiii. 29.

With such fire touch the lips of thy servants, O Lord,
 That with cleansed hearts and bold they may publish thy word;
 That from their own wisdom full many may cease,
 And humbly be led in the paths of Christ's peace.

O, Spirit, the Comforter, Giver of life,
 Remove from us discord, dissension, and strife :
 May Christ's teachers, though many, be one blessed whole,
 And believers be all of one heart and one soul.

Lo ! 't was here that the words of thy prophets of old
 To the language of Javan the seventy unrolled.
 Here, strong in the Scriptures, his brethren to warn,
 And fervent in spirit Apollos was born.

O, Spirit ! whose power gives new life to the dead,
 By thy teaching alone let Christ's teachers be led ;
 Till the knowledge of Christ far extended shall be,
 As the water that cover the depths of the sea.

O let love, joy, and peace, in man's heart striking root,
 Clothe this world's barren desert with Eden's blest fruit.
 Awake, O thou north-wind—come, soft southern air,
 Let sweet spices flow forth from Christ's garden so fair.*

O, blest Spirit of holiness, pardon the sin
 That in each holiest duty lurks man's heart within ;
 Without Thee all unable to think one good thought,
 Let each thought be by Thee in captivity brought.

So, obedient to Christ let Christ's teachers be found,
 That the good Shepherd's voice in their voices may sound,†
 Till the world in the Church thy glad presence shall own,
 And the Spirit of Christ in each Christian be known.

* Canticles, iv. 13-16.

† See St. Augustine on St. John (chapter x.), Sermon cxxxviii. ch. v.

THERE is a kind of adventitious interest naturally attaching itself to things done and said in Jerusalem. And to this I attribute the wish, now complied with, of several friends, both fellow-travellers and residents in Jerusalem, that I should here insert a sermon, written during our short stay there, and preached at request of Mr. Nicolayson and the Bishop, in Christ Church, on Mount Zion, on Sunday morning, April 14th, 1850 (second Sunday after Easter). The reader, however, must not expect to find in the following discourse anything scarcely of a distinctive local character, or affecting the Jewish people. For this he is referred rather to a sermon preached before the University of Oxford, March 23d, 1851, and which will be found at the close of this work.

PSALM lxxii. 15.

“And He shall live, and to Him shall be given of the gold of Sheba :
prayer also shall be made for him continually ; and daily shall
He be praised.”

THE kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ is a kingdom of faith, and therefore of prayer. We have yet to pray daily, and say, “Thy kingdom come ;” yet, so far as it is already accomplished, either in the world, or in any particular church, or in the church throughout the world, or in our own hearts, we may, and we are bound to, take up the happy language of praise, and say, “Thine is the kingdom.” Thus prayer and praise are the constant business and work of Christ’s people. Thus “prayer is to be made to Him and for him continually, and daily is He to be praised.” Throughout this remarkable Psalm, written probably near the close of his reign, David sets before us, by the teaching of the Holy Ghost, the righteous, extended, and peaceful reign of his son Solomon. It was revealed to David, his father, and he both foretells of it and prays for it. “ Give the

king thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the king's son. He shall judge thy people with righteousness," and thy poor with judgment. The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills, by righteousness." (Vers. 1-3.) Prophecy and prayer are here wonderfully and beautifully united together. And, indeed, if we consider it, the earnest prayer of faith partakes of the nature of prophecy, inasmuch as God, our Heavenly Father, will surely, for Christ's sake, fulfil it. And again, the words of prophecy, rise towards the close of the Psalm, into the language of praise. "Blessed be the LORD God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things." (Ver. 18.)

Such seems to have been the cheerful and happy state of David's mind, when, by the Holy Spirit, he indited this Psalm. He saw before him the reign of his son Solomon in all its happiest features. Solomon, or Jedidiah, a peaceful prince, and "beloved of the Lord," was to enjoy a reign of peace, in which he might protect, encourage, and support the poor and needy, the just and righteous, and crush the power of the oppressor. Though David's kingdom was large by conquest, Solomon's should be yet larger and more extended in peace. And a reason is given why it was so, namely, that he made the poor and needy, and their case and cause, his especial care. "For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper. He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy. He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence; and precious shall their blood be in his sight." (Vers. 12-14.) Long life also, and riches, which he did not ask, are promised him. "And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba; prayer also shall be made for him continually; and daily shall he be praised." (Ver. 15.) And throughout his kingdom, and especially in the temple, built and dedicated by him, "prayer would be made for him continually." And for his wisdom and his justice, ay, and his very prosperity also,

"daily would he be praised." The produce also of the land, and its population, would alike be plenteous and abundant. "There shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon; and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth." (Ver. 16.) His very name would descend to posterity as a blessing. And for all this mercy, foretold and promised, and secured to his son, David concludes with blessing and praising the great Giver of it all, with much emphasis, fervour, and earnestness. "Blessed be the LORD God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things. And blessed be his glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with his glory; Amen, and Amen." (Vers. 18, 19.)

And such ought to be the thankful and cheerful state of mind of each of us, as we read and see in this Psalm throughout one far greater than Solomon—who see here not so much the promises made to Jedidiah, Son of David, the God-beloved son of beloved father—but the true Solomon—Him in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge—the true Prince of Peace, the well-beloved and only begotten Son of the Father.

It is, then, in this, their higher, fuller, and truer sense, that I would now endeavour to direct your attention to the words of the text, briefly as to its two first, and more fully as to its two last, points.

I. First, then, "HE SHALL LIVE;" few words, but of deepest import. It is witnessed of Him, our great High Priest, that "He liveth." In and by that life we live: "Because I live, ye shall live also." By Christ's living—by his glorious resurrection-life, we know, to our unspeakable comfort, that his ransom is accepted by God, and that we are justified. This, dear brethren, is our hope, our confidence. "He lives and shall live." The grave could not hold him: sinless as he was, how was it possible? But he lives for a certain fixed object especially, as in eternal and all-merciful, an ever-ready and ever-present

mediator and intercessor. Imagine for a moment Christ not raised, not risen, but here still, where mistaken devotion would still seem in a measure locally to confine and restrict Him. Imagine Christ still "here and not risen." Our prayers could then only speak at best the language of faint twilight hope, and our praises, till he rose, must cease. Our language would have been like that of the two disciples going to Emmaus—"We trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel;" only we must yet more sorrowfully have added, "Many now are the days and years since these things were done." But, blessed be God, it is not so; far otherwise, "He liveth and shall live." "I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death." (Rev. i. 18.) "Wherefore He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." (Heb. vii. 25.)

II. "TO HIM SHALL BE GIVEN OF THE GOLD OF SHEBA." We are all aware how this was fulfilled to Solomon in the Queen of Sheba's visit, who brought, as a present, 120 talents of gold, and from whose country, Arabia, with Tarshish, came yearly 666 talents to Solomon. We are also aware how this was fulfilled to Christ, the true son of David, when the Wise Men from the East brought to the infant King at Bethlehem gold, in all probability, from that same country. But "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;" if before the coming in of the Christian dispensation, God had declared by His prophets, "The silver is mine, the gold is mine," much more now, for every variety of purposes, the Christian's gold is Christ's—the servant is his Master's—all that he is, all that he has, is His—and certainly "to Him must be given of the gold of Arabia." Whether, therefore, in a temperate, and, as it were, consecrated, use, for our own bodily and temporal wants (which, however, might commonly be profitably compressed into a much smaller range and compass), or for the

more directly Christian and more highly blessed purposes of alms to the poor, and gifts for missions and missionaries, either in this spot, or anywhere throughout the wide world (for souls are everywhere equally precious), both for and in all these purposes, "to Him should be given of the gold of Arabia"—given in His name—given as to Him.

For, III., action should go attended with prayer, as prayer leads to and reciprocates holy and right action. "Prayer shall be made ever unto Him." It is not, however, prayer in general of which we have here to speak, but as—(1.) in His name; (2.) for His kingdom. We should strive, dear brethren, to bear in mind that the concluding clause of our prayers, "through Jesus Christ our Lord," and any such like expression, belongs to and affects our whole prayer. As life is so far gone, where sap and moisture and blood is wanting, whether from finger, hand, or foot, branch, leaf, or flower, so our prayer has no true life, where and when Christ and his intercession is not more or less borne in mind. He is our life, and our prayers live and avail by Him. If he be wholly forgotten, our prayers are but as discord. In proportion as he is remembered and felt—remembered as our only intercessor, felt to be precious as our only hope, our prayers will then ascend, as music and harmony, to heaven. Thus there will return from thence showers of blessing; he will Himself come and bless us; "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth."

If, dear brethren, we more realized this, our prayers would be far different. Our Church, or rather the Church of Christ, from earliest ages, has, in collects and other prayers, put the right form into our lips. Do we realize it when we say, "through Jesus Christ our Lord?" If we really valued his intercession, should we not think of it much and often? And should we not love him more? But little love has little confidence. Much love asks much. If we love Christ, we shall draw largely upon that blessed promise, confirmed, as it were,

by an oath, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it you." Again, (2.) Prayer is to be made continually for Him, *i.e.*, for His Kingdom. O that we knew more of the blessed privilege of intercessory prayer, of the sweet pleasure and wonderful profit of praying for others. Is it not, alas! too often so, that we find time usually to speak to and of others, to eat with others, to work with and for others—in short, everything of social intercourse, except the highest and best of all, to *pray* for others? Think, brethren, what toil and labour is spent by many who bear the Christian name in asking for the prayers and intercession of I know not how many saints in heaven? Think how many names are enumerated in what we scripturally, and therefore rightly, consider the so far unavailing litanies of other churches, who people heaven and their prayers with other mediators besides the one and "only Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus." If they are thus earnest in error, O let us be so in the truth. Let our purer litany live to us as we hear it, founded as it is upon the broad basis of St. Paul's primary command to Timothy, "I exhort, therefore, that first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, be made for all men." I know not, brethren, whether any joy in this world can be greater than to see, as years roll on, an answer to our prayers in the conversion from sin, or growth in grace, or in any particular grace, of any individual, which we have any reason to hope and believe was in answer to our prayers (our prayers among others) in years that are past. Whether it be prayers for an individual, whether wife or husband, son or daughter, or servant, or master, or ruler, or minister, or teacher, or scholar, prayer continually from time to time, offered for these in Christ, and Christ in them, cannot fail ultimately to bring home peace, and confidence, and joy of faith, to our own hearts, besides being answered in ways that we know not. Look at the closing chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and notice

more ;" and again, "Rejoice in the Lord ;" and again, "Rejoice in the Lord alway ; and again, I say, rejoice." "Praise," says David, "is comely to the upright;" and again, "a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful." Do we wish for plentiful matter for praise? Our very creation, and the world around us, afford it in abundance. Much more does the great work of our redemption supply unfailing, inexhaustible matter for deepest and most heart-cheering praise. At the former, "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy ;" at the latter, angels, less concerned than we, sang, in a numerous army, over the plains of Bethlehem, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." And in consequence of that glorious redemption, there is now, at any hour, "joy in the presence of the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth." But do we wish for a definite *object* for praise? Then Christ is indeed all-sufficient. "Great is the Lord, and highly to be praised, (as everywhere, so especially here, in the scene of his mercies,) in the city of our God, even upon his holy hill." This it is that makes "Zion the joy" and interest of the "whole earth," that here was made reconciliation for iniquity, that here was brought in "everlasting righteousness." But praise is due to Him always and everywhere. It is to be feared that Christians generally are slow to realize fully this blessed and constant privilege and duty. Before the Reformation of the 16th century, there was an entire service of praise, called lauds, now swallowed up and embodied in our other church services. The Jewish church abounds in services of praise. And the Greek church, in this point at least, emulates the early Christian church of Trajan's time, in rising early to sing praises to Christ as God. Very large portions of their services, and those of other bodies of Christians which might be mentioned, partake of the nature of praise. Praise, dear brethren, is a distinct preparation for heaven. No prayer should be wholly without it. "In everything by prayer and

supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." (Philippians, iv. 6.) The joy of praise is a little foretaste of the joy of heaven; the business and employment of that blessed place seems (so far as it is revealed) to partake most of the nature of praise. Christ is here foretold of, that He should continually be praised. Who so bound to fulfil this (for our parts and to our power) as we? Who (we may ask) have received more from Him than we, as a nation, as families, as individuals? Who so bound to praise Him continually as we? Bound, did I say? Rather, who should so gladly delight to offer to him out of a free heart continually, this happy sacrifice, the fruit of our lips giving thanks to His name? Do we wish for strength to withstand any particular temptation? Let us meet Satan (as Jehoshaphat met in battle the Moabites and Ammonites,) with songs of praise to Christ. Let us thus pre-occupy our minds with praise to Christ, and the world will lie beneath our feet, and the flesh be unable to trouble us. If prayer in Christ's name in some sense opens heaven to us, praise does, as it were, place us there by blessed anticipation and foretaste. Would we adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour by cheerfulness and joy, but not the world's joy?—Then let us be often employed in praising Christ. If we so employ ourselves, murmurings and complainings, slanders and words of envy, are all but impossible. So "the joy of the Lord will be our strength." So may we fulfil that joyous precept of the apostle, "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord. And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him." So shall our prayer be invigorated by praise, and Christ, the ever-remembered means and medium, the blessed subject, the exalted object, of both, "prayer being made ever unto Him, and He being praised daily."

CHAPTER XII.

"Two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem about threescore furlongs."—ST. LUKE xxiv. 13.

"He blessed the bread, but vanished at the word,
And left them both exclaiming, 'T was the Lord!
Did not our hearts feel all He deigned to say?
Did they not burn within us by the way?'"—COWPER.

AFTER calling and taking farewell of the kind Gobats, we finally left Jerusalem by the Jaffa gate. Mr. Ziller, Mrs. G.'s brother, kindly accompanied us on foot for two or three miles, to show us the place of their summer encampment, usually, I believe, from June or July to October. This spot we reached in about three quarters of an hour. It is not very far to the right of the Convent of the Cross, where the Nicolaysons usually pitch. The place of the Bishop's encampment is among olives, and young low sumachs, under a small fig-tree. They have generally, altogether, eight tents. We saw the remains of the little divan of their school, under a thick carrubba; here sit their children, and here they are taught. Neby Samuel is on the right, on a hill. By four, P.M., we reached the rich and beautiful valley and village of Callonia on our right, rich with young olives, figs, vines, pomegranates, quince (in flower), and lemon trees. Below

are lentils, barley, and wheat. By five, we reached the town of Abou-Goosh, commonly supposed to be Emmaus. It consists of twenty or thirty stone houses in the hollow of a rich, red-soiled, rocky valley. Here is a ruined Christian church of simple architecture ; the simplest Gothic, but with round arched doors and windows : its masonry, of hewn stone, is excellent. Around the village are olive-gardens, aged fig-trees, and a few date-palms. On the ground is bearded wheat. Here grow pink cyclamens, half hiding their beauty under the rocks ; here, too, are white roses, or rather, cistuses, and many other flowers. Above the brow of the hill from this Emmaus, you see before you the wide plain of Sharon. There, too, lies the yet wider expanse of the Mediterranean, with the western sun shining upon it. With yonder sea in view, David composed and uttered Psalm civ. (See verse 25.) The rest of our journey was among hills in dark twilight or moonlight. H. started two jackalls. By nine we reached our tents at Labàb.

Saturday, April 20th. About nine, we left our camp at Labàb. On the previous evening, we had Latroòn, which is supposed to have been the village of the penitent thief, very near us on our left, and Amwàs, supposed by some to be Emmaus, on our right, at some distance. While breakfasting in an open tent for coolness, thirty or forty Copt pilgrims from Upper Egypt passed us along the road up to Jerusalem, chiefly on mules. Ibrahim remarked (as a Mahometan) that the Christians never go more than two or three times to Jerusalem, but that some of the Moslems, if rich, go twenty or thirty times to Mecca.

These, I apprehend, are very rare cases. It is said that nearly one-fifth of the Mecca pilgrims die on the pilgrimage, going or returning. We passed on between strong cactus hedges, ten feet high. Here, too, were olives, and acres of onions. Soon after we passed a gracefully-skipping gazelle bounding along among the wheat on our right towards Amwàs, to which there is a direct road from Jerusalem, making it, I believe, only half an hour further than Abou-goosh. But I am not aware that there is any church at Amwàs; probabilities, therefore, seem to be in favour of Abou-goosh as the true Emmaus. By eleven we entered Ramleh. Its towering minarets and its houses had been in sight even from our encampment. Here we saw the first mulberry in leaf. Those which we had seen in the Harem at Jerusalem were still leafless. Here was the prickly pear, gracefully tangled with creepers and parasitical plants; fields, also, of tall tobacco, in yellow flower. Here are two well-built mosques. Can they ever have been Christian churches? they seem to bear marks of that character; and the Church of St. Ann, at Jerusalem, is now a mosque, like other churches at Damascus and elsewhere. As we passed on the right towards Lyd, I noticed, on a smaller mosque, a dark-green, white-bordered flag on the roof. Here I believe some descendant of the Prophet is buried. Some Moslem priest, or rich man (as our Moslem servants represented to us), had probably killed a sheep, and called the poor people together to hear the Koran, and to pray. Turning to the left through a Moslem burial-ground, we ascended the tall tower of a ruined mosque, or mosque and khan attached to it. It was perhaps two hundred feet high, extremely solid and

strongly built. Cut off the top story, and make the whole of it hollow, instead of being filled with a solid stone staircase, and it would be not unlike some plainer Somersetshire tower of Henry the Seventh's time. From the top was a fine view across to the sandy desert toward Gaza, south, and over the plain of Sharon north and north-west. Lyd was north-east, Ginzo east, Lekbab north-east. Another town was under hills, beyond Lyd, a little to the right. By the tower is an old khan, like a convent. Below, are three large, arched underground crypts. I gave, here, a psalter, in Arabic, to a Christian boy, Awat, of about fifteen, hoping his younger brother, who was at school, might learn to read it. A young Moslem about the same age, who was standing near, directly tried to wrest it out of his hands. I told him it was a book for Nazrani; still he begged of me for another. About a quarter past twelve we rode on toward Lyd. Our path was quite close and narrow, with very thick, impenetrable, and almost overhanging eucalyptuses. In the fields were mulberries. Close to Lyd we lunched under an old olive. Here we noticed the first pomegranates and the first olives in flower. At Lyd is a ruined church, I suppose, of Mar Giras (St. George). The story we were told on the spot, of his martyrdom, was as follows:—Mar Giras was Bishop of Lyd: the king of Hauran sent for him. He went to him to pay taxes for Lyd. In Hauran they worshipped a golden calf (eglah). The king asked him of what country he was, and what religion? Mar Giras replied, "Not of your religion." Then he beheaded him. This narrative may serve as a rude specimen of local information, and local tradition. The apse of the church is, as usual, the chief part that

remains,* and is beautiful work, and admirable masonry. The Christians and Christian boys merrily crowded round us. Young Michael, a boy of fifteen, opened the church. They asserted that it was built the same time as the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. They said the people of Lyd were four or five thousand; the Christians three hundred. By half-past two we left Lyd for Jaffa. At a quarter to four, Beth-degel (Beth-dagon.—Dr. Wilson) was on our right. Various Christians going up to the Greek Easter at Jerusalem greeted us on our way with Salâms of the hand and head, with "Bona sera," and with Mâsalâmeh (with peace). By a quarter-past four the fragrance of orange-flowers from the right told us we were nearing Jaffa. Here, too, was the unusual sight hitherto, of several hundred small oxen grazing. On our left were twelve yoke of oxen, ploughing and sowing with a kind of carving-knife plough, and funnel-like seed vessel, both being accomplished with one and the same instrument. About one hour before Jaffa, were plentiful gardens of young orange trees on our right, fringed with mulberry, cactus, and tamarisk. Then on our left, pomegranate gardens; then on our right, oranges, fringed with peach, quince, and roses. Below, in some spots, were water-melons. Then came large gemaiz, the sycamore of Scripture, with vines trained over them. By five we had arrived at the crowded gate,

* Maundrell expresses his surprise at noticing the altar and east end of ruined churches in Syria being almost invariably the only portion remaining. They were, however, usually built first, and consequently, perhaps strongest, and with most care. Thus, also, at the present day, it is customary in church-building to commence with the foundation stone at the south-east angle.

and fortified walls of Jaffa—the port of Solomon—the first refuge of Jonah—the abode, or rather lodging place, of Peter. Jaffa has now only one gate, and *that gate is towards Jerusalem*. We called on Dr. Kayat, the English Consul ; he was unwell, but his brother kindly welcomed us, and afterwards showed us Simon's lodging-house by the sea-side. It bears every probability. It is on the sea-side, some height above it; is very old, as to its foundations; has a deep well, and ancient tank with three openings, such as is used in tanning.

On *Sunday, April 21st*, we went at eleven to Dr. Kayat's for English Church service. There was a little congregation of about twenty in his house. All was in English, except the lessons, these Dr. Kayat read in Arabic. He has a nice little family : Habib, aged nine, and Mary Anne, Angelina, Frank, and Louisa, younger. In the afternoon his wife, and brother, and children, came to our tents, and joined our service. Afterwards we went to a neighbouring orange-garden of extreme beauty and luxuriance. The owner is the Belgian Consul, a native of Jaffa ; he seems to take much pleasure in his garden, pruning and irrigating his trees himself. I asked how many trees in his garden ; his answer was, "A thousand two hundred." This, I apprehend, meant grown and fruit-bearing trees. Most of them were laden and weighed down with fruit. The season lasts from October round until June. On the same tree we saw flowers and green oranges, and also ripe fruit. There were also a few young pomegranates. The orange trees were covered with blossom : they quite scented the air round our tents each night.

Monday, April 22nd. After again visiting and taking our leave of the kind Kayats, we left Jaffa about ten. The Kayats said there were about fifty Jews (nine families?) and three hundred Christians. Jaffa is, I believe, stated at twelve thousand; but Dr. K. said that within the city itself and in the environs, together, there were probably not less than twenty thousand. I purchased, here in the bazaar, for six piastres (about 1s. 2d.), a common girdle of red leather, to gird myself with, Dr. K. recommending it against dysentery. It was not an expensive remedy, and also commended itself as a Scripture emblem, especially in the case of Jeremiah. Leaving Jaffa, we had beautiful pomegranate gardens on either side of our sandy road; then young plantations of mulberries on our right. Dr. K. has, I believe, considerably promoted this latter culture. Passing by Sheikh Awan, and Kham Waniès, we made, at one o'clock, a right-angled turn to our left at Labba. At eleven P.M., we passed Ella, with ancient fortified bridge, and very plentiful stream. Here, in this abundant stream, was the finest papyrus I ever saw, much finer than about Assouan and in Nubia. At three, Migdol, an old fortification, was on our right, and Jala—Rais al selaih, Jaljûne, or Jaljûle (Wilson, Gilgal)—was close on our left. At half-past four we encamped among olives and figs at beginning of mountains, under the village of Khabla. Here were many very brilliant-plumaged birds, somewhat resembling the plumage both of a goldfinch and woodpecker, and about the size of a thrush. They loved the fig gardens. The plain of Sharon, crossed to-day, was rich and beautiful with various flowers. Still more so, our journey among the hills.

At eight o'clock, *Tuesday morning*, on leaving Khabla, many of the Fellahin got round us ; for we were near a village, and near a well, and strangers here are rare. Poor people ! they insisted that Arabic was the best language, because the Koran was written in it. I replied, that our Koran—the Koran of us Christians, was now in every language. A. told them the history of the division of tongues, from Genesis xi. I expressed my best wishes, coldly received, that all of them might know and believe in our Seidna Isa.

Our road from Khabla winding among mountains was rich and extremely beautiful. The hills were covered either with olives, or with a profusion of small oak (resembling brushwood), and other lesser shrubs. Here abounded numberless wild flowers, such as the blue star of the chicory, tall spiral purple salvias, the pink beautiful cyclamen nestling under rocks, and tall grass, pink, and also white cistuses : here also were tall wild hollyhocks, of a bright pink, and eight or ten feet high. Here also we found sweet woodbine. At ten we passed on our left a path turning up to Azdom, an old-looking town, cresting a hill about half a mile off. Here were oxen ploughing, or rather scratching, the rocky, fertile, red ground. About half-past eleven we saw a snake, probably a poisonous one, bounding away from our path : it was about half a yard long, very slim and thin, and of a reddish brown colour. It had hardly hid itself in the grass and flowers, when I noticed a very large white and brown eagle fly with a larger snake (as it appeared) in its beak to the top of a tall olive-tree on our right. Now Saphoà appeared on a hill before us on our right ; near us were olive-trees

covered, as afterwards at Nablous, with mistletoe. Below us lay a wide expanse of bearded wheat in full ear. Here, too, we saw the first ripening barley; it was already white to the harvest. At three P.M. Genàid was on a hill on our right; the sea was still in view behind us, beyond the plain of Sharon, when, crossing an eminence, we came in sight of Nablous, with its olive and mulberry gardens. Gerizim rose above it with olives on our right; Ebal with cactuses on our left. We passed on to the house of Aoödy Azàm, who keeps a school here, not as that at Salt, under the Greek Patriarch, but in connection with Bishop Gobat. The school, which has about thirty-three children, was just broken up, so we went to Mr. A.'s house, attended by Hanah, one of the boys. Thence, not finding him at home, we went on to Jacob's Well. It is about half an hour along the valley, amid lentils, and barley fields, and ruined conduits. Two large stones lie over the upper mouth of it. These being removed, we descended into a dark arched chamber, standing east and west, about sixteen feet by eight. Here we found a narrow opening down in the north east side. Stones which we threw down were about eight or nine seconds before they reached the water. Its depth is said by Maundrell to be thirty-five yards, by Wilson, &c., seventy-five feet. Hence we passed on to the Tomb of Joseph. Three Jewish pilgrims were just leaving it. It is covered with Hebrew inscriptions. Two principal ones are, one of the builder, the other of the repairer of the tomb. They quote Genesis, xl ix., "Joseph is a fruitful bough;" and state they did it for the love of God, the honour of Joseph the righteous. This may serve in some measure to illustrate the words of our Saviour in St.

Matt. xxiii. 29. The expression "the honour of Joseph the righteous," is probably parallel to that in Genesis, xxxi. 53. "Jacob sware by the fear of his father Isaac." The meaning being, in the one case, "whom Joseph the righteous honoured," and in the other, "whom his father Isaac feared." One of the Jewesses we noticed here was aged, and leaned on a staff. There was also a Jew who by his fur head-dress was German. They probably came from Jerusalem and were going to Tiberias. As we passed through Nablous to-day, crowds of young children cried "Tâhliâh," which, I believe, nearly answers to "Look there!" The grown-up people again and again checked and silenced them. In Nablous there are said to be forty-one Samaritan families, "Shàmri," and one hundred and five Nazràni, Greek Christians.

Wednesday, April 24th. After a beautiful moonlight encampment among olive-trees, above the Nablous gardens of walnut, mulberry, fig, and pomegranate, we proceeded before eight this morning to Aoôdy Azàm's school. We went by many steps to what was quite an upper room, clean, and nice, and airy.

Here was the delightful sight of about twenty-four school-children, many of them nice-looking and intelligent, and all sitting round on the floor, with their little desks on the floor before them. They seemed all to be reading either the Bible or Testament, or the little ones the Psalter in Arabic. Four boys, called up, read to me, and answered questions. Isa, aged eight, read John, x. 1-18, and answered satisfactorily. Ibrahim, aged ten, read Exodus, ii. 1-12. His answer to "Whom did

Moses kill?" was, "A Cairo man."* Hanah, a boy aged ten, read Matt. ii. 1-12. Asked whether the people of Jerusalem were pleased at what the wise men said, his answer was, "No, they were very cross." Lastly, little Saliba, aged five, read Psalm i. We left seventeen piastres to be divided among the scholars, and a neat little Arabic Psalter for the best boy. Their teacher, who seems efficient, is Jacoob Ben Halil El Moùsay.†

From this school we went through a strange dark series of picturesque arches of dim winding streets to the Samaritan Church. We ascended a narrow flight of steps to a roof court, where stood two good-sized orange-trees in full flower. They filled the court with their fragrance. The church is a rude, irregular, vaulted room, with a kind of screened ark or altar at the east recess. It is screened off with a large thick curtain of green and gold silk brocade. A little boy, named Hadar, being a Cohen, (priest) and aged ten, showed us an old roll of the Pentateuch, very neatly written. It was covered up in thick

* Properly, however, Egypt is Masr (Mizraim—Gen. x. 6). Throughout the Old Testament, Mizraim is invariably the name both of Egypt and of the Egyptians. Cairo is Masr, but, for distinction, Masr Medinah. Agreeably to this mode of appellation, the Arabs of Egypt and Syria have a considerable inclination to call England "Belad Londria," the Land of London.

† The value and importance of these and similar schools, connected with the Greek and other Oriental churches, can scarcely be over-rated. We can hardly suppose that Scripture can be extensively read by them, and habitually studied, without eventually producing a reformation among them. And as it is well and concisely said, in the Church Missionary Report of the years 1849-50, p. 89, "Mahometanism at large would be vanquished by the reformation of the Eastern churches."

green silk, with Samaritan letters in gold. It was very old, but evidently not *the* old one. They show the old one three times a-year. Some travellers profess to have seen it. We did not. Several other Samaritan boys, handsome, and with rather fair Jew-like faces, were in the church; their names were, Hadar, the little priest, Saad, two Jacobs, Jami, Fayàd, Baran, &c. Also a little girl, named Salha (query Sarah).

Leaving Nablous at half-past nine, we had Betaiba (query Betharba) crowning a hill on our left, and Betaisa, a little below Betaiba. At twelve, we came in sight, at almost the same moment, of Samaria and the sea. The sea was in blue distance over the blue and sand-brown plain of Sharon; Samaria, Subastè, was about one mile off on the opposite hill. Its principal feature is the apse of a ruined church; the hill below is covered with olives and cactus hedges, and bearded wheat. In the valley is a ruined bridge or aqueduct. Ascending the steep rocky hill, we noticed the beautiful architecture and masonry of the church. There is a centre and two side aisles. Round the centre apse is a beautiful broad border of scrolls, palm-branches, leaves, &c.; below are capitals, not unlike some of the rich leafy capitals of York Minster. Part of the church is a Mahometan school of about twenty children; part a Mahometan tomb. The church is about one hundred or one hundred and ten feet by thirty or forty feet; its height, probably, was fully forty. Part of the area of the church is now ploughed; cactuses are there, and one fig-tree. Robinson, I believe, attributes this church to the Knights of St. John. It appears probably of that date, and is said to be dedicated to St. John

the Baptist. We lunched under a cool fig-tree, among the many upright but simple pillars of old Samaria, that crown the top of the hill. The irises here covered the ground; they were four feet or four feet and a half in the stalk, their flowers of a beautiful blue, and pencilled; I think they were perhaps the finest wild-flowers I ever saw. We were told there were only three Christian families in Subastè. The number of Mahometans I do not know, but it appears only a small village.

Leaving Samaria at half-past two, we passed the low-lying village of Bet-imri at a quarter to three. Here are plenty of waters. At a quarter to four, we regained the main road from Nablous to Nazareth, and descended a rocky road towards Geba (pronounced Jabba). A native of Geba on horseback saluted and accompanied us; I asked him how long to wheat-harvest? He said twenty or thirty days. He inquired whether we came "min-balad-Londria," and asked the name of our Sultan. I replied we had a queen for our sultan, and her name Victoria; I then told him about the royal children, and about the Queen and her husband reading the Bible daily. I asked whether there were any Christians in Geba. I understood him to say that the sheikh of the village was a Christian. We now soon passed under Geba, which lies on a hill, and there parted. Under Geba and around it are plentiful olive-grounds; below they are watered for onions. Water here is evidently a constant spur to cultivation. At a quarter to five we passed under Sanoor; its walls are renovated since 1847. There was a large expanse of water standing in the lower part of the plain below Sanoor, and on its edge were hundreds of cranes and storks. By

a quarter past five we came in sight of the hills of Nazareth before us, beyond the broad plain of Esdrael. There lay part of the Kishon, now shining in the sinking sun. To our left lay the long line of Carmel. By seven, P.M., we reached Genin.

Thursday, April 25th, St. Mark's Day. After a short interview with a son of Hòrè Sakèr, (Priest Sakeèr) of Birkeen, to whose father I had a letter from Aoödy Azàm of Nablous, we set out at half-past eight, intending to ascend Tabor, and to pitch this evening at its foot. Orange and quince gardens, with cactus hedges and one or two palms, make Genin cheerful and beautiful, to say nothing of a pure stream of bright clear water.

We passed, skirting, or rather crossing, the eastern side of the valley of Jezreel, through luxuriant miles of clear wheat-fields. In front, rather on our right, were the bare, brown hills of Gilboa, and direct before us what is by some called "Little Hermon." On our left, under Carmel, were Birkeen, a mile and a half distant, and Rimmon (probably Hadad-rimmon,*) close by, to the right of Birkeen. Today, moreover, we expect to see Endor and Nain, and to pass Jezreel and Shunem. The name Jezreel is one of much interest. We are too apt, perhaps, merely to associate it in our thoughts with Ahab and Jezebel. It has, however, a far higher relation, and though not synonymous, is evidently cognate, in the language of Hosea, with the honoured name of Israel. See Hosea, i. 10-11; ii. 21-23; succeeding to the threatenings contained in chap. i. 4, 5.

* Zech. xii. 11. 2 Chron. xxxv. 20-25.

FROM BEYROUT, OVER LEBANON TOWARDS DAMASCUS.

May 3, 1850.

(See Ezekiel, xlv. xvii. xlviij.)

LORD, Thy promised land anew
 Soon to Israel's tribes divide,
 Placing each in order due,
 From the east to western side.

Fair their portion, fair their lot,
 Wide-spread vales, and mountains free,
 Many a rich well-watered spot,
 Down to yonder tideless sea.

From the height of Lebanon,
 Dan the northward border keeps;
 Hamath's coast shall be his own,
 And Berothah's sea-girt steeps.

Asher next and Naphtali,
 Each with fertile portions blest,
 And Manasseh, bordering nigh,
 Shall enjoy the promised rest.

As own brethren, face to face,
 Ephraim shall Manasseh prize;
 Reuben, first of Jacob's race,
 Nearest to the centre lies.

Happy Judah—for to thee
 Lines in pleasant places fall;
 Near the temple thou shalt be,
 Still on Him “thy praise”* to call.

* Deut. x. 21.

Happier ye of Zadok's line,
 Priests before the Lord to stand ;
 Your's the ministry divine,
 Your's the holy central land.*

With the Levites waiting there,
 Pardoned now from former guilt,
 Your's shall be the altar's care,
 Where the hallowed blood is spilt.

Blest employment of your days !
 In the heaven-measured temple there,
 Offering still the voice of praise,
 And sweet sacrifice of prayer.

East and west, on either side,
 From the river to the sea,
 By the oblation spreading wide,
 Shall the prince's portion be.†

Benjamin to Judah near,
 As of old, shall still be found,
 Severed by one link most dear—
 By the oblation's sacred bound.

Simeon, scattered now no more,
 Holds near Issachar his lot ;
 Zebulon, with southward shore,
 Northern havens envies not.

Gad, from Tamar's palmy plain,
 Well shall guard the southern coast ;
 Hallowed streams shall flow again,
 Where man's strife God's bounties crossed.‡

* Ezek. xliv. 10-16. † Ezek. xlvi. 1, 7. ‡ Ezek. xlvii. 19.

Soon, from each and all of these,
Within Zion's gates and towers,
Shall arise one song of praise,
“ Lo, a city strong as ours !” *

There the astonished nations round
Shall a righteous nation see ;
All within that hallowed bound,
Every soul shall righteous be.†

Resting on God's faithful word,
Zion's truth shall never cease ;
All instructed by the Lord,
Great shall be her children's peace.‡

* Isaiah, xxvi. 1, 2. † Micah. vii. 16 ; Isaiah, lx. 21.

‡ Isaiah, liv. 13.

CHAPTER XIII.

"As the people pressed upon Him to hear the Word of God, He stood by the Lake of Genesaret, and saw two ships standing by the lake. * * * And he entered into one of the ships, which was Simon's, and prayed him that he would thrust out a little from the land. And he sat down and taught the people out of the ship."—
ST. LUKE, v. 1-3.

"Go not away, thou weary soul,
Heaven has in store a precious dole,
Here on Bethsaida's cold and darksome height,
Where, over rocks and sands, arise
Proud Sirion in the northern skies,
And Tabor's lonely peak 'twixt thee and noon-day light ;
And far below, Genesaret's main
Spreads many a mile of liquid plain,
Though all seem gathered in one eager bound."

CHRISTIAN YEAR.

OUR journey to-day across the eastern edge of the Valley of Jezreel, and on by Shunem to Mount Tabor, which, in the afternoon we ascended, was one of no little interest, abounding, as it did, in Scriptural associations. At nine, Makâbléh was before us on our right ; at half-past nine, Calàmèh close on a hill on the left. At a quarter past ten, Géretin (Jezreel) was before us on a gentle ascent a little on the left. I asked our sheikh, " How many hours from hence, if there was a direct road to Carmel ? " He said

there was no straight road. “But if there was, then how many hours direct from here to Carmel?” He thought a little, and then answered “Ten.” This, by mules, would make it from thirty to thirty-five miles, even supposing, what is not very probable, a direct course; therefore Elijah’s running seems to have been by a miraculous strength, (1 Kings, xviii. 46.) The Cairo fore-runners are famous; but I never heard of their running more than twenty miles, and often they get up behind the chariot, if it goes very fast. At half-past ten we saw Nazareth, white on the distant hills on the left before us. At half-past eleven we passed through the cheerless and dirty-looking little village of Jezreel. Jezreel has a good central vale position, and commands the north. By twelve, Shùlam (Shunem) was straight before us under the hills. It was about a mile and a half off, and had a sunny, cheerful aspect, surrounded with cactus hedges. As we drew nearer, these hedges showed themselves remarkably high and strong; they enclose well-cultivated gardens of fig, pomegranate, mulberry, apricot, and orange. Riding through the village, I heard the hum of bees, and noticed a range of bee-hives, in appearance like a mud-wall, against one of the cottages. Many children cried after us in sport “Hàdji Bâba, masriah,” (O pilgrims, one parah—one farthing.) Shunem contains perhaps about thirty cottages. We lunched under a fig-tree, in a garden of figs and pomegranates: part of it was planted with small tobacco plants. The garden was surrounded with high, impenetrable hedges of cactus. Here we sung our usual grace, read 2 Kings, iv. 8-37, and viii. 1-6, and then rode on somewhat fast over the plain after our mules, now, perhaps, a good mile

before us. Ascending a little, we had a noble view of the fertile corn-plain of Jezreel, from whence perhaps its name, "the sowing of God." (See Hosea, ii. 22, 23.) There was also in view a bend or pool of the Kishon. At about a quarter past one Hermon appeared in the distance before us, with its broad snowy ridge shining in the sun, and with white clouds above it, and then upon it. By a quarter before two we passed Nain, leaving it perhaps about one mile on our right. It consists apparently of about thirty houses, situate on a little jutting point of the hill. Old Nain was possibly on the round conical hill, a quarter of a mile below. At three we reached the village Daboorah, named, as has been frequently supposed, from the prophetess. (See Judges, iv. 4-14.) From Daboorah, with an Arab Fellah, with a gun taken for the purpose from his house in Debooreh, we began to ascend Mount Tabor on the north side. To our left were beautiful undulating hills, covered, like a park in dear England, with a kind of forest oak, called "baloot" in Arabic. These, with two kinds of trees somewhat resembling evergreen oak, were also sprinkled on the side of Tabor where we were. There was also a beautiful white flowering tree, its blossoms something between seringa and the snowdrop tree. Our Arab guide called it "Habar." There was likewise a kind of sumach called "Batoùm." Rue, in yellow flower, grew in profusion, and there was a great variety of low underwood, of wild grapes and flowers. Here again I noticed wild holly-hocks. This mountain (Tabor) is richly covered with verdure and foliage, like no other I know. It forms, as the Mount of Transfiguration, if it be so, a striking contrast to the bare rugged grandeur of Gibel Mousè. In an hour and

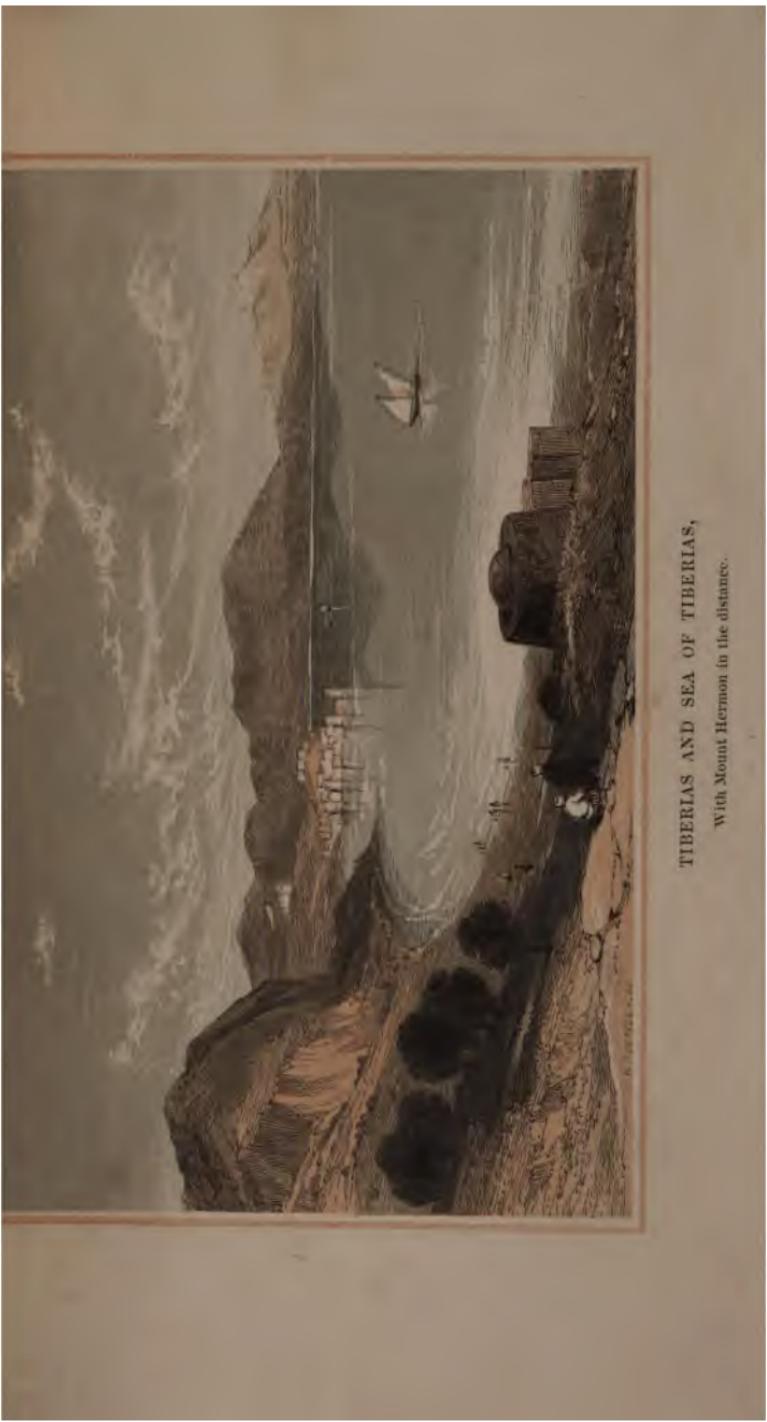
five or ten minutes we reached the summit. Here are the ruins of a well-built town.* A deep, cool, excavated well of rock water is near it. From the top, having read Psalm lxxxix. 1-30, we looked round upon the extensive and interesting view around us. Hermon, now clouded over, lay to the north; Tiberias, and its lake, in the deep hollow, eastward; Endor, below distant hills, south-south-east; Gibal Shaban (the hills of Bashan), south-east; Nain, nearly south of us, or south-south west; Gilboa was south-west; and the hills of Nazareth, west; Saphet lay high and white north-north-west. We descended, after nearly an hour on the top. As we descended this rich forest hill, the evening lights were beautiful. Glad were we to see our three blue tents pitched ready for us close to the foot of the mountain, near some green barley and cactus; and, tired as we were, we were still more glad to reach them. Altogether, it had taken us about three and a half hours, and well indeed had it repaid us. We heard some young jackals, but did not see any; we had seen a very large one, as large, I think, as our largest English dogs, near Genin last evening.

April 26th, Nazareth. We reached this place, from Tabor and Tiberias about eight this evening. From Da-

* Willibald, who visited Palestine A.C. 722, speaks of a monastery and church here, dedicated to our Lord, and Moses, and Elijah. Maundeville (1322 A.D.) speaks of several churches all destroyed. Bertrandon (1432 A.D.) says:—"The summit is terminated by an almost circular plain of about two bow-shots in length and one in width. It was formerly enclosed within walls, the ruins of which, and the ditches, are still visible; within the wall, and around it, were several churches."

boorch we set out at half-past eight, A.M., and skirting the north foot of Mount Tabor, we passed among "baloot" forest trees, a kind of ever-green oak, and brushwood and underwood of extreme beauty. The ground was covered with tall grass, with tall rue in yellow flower among the underwood. Here and there was the tall blue campanula and pink cystus. At half-past nine, Tabor, now green, and beautifully sprinkled with dark green foliage, rose on our right, rather behind us. By a quarter to ten we passed a ruined fortress, and khan, called Khanet Hussân. Here were thirty very small black and red oxen, by a pool; soon after we passed seventy more, small, and black. Two yokes were ploughing. Gibel Hattèn (called, also, Mount of the Beatitudes) showed now its double conical crest on our left, and by a quarter to twelve, the northern part of the sacred lake opened upon us as we rounded a gentle hill on our right. In a quarter of an hour more, the towered walls of the castle of Tiberias (Tâbaria) came in sight, and in another quarter of an hour we had before us its ruined town walls, its mosque, and three dwindled palms. Four German Jews, one with a book under his left arm, were wandering through the barley fields, in ear, but still green. On the left, under the castle walls, were five or six black and brown Bedouin tents of goat's hair. As we passed the small western gate, two Bedouin boys (perhaps from twelve to fourteen) were busying and amusing themselves in pulling down, with a small pick-axe, the gateway arch, which forms part of the town wall. It put me somewhat in mind of Psalm cxxxvii. 7. The edge of the lake is here all along extremely clear, clean, and pebbly. We proceeded along the water's edge to





TIBERIAS AND SEA OF TIBERIAS,
With Mount Hermon in the distance.



TIBERIAS AND SEA OF TIBERIAS,

With Mount Hermon in the distance.

As once, from opening clouds,
 Manna Thy people fed ;
 So here to listening crowds
 Thou gavest living bread :

Where flowers yon waters meet,
 Hid truths Thou didst unfold,
 More precious and more sweet
 Than honey or than gold.

Here Peter's broken net
 The preacher's weakness shows ;
 Thy power before him set,
 He sought to hide sin's woes.

" Depart from me, O Lord ;
 A sinful man am I."
 Scared at Thy powerful word,
 Such still the heart's deep cry.

Soon comfort came, then strength ;
 Now Thou forbid'st his fear ;
 Risen from the grave at length,
 Again they find Thee here ;

No more their net shall break
 For fifty thrice and three ;
 When bold Thy word they speak,
 Nations shall gathered be.*

Aid Thou Thy priests, O Lord,
 Wisely Thy net to cast ;
 All seasons suit Thy word,†
 Till life's long night is past.

* John, xxi. 11. † 2 Tim. iv. 2.

Returning along the edge of the lake, we passed through Tiberias ; it appears full of German Jews. One of them, on my inquiring of him, said there were there five hundred — meaning, probably, heads of families. As we passed out through the gate, I noticed the first olive-tree we had as yet seen, in quite full flower. Though small, and only a slightly lighter green than the leaf itself, it gave the tree a rich and beautiful appearance. Ascending, we saw, at a quarter to four, the white-looking town of Safet in full view upon the western side of the mountain, far off on our right.* At a quarter to five we passed two

* The destruction which befel this city by the terrible earthquake (January 1st, 1837), is perhaps almost unparalleled. At that time Safet was occupied by five or six thousand Jews, a large majority of whom are supposed to have perished in that tremendous overthrow. Safet was so closely and compactly built upon the very steep mountain side, that, as tier above tier, and terrace upon terrace of houses rose up, the solid flat roofs of the lower houses formed the streets of the higher ones. Thus the earthquake threw street upon street, the highest falling on the second, and both, more or less, upon the third, and so on, in succession, to the bottom. Hence, from this peculiar construction of the city, the loss of life was immense. Most of the houses were thrown down in the space of a few seconds, and thousands were buried under the accumulated heaps of ruins. The shock was severely felt at Tiberias, and as far south as Jerusalem. The house occupied there by Mr. Nicolayson, as he was sitting with Mrs. N. and their little child, was rent open, the domed roof over them suddenly opening, and disclosing the sky above them, and then closing up again as suddenly, without any further mischief, beyond great alarm and terror.

A remarkable circumstance occurred at Safet. A certain Jew, residing there with his family, warned his brethren on the morning of that day that an earthquake was about to take place, and begged them to flee for safety. Being only mocked at by them, he himself

wells ; on each there was a very large stone, forming also, a little circular trough. I asked our brave Komi, and he said it would take four or five men to move the stone off from the well's mouth. This, of course, reminded me forcibly of Genesis, xxix. 2, 3, 8. At about half-past five, an hour before sunset, three Bedouins rode up across our path. One rested his spear on the ground in a kind of act of defiance ; but owing, perhaps, to Komi's bravery, and our numbers, and above all, to the good providence of God, nothing came of it, though they followed us hard and close to the mountains. All the country about Tabor, and its surrounding forests and hills, to near Nazareth, is, I believe, more or less peopled with Bedouin Arabs. Komi, with his last Frank traveller, here came across the unburied corpse of a poor Jew, under the forest of Tabor, about six months previous. Before sunset we left the wheat and barley plain, and had on each side of us aged and young olives and figs, and fine pomegranates. We noticed here about fifty cranes flying homewards, to the setting sun ; several of them (perhaps all) kept their wings smooth and motionless for the space of seventy, eighty, and even ninety seconds. A little

then took his wife and family, and went out over against the city to await it. At nightfall nothing having occurred, he returned to his house again. Within half an hour after his return, the fearful overthrow took place ; his house fell, his wife and children were killed, and he himself crippled. The poor man, like some others of the small surviving remnant, afterwards left the scene of domestic desolation, and in 1845 was living in Jerusalem. Safet is now beginning to revive ; but there is scarcely, at the present time, a single person in the place who has not lost a friend, or, more commonly, many friends and relatives in that fearful visitation.

town and ruins were now close on our right. This was Kanà of Galilee. We stopped by a plentiful stream-well of good water. "Hence," said our stern Mahometan Komi, "Seidna Isa took the water to turn into wine." Here, by the water, was a finely-carved stone trough, with festoon ornaments. We passed Nubia on our right about seven. By half-past seven, the long-wished-for Nazareth appeared in the full moonlight to our right, and, by eight o'clock, we arrived at our tents, among olives, near the well of Nazareth.



NAZARETH.

Saturday, April 27th. At half-past nine, went into Nazareth to the Latin convent. In the outer court are two Arabic schools; the lower, kept by a female, had about twenty-five little scholars, very little folks. These seemed to know little more than their Arabic letters and first syllables. The upper school was kept by an apparently in-

telligent man in Oriental dress. In this were about fifty scholars. One little fellow, named Awat, read to me Psalm cxxv., and another of the Songs of Degrees. Another boy, still less, spelt out Psalm vi., and part of Psalm vii. From the school we went into the church, which has its grotto, the house of Joseph, &c. The church has above a venerable choir. On a label suspended from a massive polygonal reading desk is written—

LAVS TIBI DNE
REX AENE GLRLÆ.

Here, too, is a fine organ—an extreme rarity in this country. As yet I know of none nearer than Malta. On this, after the monk had played one or two beautiful pieces, T. played "But thou didst not leave," and "The heavens are telling." A. then played some sacred piece, and afterwards "Litchfield" and the evening hymn tune. Then H. played "Shirland." Passing through Nazareth the children again struck us as cleaner, better educated, and better behaved than the generality of Syrian children. I left a little present in the two schools—two and a half piastres in the lower, five piastres in the upper—for the two best scholars in each, three and two, and one and a half and one. Our Askar attendant, the Bedouin who was to conduct us across Esraelon and the Kishon to Carmel, was as yet unarmed, as he rode with us through the streets of Nazareth. But he soon caught up at the convent gate a long bamboo spear, about nine feet in length, and as we went over the hill, his little niece ran after him, to bring him a long dagger-like knife.

At Nazareth, and elsewhere in Syria, we saw the ankle

ings, usually of silver, worn by the women, and also nose jewels,* *i.e.*, a kind of buckle, which covers, or rather bridges the nose, and joins the head-dress to that part of the dress which covers the lower portion of the face, the eyes only being visible. Almost all the children had circles of money in their caps according to their riches or poverty: silver, gold, or brass—silver coins were most frequent. This was particularly observable at Nazareth; many children there, *e.g.*, from the age of eight or ten, to twelve, fourteen, or fifteen, had rows of coin in their caps of sixty or eighty, or even one hundred or one hundred and fifty pieces of money. The money is mostly thin, and is pierced for the purpose.

The sound of the millstones which we saw in Nazareth and heard in one or more of the streets in Jerusalem, is a clear, light, cheerful, ringy sound; it is much more musical, ringing, and cheerful,† than I expected. It has a peculiar musical kind of tingle, and it was a cheerful sight to see the two women, as at Nazareth, sitting upon the ground in the court of the house, and joining together to prepare the daily morning and evening meal. Their labour seemed to employ their eyes far less than their hands; they gazed at us not a little, but their work still went on as before.

Ascending the hill behind Nazareth, we noticed many splendid irises not yet open. May not these have been the lily of Matt. vi. 28? We were struck with the healthiness of the air. I could well believe that the air of Jerusalem and Nazareth is among the finest in the world. Here is a noble and extensive view on all sides. En-dor, and over

* Isaiah, iii. 21. † Jeremiah, xxv. 10; Revelations, xviii. 22.

it, the mountains of Gerâsh and Ajlùn were to the south-east; Nain, about south under Gilboa; Kanâ was east; Safet, high east-north-east. Acre was behind olive-sprinkled hills to the north-west. As we came down, I noticed, a little below the ridge, a small vineyard of low-laid white-leaved vines. Their leaves resembled those so common upon farm-houses and nice cottages in Gloucestershire and Somersetshire. By half-past eleven the beautifully situate village, called Ammûk Bey, was perhaps one-third of a mile below us on our left. It contains, perhaps, fifteen houses, with palms, pomegranate gardens, mulberries, figs, &c., in a lovely nook. I here asked Achmet, our guard soldier to Mount Carmel, how many people in Nazareth. His answer was as follows:—"Three thousand Moslems and Nasari together; three hundred Fellahin; one hundred of us Howara Bedouins; Nazràni, two thousand six hundred." I asked, "are any Howara Christian?" "No," said Achmet, "all of us with gun and spear. Christians write accounts, &c., but can't fight."

By half-past one, the long ridge of Carmel, well covered with trees, was before us; we now passed two villages, one a ruin-like mound, another on a brow descending towards the west. Both these appear to be called "Megida" (Megiddo). About three, P.M., we ascended a sloping hill of the plain, with rock and tall grass; it was beautifully sprinkled with "baloot" trees, like a park in England. Here, winding through upland forest, we passed eighteen camels laden with cotton from Nablous. Now it was that Carmel's beauty, opening before us, showed itself under the sun—a rich and richly-wooded hill. Sheikh Barék was on our left, a mile and a half off,

on rising ground. Has this anything to do with Barak? (Judges, v. 15, 19, 20.) At half-past three, we passed a small village mound, Hattiah. The Kishon we saw winding in the now narrowed plain below. Carmel's woody slopes were now near. At a quarter to four, our horses waded through a furlong of marsh. Then we crossed the Kishon, a clear and somewhat rapid stream, here not more than about twenty feet broad. Oleanders, tall mullein in yellow flower, the pink water violet, and deep grass here mark its banks, which here are, perhaps, only six or eight feet deep. At a quarter past four we passed Arbadj, a mound rising on our right, a mile and a half off, probably ancient. The roots of Carmel being now only one furlong off, the mountain discloses, in its opening ridges, far receding forests, quite thick with "baloot." Before five, Yadjoor—very small village. By five, Balad Es Sheikh—a large and rather well-built village on left—young olives and bean-fields ripening, one or two figs, palms, and pomegranates. At half-past five we re-crossed the Kishon, with clear plentiful springs from under rock. Many tortoises were nimbly swimming in it, and little fish. Above were small carubbas. Now we saw Acre between masts of shattered ships, its white domes shining in the evening sun. Eight large vessels and ten or twelve boats lay in the blue bay. Nearer us were more than one hundred palms, among gardens of luxuriant pomegranate, fig, lemon, and olive. Below were melon-gardens, and wild irises in the Moslem burial-ground, up to the walls of Caiafa. Passing Caiafa, the little sea-port, the Carmel convent comes into view. Through aged olives and holyhocks, and various wild flowers, we rode up

in haste before nightfall. A bell sounded for some evening prayers as we ascended. It was, I think, the first we had heard since Malta, except a very small one at Jerusalem. We reached the convent just before dark.

Sunday, April 28th. We remained in the convent. It has now only nine monks : they consider themselves of older than apostolic origin—successors of Elisha's school, and of the “sons of the prophets.” From just above the convent, mainly re-built about ten years ago, there is a magnificent view of the sea northward, westward, and southward, also of the sea-ward part of the valley of Megiddo, and hills north as far as the snows of Hermon and Lebanon. We walked down the mountain in the afternoon to the cave of Elisha ; it is a fine chamber in the rock ; its size is about forty-five feet by twenty-two or twenty-four ; its height perhaps sixteen or eighteen feet.* Near this spot, in a garden, we had our evening service, under a spreading fig-tree, beginning now to cast its first ill-ripened figs.

On *Monday, April 29th*, we left our nice, clean apartments in the convent, and at half-past eight started on our way for Beyrouth, thirty-one or thirty-three hours distant. As we went down, the hill-side on our right was covered with small carubbas, various kinds of oak (not English), and underwood. Below were rue, in yellow flower, a kind of wild lavender, and wild thyme, tall pink holyhocks, pink

* Tischendorff speaks of the caves and caverns upon Mount Carmel as amounting to nearly two thousand : these, he says, were once the resort of hermits, and the refuge of the persecuted.

cystuses, &c. &c. Lower down, as far as to the plain, were large olives. Hermon was before us, streaked with snow. After the little sea-port Caiafa, we crossed, at a quarter past nine the river Kishon at the sea. It is here a rapid stream, about fifty feet wide, and not less, where forded, than four feet deep. By half-past eleven we were under the landward fortifications of Acre. Many magazines within the gate are turned into bazaar shops. At one we lunched near some orange gardens, under tamarisk and zinzalagh trees, now in sweet lilac flower. An old aqueduct here strides across the plain, first with one hundred and fifteen arches, some of them thirty feet high. Afterwards come seventy, and eighteen lower ones, then many more (perhaps fifty), which I did not count. At a quarter past four we passed the spot of our former camp three years ago. Two tents were there now. By six we reached the plentiful stream at Khan Nahoora, and encamped there near the sea.

April 30th, Tuesday. To-day, having read Ezekiel, xxvi. and xxvii., and also Acts, xxvii., we set out at eight. By half-past eleven we came to Ras-el-Ain, a remarkably plentiful spring or springs, the old supply of Tyre. The wells or fountains are built up so as to be twenty-five or thirty feet deep. One has a raised octagonal cistern, about forty-feet across; a second is now an irregular hexagon, about twenty feet by thirty; the third is sixty feet square. These remarkable cisterns are said to have been built by Solomon for Hiram; their work, as to manner of material, &c., resembles, on a smaller scale, those between Hebron and Bethlehem. By one o'clock, we were among the

ruined heaps of sand-strewn Tyre. It contains now not more than 500 or 600 people, whereas Sidon has 1,500 or more. We were shown here the ruins, being eastern apses, of a very large Christian church, and several double and treble gigantic pillars of red granite, apparently from Egypt. A white rock was pointed out across the sea, perhaps two and a half or three miles distant, whence Alexander bridged across from rock to rock to come to the city. Young Michael, our guide, said also that Alexander brought all that sand (pointing to it), and made it a peninsula instead of an island. He also pointed out a broad tower a quarter or a third of a mile off, as Alexander's work. Shortly after, we lunched under tall tamarisks and zinzelaghts, close to this said tower. It is in part evidently very old, and the lower courses of stones are large and bevelled. By a quarter past five, we had returned into the main road, and crossed a deep, rapid stream, about twenty-five feet broad. By eight, we encamped at Antàra, three leagues from Sidon.

May 1st. Waking at half-past two, between three and four I bathed in the clear, warm sea by moonlight, about thirty or forty yards from our tents. K. and H. were on their way to Beyrout by half-past five; we set out soon after six. On leaving Antàra, or Boostan (the garden, or wood), Sarepta (Zarfath) was above us on the hills, about a mile to south-east. On our left, between us and the sea, was a garden, girt round with large tamarisks and zinzelaghts, in sweet lilac smelling flower. Ten or twelve elegant little plovers, or dotterills, black, grey, and white, were strutting on the sandy grass near the sea. We fell

in with some native travellers, who showed interest at our coming from Jerusalem. They call it, as by a proper name, "Shàrafieh," which Ibrahim explained as meaning "the first city in the world—none like it." Literally, it would, I suppose, mean "the noble city." At present, however, her own nobles deny her true nobility—her rightful aristocracy are wanting. An Italian traveller, however, said, candidly enough, "To admire Jerusalem, a man must be either religious or poetical. I am neither. I cannot say I admire Jerusalem." About a quarter past eight, we began to pass through the rich watered gardens of Sidon. Before starting at six this morning, we had read Ezekiel's prophecy relating to it. Chap. xxviii. 20-26. The seaports of Syria, especially as yet, despise Israel. Here are rich gardens of mulberry, fig, banana, lemon, orange, &c., with cactus hedges now beginning to show their large pale orange-coloured flowers. On our right was a large Moslem burial-ground, with zinzelaghts and irises both in flower. A flock of long-horned sheep were grazing in it. Some had the broad tails, like those we saw at Jaffa, ten or twelve inches broad, and including the wool, several inches more. Sidon appears rather flourishing: the people in the bazaars were well dressed. I noticed one Armenian here as well as at Tyre. Outside the gate of Sidon, I noticed a dyer of purple (scarlet) beating the dyed cloths with a fuller's club, a thick flat implement of wood, upwards of two feet in length, not unlike a plaice, if held by the tail. I could not help thinking of St. James's martyrdom; how humble and simple an instrument was to him the means of entrance into endless glory. At one, we crossed a broad stream, and still broader pebbly bed, covered with flower-

ing oleanders. At half-past two, we stopped at a khan by the wayside, and took first milk, then coffee. The milk, though sour, was extremely refreshing ; it was quite fresh and thick like cream. Its taste was like the richest fresh milk or cream, with a small portion of lemon. It is, I believe, the butter of Scripture, such as, together with milk, was offered by Jael to the wearied Sisera (*Judges, iv. 19 ; v. 25*). At a quarter to four, part of Lebanon appeared on our right ; about one hour later, a long white cloud, like an elongated turban, rested above the snowy ridge of Lebanon like an uplifted cap suspended over a head. One might suppose it a vast dewy exhalation, arising from large tracts of snow, spread out in the afternoon sunshine. By about half-past six, we reached Beyrout.

After receiving, delivering, and writing letters, &c., we left Beyrout again at two o'clock on *Friday, May 3rd*, for Lebanon, Balbec, and Damascus. The heat was intense. About half a mile out of the gates, we noticed the first woman we had seen with the singular horned head-dress of Lebanon ; the horn rose nearly straight from her head, it was of silver work, and about two feet high. It is regarded as a pledge and token of fidelity.* The same woman was carrying a child about three years old on her right shoulder. For more than an hour we passed through gardens of mulberries and olives ; here and there were zinzelaght trees with vines trained up them ; and in the hedges was woodbine in flower, and clematis not

* In cases of unchastity, the horn is returned to the wife's family. This is an intimation that the wearer is no more—that death has been the penalty of unfaithfulness.

yet in bloom. Soon after we had begun to ascend the rocky but fertile roots of Lebanon, we passed much myrtle with fresh green leaf, but not in flower. The ascent seemed almost endless, and very rough and rocky. By about six we passed many acres of low-laid vines, some in level rocky and stony fields, others along broad terraces. Sometimes the branches were trained on a fig; sometimes they ran along the broad walls of loose stone, bordering off field from field. By eight, it being now dark, we had reached our tents, one hour beyond Khan-el-Hussein, and made our first encampment on Lebanon. The scenes which we had passed to-day of fertile low-laid vineyards, with here and there a fig-tree rising among them, suggested the following lines upon St. Luke, xiii. 6, compared with St. Mark, xi. 13 :—

“A certain man had a fig-tree planted in his vineyard.”
“He found nought thereon, but leaves only.”

SEE the barren fig-tree stand,
Cumbering Israel’s fertile land ;
Nought is found thereon but leaves,
Hungering hope it but deceives.

Crumbling from the tiller’s spade,
Rich red earth is round it laid ;
Winds above its branches blow,
Strengthening to the roots below.

Safe the covering sheath protects
Leaves that early frosts might vex ;
Bright transparent green again
Opening to the latter rain.

Many a sun has risen and set,
Plenteous dews its boughs have wet;
Yet through all the bounteous year,
Nought but specious leaves appear.

Meanwhile fruitful vines around,
Shooting branches o'er the ground,
Hang their purple clusters bright,
Grateful to the genial light.

In that barren fig-tree see
Emblem sad, my soul, of thee;
Planted in a fruitful soil,
Nought rewards the Planter's toil.

Many a spreading vine around,
Lowlier than thyself is found;
While thou fill'st a higher space,
High in pride but not in grace.

O my soul, remember well
How the axe once round thee fell,
And in nine short months laid low
Three that dearest were below.*

Many and many a warning given,
Which should lead thy heart to heaven,
Slighted for the world has been;
Heeded not, though not unseen.

See'st thou how grey hairs are spread
Here and there upon thy head,

* The writer lost, by decline, two sisters, of nearly his own
and also his mother, all within the space of nine months.

Ere the sins of youth are past,
Or its follies from thee cast? *

As the untimely figs are strown
By the spring's first tempest down,
So to earth thine actions tend,
Rather than to Christ, their end.

And if any fruit appear
In due season of the year,
Small, late, tasteless, is it found,
Worthier some cold, barren ground.

Thou whose name is Branch † and Root,‡
Give me power to bear much fruit;
In Thee let me fruitful be,
Having all in having Thee.

Rise, O Thou unsetting Sun,
Shine upon Thy work begun,
Ripen Thou each fruit of grace,
In its time and in its place.

Freed from doubts, and cares, and fears,
Fruitful make my later years;
Age with Thee no winter knows, §
Fruitful make my life's last close.

Then Thy servant, Lord, remove
To Thy paradise above,
'Mid the trees of righteousness,||
Evermore Thy name to bless.

ii. 9. † Isaiah, iv. 2; Jer. xxiii. 5; Zech. vi. 12.
; xxii. 16. § Ps. xcii. 13, 14. || Isaiah, lx. 21, and lxi. 3.

CHAPTER XIV.

"The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box-tree together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary; and I will make the place of my feet glorious."—ISAIAH, lx. 13.

"Sweet is the harp of prophecy; too sweet
Not to be wronged by a mere mortal touch;
Nor can the wonders it records be sung
To meaner music, and not suffer loss."—COWPER.

May 4th. All last night, a strong but equable south-east wind blew and shook, but did not blow down, our tents. Here we must be apparently not less than four thousand feet above Beyrouth and the sea. We have a beautiful view of Beyrouth far off and far beneath us to the west, its white houses stretching out into the blue sea. At a quarter to eight, we set out, and still ascended. Snow was on our right, and still more on our left, which seemed only a little above us. The water of yesterday and to-day was deliciously cool and clear. On our left was a very deep hollow, like a narrow valley or broad ravine, the wide-spread hill-side of it was covered with firs like or the same as Italian pines. Low-laid vines were spread on the stony slopes on either side of us. They were usually spread out to the east or south-east; here they have no props. They remind me much of the

description, Ezekiel, xvii. 6. “The spreading vine of low stature,” referring to the humbled condition of Judah and her king Zedekiah. On our left were two villages far below us; the only appearance of their houses was flat, smooth, quadrangular slabs of brown stone, irregularly placed; of the houses themselves, their walls, doors, &c., we saw nothing. Soon after ten, we passed several large patches of snow below us, and close to us on our right. By noon, the wide corn-covered plain of Cæle-syria, (Arabic, Bekaa,) between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, opened before us; its fallows looked red and rich, like Cheshire or Shropshire rich red sandstone. The plain seems to extend north-west and south-east, and all looks cultivated; below us were mulberry-gardens surrounded with tall aspens; then low-spreading vineyards, with hedges of wild rose just coming out into flower. On our right, rose across and over the plain and nearer mountains, the long ridge of Hermon, (as part of Anti-Lebanon), thickly streaked with snow. At two, after lunching under the thick shade of an almond grafted with a pear, we rode for a furlong along the pebbly bed of a clear and plentiful stream from Lebanon. It was, beyond expression, refreshing even to walk our horses along it, and to get a little splashed by their steps in its clear cool waters. At four, after ascending to our left, the rich and picturesque valley of Zâkhali opened upon us. The people of Zâkhali are almost all Greek Catholics; a few are Maronites; they are remarkably handsome and well dressed. This is their Easter. The Greek Catholics, though adhering to the Church of Rome, appear to be allowed to retain their own Oriental time of Easter. Zâkhali is a very pretty spot, abundance

of rapid running water for mills, &c., quantities of tall slim poplars. Our tent was crowded round by people in their picturesque rich Easter costume all day long. The



ZAKHALI.

children were remarkably good-looking. As we were at breakfast, a young Syrian passed our tent with a water-jar tied to his breast; he stooped gracefully to pour out of it into cups of blue glass, both his hands being thus at liberty. The drink was deliciously cold. It was raisin water, cooled with snow from Lebanon. The heat had been great, and it was extremely refreshing, and reminded one of Jer. xviii. 14. The poor people were still during our morning and afternoon service; they saw what we were about, (for the heat obliged us to open our tents), and they heard our singing, and saw our books, and were tolerably quiet.

May 6th. At half-past six we left Zàkhail, while (not simandrons, but) several bells were ringing across the valley. Their Easter lasts three days especially. We rode under deep morning shade of tall slim poplars, which, together with a graceful tree, like the birch, enclose mulberry gardens. Among them flowed rapid, and almost roaring streams from Lebanon; mills were turned by them, the stream being closed round, and poured down on a closed wheel from above, not in a fall like the over-shot mills in mountainous parts of Britain, but like an eddy. Hermon was white in morning sun over slim green poplars in the valley. From nine to eleven, we digressed to see two ruined temples, hardly perhaps, repaying the time, but yet of magnificent work, and large material, probably Roman, imitating Solomon. Baalbec is perhaps the same. All the land to-day, H. says, is poor land,—not to be compared to Palestine,—much more labour, and much less return. Here and there we saw a few yokes of rather small black oxen ploughing. The cows we never see. We passed several flocks, about two hundred each, of black and of brown goats, and also of large light-brown sheep. Once or twice we passed about twenty or thirty camels grazing. By half-past four we reached Baalbec. We went over these stupendous ruins this evening, and again the next morning. The elevated platform on which the temples are raised is very striking; perhaps it was intended to be covered up to its base, or (as would be easy here) surrounded with water. The carved roof of the peristyle, remaining on the north side of the lesser temple, is indescribably gorgeous. The east doorway, all of only eight

or nine stones, is extremely rich and well-proportioned. The centre stone over the doorway has an eagle with thunderbolts, &c., in its talons ; the stone, which is perhaps nine or ten feet by eleven, and must weigh several tons, has slipt down six or seven feet ; the kingly eagle, with out-spread wings, and clawing the thunderbolts, looks in a strikingly pitiable, helpless, and almost ludicrous position. There, probably, it has hung for many centuries : there, perhaps, it will hang like a warning, till Rome, which it represents, itself shall fall. Some of the buildings appear to bear the date of Marcus Antoninus, (A.C. about 166). Next morning about seven we again went over these surprising structures, externally. On the west side are three stones about fifty seven or sixty feet long, laid over four courses of stones about eight or ten feet long, by four feet high. At the north-west is a corner stone fifty-seven feet or more in length, and eleven or twelve feet high. On the north also are nine stones, perhaps thirteen feet (possibly fifteen feet) high. These nine stones occupy a length of about three hundred and thirty feet. Consequently eleven or twelve of such stones would be higher than St. Paul's, and thirteen would be higher, I suppose, than the Great Pyramid.

As we left Baalbec at half-past eight, we turned aside to the quarries, about half a mile distant. They are of close, light red stone. Here lies, slanting and detached, and ready to be removed, a huge stone, worked with a groove, and all in readiness. It is about sixty feet long, and from eleven to thirteen feet square. Other smaller ones lie partly detached, perhaps forty or fifty feet by eight or nine. As we rode on, a woman of the next vil-

lage pressed us to come into her house and take some milk ; she pointed to her husband on horseback, implying that he would be glad to see us too. Time, however, did not permit ; but, no doubt, it would have been the milk already described, partly like butter or butter-milk. (See Judges, iv. 19 ; and v. 25.) Her pressing invitation reminded me of some boys at Zàkhali yesterday, who pressed us to take some fine yellow roses. "Take," said one of them, "the flowers for my sake." Then, when that failed, "Take them for thy sake."

At one, we lunched under a large walnut-tree, on the brink of the Leontes, a rapid, clear mountain stream from Lebanon. Here were lizards of most brilliant light green, about one foot long. This was our second day of siesta for about one hour, but I could not sleep, though I rested. Ascending again, we passed large tracts of vineyards : the vines were small, propped and irrigated. The hedges were of wild rose. Here and there was a solitary hawthorn in flower. As the long, snow-streaked ridge of Hermon rose before us on our right, a bell, echoing from the mountain rocks on the left, told us that Christianity was there. By six, we reached Zebdàni ; girls were up in the mulberry-trees picking the leaves, and old men pruning and clearing the trees.

May 8th. At a quarter to eight, we left Zebdàni, but were detained, I am sorry to say, half an hour by a quarrel among our servants. Armenius took Komi's part, and Ibrahim struck him, and Armenius struck, I believe, again. We told Armenius, as a Christian, he ought not to strike again ; he replied, "I only strike to keep myself :" *i.e.*

in self-defence. We told Ibrahim he was too soon angry, and should try to govern his anger. By half-past nine, we descended into the rocky valley of the now roaring and foaming Barrada (Pharphar). On our right, it fell in a little cataract of perhaps thirty or forty feet, as it leaves the plain it has hitherto calmly fertilized. Soon after, we crossed it by a steep bridge—a bridge is quite a strange sight in these countries. The Barrada here has an irregular circumscribed breadth of perhaps twelve or fifteen feet across. We passed two little flocks of kids, about fifty or seventy in each flock: the little moaning cry, like a child, of some of the poor little creatures reminded us of the lesson we had read this morning (*1 Kings, xx. 27, et seq.*). K. noticed yesterday, over the plain, how the shepherds walked singing before their flock, the flock following. What a sweet illustration is this of John, x. 4. Red-grey frowning cliffs were on our right; but below, on our left, were rich-watered gardens of pomegranate, walnut, apricot, quince, cherry, &c., sometimes luxuriant vines winding round white hawthorn or bushy pomegranate, or climbing some tall poplar. Here was a graceful tree with white under-leaves, just like the olive, but with a sweet yellow blossom. The flowers were quite like the olive-blossom, only yellow instead of pale-green, and sweet instead of scentless. Little cultivation is seen in Syria, except the rude ploughing: here, however, I noticed one boy dressing a fig-tree; he was digging round it with a kind of mattock, or long pointed spade. We had been recommended to turn aside to Ain Fijji, the principal source of the Barrada. This spot we reached after an hour and a half's digression. The road is beautiful, along a valley of fruit gardens.

The spot itself, too, is beautiful, shaded over with large walnuts, figs, pomegranates, and apricots. Here the Barrada rushes in a very large stream—a river born at once at the base of the rocky hill, pouring forth, I should suppose, thirty or forty tons per minute—enough at once to turn four or five mills together. In one hundred yards' distance, it joins another turbid stream. Some have supposed this latter stream to be the Abana; the Abana, however, was perhaps (as Maundrel has suggested) only a channelled branch of the Barrada. We lunched where the streams join. An old man, a Christian, aged eighty-one, filled our zimzimiahs with the water. Ascending, we soon left the Barrada, and passed among vines and many-flowered bushy fig-trees, planted up to the very rocks on her side. It was very hot, but an unexpected white cloud, coming up westward, from Hermon, brought instant relief. It brought down the heat immediately, but brought with it a kind of unusual gloom, like an eclipse. Yet it is only a fair-weather, white, fleece-like cloud. Sunshine, no doubt, is everywhere cheering. As Solomon says, “Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is to the eyes to behold the sun,” (Eccles. xi. vii). But if the mind be at rest, no cloud in the sky can darken it.

It is meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto Thee, O Lord.

LORD, Thou art my only joy,
Let Thy praise my hours employ;
Cheerless though the night or morn,
Having Thee, I'm ne'er forlorn.

Oft I hear thy gladdening voice—
 “Evermore in me rejoice ;”
 Love and joy Thy Spirit’s fruit,
 Never let my heart be mute.

Right it is in everything
 Thee to praise, my God and King !
 Evermore in every place,
 They rejoice who seek Thy face.*

Mountains are a place of prayer,
 Saints of old have found Thee there ;
 Lowly though the valleys lie,
 To the lowly Thou art nigh.

Thine the sea with all its waves ;
 Though it hide a thousand graves,
 There I’ll praise Thee who hast said
 Ocean shall give up her dead.†

In the city’s crowded throng
 Still I’ll raise to Thee my song ;
 Though the eye of men be nigh,
 Unobserved to Thee I’ll cry.

I, while this world’s night remains,
 Praise Thee in the body’s chains ;
 When Thou sett’st the prisoner free,
 Freely, then, I’ll sing to Thee.

Thee I’ll praise in heaven above,
 God of joy, and peace, and love ;
 Kneeling, while Thy saints I greet,
 Lowly at my Saviour’s feet.

* Psalm cv. 3 ; Phil. iv. 4. † Rev. xx. 13.

CHAPTER XV.

' And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the street which lled Straight, and inquire in the house of Judas for one called of Tarsus ; for, behold, he prayeth.'—ACTS, ix. 11.

“ The mid-day sun, with fiercest glare,
Broods o'er the hazy, twinkling air ;
 Along the level sand
The palm-tree's shade unwavering lies,
Just as thy towers, Damascus, rise,
 To greet you wearied band.”—CHRISTIAN YEAR.

three, P.M., we saw Hermon, now a narrow ridge bed with snow, glittering in the afternoon sun, and at five, after riding along a sunken rocky road, over a late ridge, Damascus burst upon us, lying nearly two miles in extent, with houses, towers, and apparently about forty minarets. Near it was seen the now calmer Barada, bridged, and with a green meadow by it. Around on the wide brown plain, was an almost boundless extent of gardens of orange, olive, &c., interspersed with poplars, like minarets, among houses. Its gardens, walled, looked like some low outer wall of a city. The top of this wall is to make the gardens look part parcel of the city itself. It is a paradisiacal-looking a fit scene for the Arabian Nights. Perhaps this

is the most beautiful view of any city in the world. Cairo, from its citadel, is a finer city, but Damascus, amidst its almost endless fruit gardens, is more beautiful, though the city and its buildings are inferior. Give me, however, London, from London Bridge, with its numberless little city churches, and St. Paul's with its dome and its cross towering over all. I venture to say this, not having yet seen Constantinople, but having seen Turin, Genoa, Naples, Rome, &c.

Damascus, Ascension Day, May 9th. After service in our rooms, we went about twelve to-day, and called on Mr. Calvert, acting as consul during Mr. Wood's absence on account of ill-health. The consul's house includes and surrounds the usual quadrangular court, with a large fountain, or basin with fountain, from the Barrada. Round its edge are flowers, including a pale iris from Tiberias; the trees in the court are acacia mimosa, with its sweet, round, little, yellow flowers; bitter orange, passion-flower, jasmine, lilac, myrtle, oleander, &c. In the room where we were received, were the usual richly-painted walls with rather a happy predominance of blue. This altogether looked very smiling, but Mr. C. well reminded us that we travellers only saw it as in spring or summer; in February this year, there was in the same court two feet of snow. The heat likewise of July, August, and September, is excessive. Some go up to the mountains to avoid it, and live there in the daytime in thick-walled houses, and sleep in tents.

In Damascus are about one hundred thousand inhabitants within the walls, and perhaps twenty thousand in

the suburbs.* I believe about twenty thousand are Christians, principally Greek Catholics. Christians are said to be generally increasing throughout the east, Mahometans diminishing. There are five hundred houses of Jews, and twelve hundred paying tax, *i.e.*, males above fourteen; the entire number of Jews is about four thousand five hundred.† Many lend money to the villages. A few years ago the Zakhliotes fought with the Druses, and got the best of it. They were, it seems, very proud of their victory, it being a very unusual thing, indeed, for the Christians in these countries to fight: they wear the writer's ink-horn, keep accounts, weave silk, and keep bazaar shops, but leave fighting to Arabs, Druses, Albanians, &c. But, alas, for all this seeming to be "men of peace," the Christians here do not bear a good character. On the contrary, Mr. C. remarked, that the Jews were faithful one with another—that he would sooner take a Mahometan's word than a Christian's—that the Christians are faithless, even one with another.

This afternoon, at two o'clock, we went with Dr. Biallobotzky, an Hanoverian, to the supposed house of

* Bertrandon, who visited Damascus, A.D. 1432, speaks of the then population as one hundred thousand. What a contrast is noticeable between the increase, if any, of the population of Damascus, and that of London, or, indeed, of most of the cities of Europe. God has indeed enlarged Japhet, and he dwells, and seems likely to dwell yet more extensively, in the tents of Shem, both locally and spiritually, (Genesis, ix. 27.)

† Benjamin of Tudela gives the number of Jews, &c., in Damascus, when he visited that city, A.D. 1163, as follows:—Jews, three thousand; Caraites, two hundred; Samaritans, four hundred. The two latter, he says, live here on friendly terms, but do not intermarry.

Ananias, and by the east-gate round the south walls. The house of A. lies northward of the Straight Street: Its site has a little half-underground church, common to all Christians. It has Latin pictures and Greek crosses. Passing along the bazaar of the Christian quarter, the Straight Street here is part of it—we noticed in the baskets large podded green almonds, beans, and lettuces. Hence we went to the eastern gate, which terminates the Straight Street. It is called Porta del Sole, Bab el Zerâch, (Gate of the Sun-rising). Here are three gate-archways, a large one in the centre, and a smaller one on each side. The central and southern arch are both closed up. Only the north one is open. All the arches are circular. They resemble simple early Roman work. Mr. C. thinks that the Straight Street originally comprised all three. This would make the street to have been at least sixty feet wide, instead of an irregular average of, perhaps, from fourteen to eighteen feet. A carriage must pass any of the three; and two must pass in the centre. Possibly the two side ones were for ridden horses, mules, &c., and foot passengers, and the centre for carriages only. Traces of old work appear in the south wall: it has once been triple. In the inner and highest wall a place is shown above a closed gateway, as the window whence St. Paul was let down. It is now perhaps twenty-five feet from the ground, and may formerly have been as much as thirty-five. From this gateway we turned aside into an apricot garden; some of the trees were from thirty to forty feet high. Wheat was under them, and was in ear even under the thick shade of the apricots. One part had melons. As we returned by the Straight

street, Dr. B. called our attention to a very large white ass ridden: it was a fine animal, as large as a mule. This breed is still, as in the days of Deborah, more than three thousand years ago, adopted as a mark of distinction, honour, and eminence (Judges, v. 10). Further along the street, they were covering the bazaar over with fresh green boughs of white poplar. In the summer many put vine leaves, or other fresh leaves, within their arbooshes or turbans for coolness, and against the sun. Hence we went on to a large mosque, once the Byzantine church of St. John: it is a large building with aisles, and is still cruciform in great measure, and has a central dome.

We then ascended the roof of some houses adjoining the bazaar, to see a rich fragment of a triumphal arch, or possibly portico of late heathen temple. The work is late Roman. There was a quantity of tall grass on the roofs, much of it now withering, and still more of it already withered. Such are they that bear ill-will to Zion. Psalm cxxix. 5, 6.) Dr. B. then took us by the Khan Assâd Pasha, a fine spacious building of about one hundred feet square, covered by nine domes, three centre ones under continuous steep roof. A fountain is as usual in the centre. It is used partly as a Bourse, or Merchant's Exchange, and partly as a public warehouse. The Consul, Mr. C., called in the afternoon, and took us to the house of a Melchite Christian. It was extremely handsome, with lofty rooms, highly decorated roof, &c. Several Melchite priests were present; but the conversation originating with the lady of the house, was chiefly about the relationship of our party one to another, and about

the ladies' dresses. Subsequently we went to two Jewish houses ; their names were Isaac Haim Farhi, and Maâllem Farhi. We went to the latter first. Here the book of Numbers was put into my hands, with the Targum of Onkelos, the comment of Jarchi, " Lips of the Wise," &c. Over the doors of two side rooms were sort of benedictory expressions, relating to Israel, partly scriptural, partly Targumistic and Rabbinical. These mottos did not appear very relevant, or very connected. The one on the left of the divan began, " Let us sing the Song of Songs, which is Solomon's." In the neighbouring house, also of the family of Farhi, all was washing and preparation for the Sabbath, to begin in two hours—viz., at seven at sunset. The master drew out of a cupboard a Psalter, which opened at Psalm lxxii ; I tried to draw their attention to the expression in verse 1, " the king's son," and to other expressions in the latter part of Psalm, which speak language too great for Solomon ; but my attempt was without effect.

WRITTEN AT DAMASCUS, BEFORE THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Sunday, May 12th, 1850.

LORD, Thy life let us receive,
For in Thee we do believe ;
Let Thy body and Thy blood
Be to us our soul's best food.

Crush and kill each secret sin,
That would reign our hearts within ;
Let our hearts Thy temple be,
Pure to praise and worship Thee.

Jesus, at Thy latest feast,
John once leaned upon Thy breast:
Fill'd like him, with love divine,
Let us on Thy breast recline.

More than to parched land soft showers,
More than dews to drooping flowers,
Precious be to us Thy grace,
Till we see Thee face to face.

Now prepare us, Lord, we pray,
For that dread and glorious day;
Make us daily more and more
Holier, happier than before.

Father of the Eternal Son,
Let Thy will in us be done;
Now, and till our latest hour,
Change us by Thy spirit's power.*

In this feast, and in Thy word,
Gazing on thy glories, Lord,
More like Thee let us become,
Heavenly for our heavenly home.

On Sunday we had service and the Holy Communion in our room; these lofty rooms are not so favourable for und as I had supposed, but they are usually very cool, and the mixed colouring and light from above is very easing. We chanted to Haydn's Chant, Creation, and Smelli's response; and sang the hymn, "Thou dear redeemer, dying Lamb," to Sprooston.

At half-past four we went with Dr. Latour, a French

* 2 Cor. iii. 18.

physician resident here, to see two hospitals of lepers. The first we went to was the Christian one ; it is in the north-east part of Damascus, and is said to occupy the site of Naaman's house. There was here a poor man from Caifa under Carmel, ten years affected ; his face was dreadfully disfigured ; there was also a woman, a most pitiable object ; every feature, even the eyes, nose, and lips, as it were, swallowed up, obliterated, and lost. The rest of the poor lepers were gone to church. Thence we went to the Mussulmans' hospital outside the east gate. This is the more interesting, as being traditionally founded by Gehazi ; Jews, Christians, and Moslems, agree in this belief. In the Moslem Hospital we saw four or five men, and two or three women. One of the men had been twenty years affected. The voice of another was gone ; nothing remained but a little thin squeak, a little above a whisper, and scarcely intelligible. Another poor sufferer, a wretched object, sat alone on the ground ; he had only been four years ill, but his right arm was black, and dried, and dead, like a mummy, and all the features of his face were distended and gone. What a fearful emblem is this of the more dreadful leprosy of sin, which destroys and obliterates from man's soul the divine and heavenly image of his Almighty Creator.

We returned by the Straight Street, and went into the court of one Christian family, and into the house of another. In the court of the first there were carpets spread, pipes, and liquor, and coffee, and music, (little sort of kettle-drums), and dancing ; the son-in-law of the house was returned from Jerusalem that day, and almost frantic joy (as we should consider it in Europe and England) was

expressed at his return. The latter was a family house, three brothers with their families around one or more quadrangular courts, perhaps thirty-six altogether. This family way of living appears not unfrequent in Damascus.

Monday, May 13th. At eight, A.M., we left Demetrius's inn, the only one in Damascus. Demetrius is of Athens, and, by family, a Lacedemonian or Spartan, and he seems not insensible of this classical honour. We passed along the Straight Street, pointing upon, and, as it were, ending with, snowy Hermon, a refreshing sight in this close and crowded city, the oldest probably of now inhabited cities throughout the world.* With new horse-trappings on our horses, which Said, a freed slave, had adorned with blue, red, and yellow additional decorations, to the amount of two hundred piastres, we passed along many covered steep wood-roofed bazaars, with English cottons and native silks, with bread, stone,† pipe-makers and decorators, saddles, &c. Snow is sold in the street, made with water with lemon, and milk with lemon. It is snow from Lebanon, and is cried, not as ice, but as snow, "Telj." Passing out at the crowded gate, (for the population within walls is upwards of one hundred thousand), we went

* Genesis, xiv. 15; xv. 2.

† In the inferior bazaars of Damascus, a kind of stone, or rather earth, with coarse farina, in square cakes, as hard almost as stone, is sold for bread. It is, as might be supposed, extremely prejudicial to health. We noticed several poor, sallow-complexioned, thin, and sickly-looking children, in particular a boy about eight or ten, who had been thus fed, and who looked as wretched as his poor wretched food.

for two or three miles between gardens of olive, walnut, fig, apricot, pomegranate, with poplar and willow. The fresh green verdure of these gardens is enhanced by the bare brown desert mountains, which rise around them. By five, P.M., we encamped.

May 14th. At seven, A.M., we left camp; it was quite cool, and, indeed, cold. Lebanon snows were in front of us; Hermon's snowy ridge was behind us. And, about eight, we had a still nobler view: Lebanon, that gentle, useful, cool, refreshing alp, rose wide and white over the green woody hills before us. In an hour after, we passed fifty white tents for soldiers, closely packed, and conveyed as the burden of about twenty-five or thirty mules. Here we noticed a flock (the largest, I think, we have seen in the East), of about five hundred goats feeding on the rocky side. They were white, and a very few of them white and black. Among them were also about fifteen or twenty sheep. Descending into the plain about half-past nine, Majdal was before us, and Zakhali far off on our right; our road (three hours and a-half across the plain) lay between both. On our left, by Majdal, a road struck off to Banias and Tiberias. Banias (Cæsarea Philippi) is said to be one of the prettiest spots in Palestine. The plain before us was covered with corn, wheat, and barley, in about the same forwardness as it would be in England. We crossed, at a quarter to eleven, the stream which empties itself into the sea amid groves of oleanders, between Zidon and Beyrouth. Certainly it was an act of much faith in Abraham, to be content to occupy Syrian mountains rather than the plain. Water, and culture, and

produce of corn especially, is found and flourishes usually on the plain.

May 15th. We reached our last encampment at half-past six last evening, and left it at half-past seven this morning. Little flowers, pink with beautiful leaves, were under our tent. This morning it was dark over the sea. Lebanon's snows (in this, perhaps our last view of them) shone brilliant white in the sunshine, while all else was dark and gloomy. Near Khan Hussein we made a pretty digression to the left, among figs and mulberries, and zinzalaght trees twined with vines, &c.; but we reached Beyrout notwithstanding, about half-past one, as we had hoped. Thus upwards of fifty-five days of tent life, of camel and horse riding, has, thank God, been accomplished in safety, and that over roads frequently very bad and difficult, if not dangerous. Of all the roads in Palestine, perhaps those to Nazareth and over Lebanon, are the worst and most difficult. Strictly speaking, however, they are tracks rather than roads. There is no wheel or wheeled vehicle of the simplest kind, chariot, waggon, or cart, to be found, I believe, now, in all Palestine. The worst and most prosecutable turnpike or parish road in England would be a wonder of improvement in Syria. Hardly ever do I remember a broken stone road; the path is almost everywhere over natural soil, or over unbroken strata of natural rock.

May 16th. At a quarter past four we left the inn at Beyrout; the steamer "Alexandrie" sailed at a quarter to seven. Now we had our last view of Lebanon, and a

splendid view it was. There was a large mass of snow, some perhaps fallen to-day; above and below it was thrown a blue-tinged thunder-cloud. The snow itself was tinged pink with the setting sun, and retained, I think, its pink glow even after the sun had sunk in the western sea. All night the sea was smooth, after the land-storm from the mountains; we made seven and seven and a-half knots an hour. Such was our calm departure, both pleasureable and painful, from Syria.*

* "Never can I forget the profound and solemn interest of the last few months, during which we have looked upon so many scenes, and beheld so many things, which must ever move the sympathies and deepest emotions of the Christian's heart. The Holy Land will be to me, henceforth, as a thing of life—a real, veritable experience of God's justice, long-suffering, and compassion, and a perfect demonstration of the truth, and exactness of His Holy Word. * * * The suggestive intimations of the "sure word of prophecy," like a light shining in a dark place, will henceforth be clearer than ever to my mind, and have a greater signification in my eyes than they have heretofore assumed; and I verily believe, that God is intending, in His wise Providence, to effect the return of his people to the Holy Land, to pour out again upon it His choicest blessings, and to make it once more the glory of all lands, when the chosen descendants of Abraham shall acknowledge their guilt, turn and cling to the Messiah, the Lord Jesus Christ, and become the preachers of His Gospel unto the ends of the earth."

(*The East.* By the REV. J. A. SPENCER.
London : Murray, 1850. P. 486.)

LAST VIEW OF LEBANON.

Beyrouth, Thursday Evening, May 16th, 1850.

YONDER the glorious sun
Beneath the sea is set;
Thy heights, O Lebanon,
Shine with his glories yet.

Pink glow the drifted snows
Along thy furrowed crest,
Where thunder-clouds repose,
Like warriors seeking rest.

Around thee countless hills,
Like sons and daughters, spread;
Thy store their rivers fills,
Thy snows their fountain-head.

Dark thy few cedars stand
Amid encircling snows;
Shame mars the promised land,
And thou must share its woes.*

On lower heights meanwhile
Fir-trees unnumbered rise,
Vine, fig, and olive smile
Cherished 'neath summer skies.

Through many a poplar glen
Cold plenteous streams flow down,
Aiding the toil of men
In cot and Christian town.

"The earth mourneth and languisheth: Lebanon is ashamed
tewn down."—ISAIAH, xxxiii. 9.

There the worm's wondrous tomb—
 The bright cocoon unrolled,
 Shines on the weaver's loom,
 With silvered threads and gold.

Hark! 't is the Christian bell
 From yonder little tower,
 Sounding afar to tell
 Of prayer and praise the hour.

Wake from thy slumbers soon,
 From superstition wake,
 O church of Lebanon,
 A holier path to take.

Freed from its silken tomb,
 Yon worm finds wings to fly;
 Wake thou from error's gloom,
 And to thy Saviour cry.

Own Him, and Him alone.
 Thy Saviour and thy Friend;
 His peace shall be thine own.
 And heaven with Him thy end.

Purer than yonder snows
 Thy garments then shall be;
 Washed by the blood and woes
 Of Him who died for thee.*

May 17th. Wind from north-west. Two thirsty and tired hawks, and a beautiful green-plumaged wasp-eater,

* Psalm ii. 7; Revelations, vii. 13, 14.

(such as we saw in the fig gardens going to Nablous), flew among the rigging, and were taken up weary by the sailors. The captain said they sometimes have had fifty or sixty young swallows on the rigging.

May 18th. After a rather rolling night, but with a favourable wind from north-east, we arrived at Alexandria at half-past two.

May 19, Whitsunday, Alexandria. At half-past eleven we had, with Captain Allegre's permission, service in the saloon. T. and Mr. S. read service, I preached from Psalm lxviii. 9. Also, at half-past three, we had evening service. We sang the "Veni Creator," and two other hymns, and chanted to Langdon, Robinson, &c.

May 20th. To-day ten large box packages came on board. They were about twenty inches or two feet thick, by three feet square; they might have passed at first sight for strong cases of oranges, or other fruits or merchandise. As it turned out, however, they were cargoes of rosaries, directed for Madrid.

May 21st.—The mail has been telegraphed from Suez, where it arrived yesterday, so that we hope to leave to-morrow, for Malta.

May 23rd, Thursday. This morning we left Alexandria at half-past ten. As we moved out of this fine capacious still harbour, three three-mast English sailing vessels, and one three-mast French, went out at the same

time with south-west land breeze. Out beyond the harbour the wind was north-west.

Friday, May 24th. This morning the chimney of our steamer having caught fire, the sparks which fell from above set on fire the tent awning aft. But, by the mercy of God, the sailors (we have many hands on board) were very active in extinguishing it, and it was soon put out without further mischief. It was providential that it happened thus in the day-time. Had it occurred in the night, the consequences might have been more serious, as fewer hands would have been ready, and the fire might have communicated to the rigging or to the ship itself.

Sunday, May 26th. At half-past eleven we had service. T. read, and I preached on John, iii. 14, 15. At four we had service again. T. read prayers, Mr. S. reading the lessons. To-day, at two, P.M., a wearied dove from the coast of Africa rested on the foremast rigging, and was taken up by the sailors. M. Lavall showed me to-day his copies of Sinaitic inscriptions. He has carefully copied them on the spots (chiefly Wady Cèdre, and Wady Mukatcb) to the number of eleven hundred. Besides early Coptic, Armenian, and early rude Arabic inscriptions, he finds at least two other alphabets, read from left to right. He thinks that pilgrims went to Mecca before the time of Mahomet, and by the same route, and that many of the inscriptions he has copied are the votive inscriptions or prayers of pilgrims. Mr. Forster, however, ascribes the bulk of the Sinai inscriptions to the Israelites, and considers them to be

cotemporary with their forty years' wanderings. Having already for seven years carefully pursued this inquiry, Mr. F.'s opinion is certainly entitled to much respect. He finds them, according to his view, extremely rude and brief, but emphatic records of that nation's rebellion and stubbornness, kicking as the ass and wild ass, hanging back as the young dromedary and camel. He also discovers, in other inscriptions, Pharaoh overthrown, casting away his helmet to quicken his flight; the healing of Marah by the branch; the striking of the rock for water; the red stork-like geese or quails; the fiery serpents; and the serpent of fiery brass, &c. The following are specimens of the translations of two or three of these deeply interesting inscriptions:—

THE PEOPLE AT MARAH

BLEATETH LIKE A GOAT KICKETH LIKE AN ASS
AT THE BASINS OF THE TWO WATER-SPRINGS
IT DRINKS EAGERLY WITH PRONE MOUTH.

THE PEOPLE A WILD ASS

THE PEOPLE WANDERETH TO AND FRO.

THE ELOQUENT SPEAKER STRIKES THE ROCK

FLOWS FORTH THE WATER FALLING DOWN, &c.

THE PEOPLE SUSTAIN ON A POLE

THE MALE SERPENT FIERY OF MOLTEN BRASS.

THE PEOPLE LOOK TOWARDS THE FIRE, &c.

THE PEOPLE MUTTERS LIKE A GOAT

REASONS WITH THEM IN THE NIGHT JEHOVAH.

Mr. F. remarks that, contrary to some expectation, he finds not a single text, however brief—nothing whatever amounting to a quotation from Scripture. He notices also

that no ungodly expressions occur among them.* To my own mind they carry, I confess, very powerful internal evidence: they are, as it were, the *private journal* of a whole people, recording, indeed, God's mercies, but recording also, still more fully and frequently, their own sinfulness and stubbornness. Mr. F.'s selections appear to be given from about two hundred several inscriptions: it is to be hoped that he will continue his inquiry throughout Mr. Lavall's still larger collection.

Monday, May 27th. At half-past ten, A.M., we arrived safe, after a prosperous and quick passage, in ninety-six hours from Alexandria, in the quarantine harbour at Malta. The real time, however, allowing for longitude, must have been about ninety-seven hours. The English steamer "Oberon" left three hours before us and arrived three or four hours after us. She has more horse-power, and is lighter than the "Alexandria," but she wandered northward out of her course, and we outstripped her. This should not be. We saw, at the Parlatoio, Mr. Willis, of the Malta College, St. Julian's, and Abdo Debbas, of Beyrouth; now a student at the college. We also recognised our old servant Guiseppe Saliba, who, in 1847, had faithfully waited upon us in our happy and peaceful twelve days' imprisonment in quarantine. By seven P.M., we again were on the move, and are now passing the southwest coast of Sicily. The Hindleys we left at Malta, on their way to Athens.

By ten P.M., *Thursday, May 30th*, we arrived, thank

* Forster's *Voice of Israel from the Rocks of Sinai*. R. Bentley.
Pp. 61, 65, 81, 90, 114, 122, 134, 139, 150, 160.

d, safe in the harbour at Marseilles ; and by twelve on day we had landed, and once more found ourselves in crowded bustling streets of an European city, in the 1st of the busy sons of populous Japhet.

ON RETURN FROM BEYROUT AND SYRIA TO MARSEILLES
AND FRANCE.

May 16-30, 1850.

Now to Japhet's busy sons
Back our homeward spirit runs ;
Restless realms of steam and power,
Changing with each onward hour ;
Busy hand, and busier mind,
Still some fancied want to find,
Till with choice inventions cloyed,
Simplest things are most enjoyed.

Calm we leave the Syrian shore ;
Shem's loved tents appear no more ;
Desert scenes are left behind,
And the Bedouin rude yet kind ;
Patriarch life has come and gone ;
Now we cease to be alone.
Wafted o'er an azure deep,
That for stillness seems to sleep ;
Speeding twice a thousand miles,
Which sweet intercourse beguiles ;
Safe preserved o'er sea and land
By an ever-present Hand ;
Let us now those scenes review,
Ever fresh and ever new :
Saddened homes of faith most dear,
Let me still recall you near.

Patriarchs, prophets there have trod,
There the eternal Son of God.
O, what land beneath the sky
With that pleasant land can vie?
Where by angel-choirs from heaven
Tidings of Christ's birth were given;
Where he died and rose for men,
And to heaven returned again;
Where, to raise our joys yet higher,
Came the Spirit's living fire;
Whence, like stars the wide world round,
Ran the Gospel's thrilling sound.

Central land of ransomed earth,
When shall come thy second birth?
Hasten, Lord, her sons' return;
Let them look on thee and mourn;
As they mourn, each house apart,*
Take the veil from off their heart,
And in Jesus, David's son,
Let them their Messiah own.
Then the land restored shall bear
Fruits, like Eden's garden fair;
And her long-dried channels run
Cold beneath the southern sun.†
To a wider temple then
Streams shall flow of distant men,
And the Church of Christ no more
Long-lost unity deplore;
But every realm one tribute bring‡
In Salem's courts to Salem's King.

* Zechariah, xii. 10-14.

† Ezekiel, xxxvi. 4, 34-36, and Joel, iii. 18.

‡ Zephaniah, iii. 9; Zechariah, xiv. 9.

CHAPTER XVI.

“ And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God; having the glory of God.”—Rev. xxi. 10, 11.

“ Thou heavenly new Jerusalem,
Vision of peace in prophet’s dream !
With living stones built up on high,
And rising to yon starry sky ;
In bridal pomp thy form is crowned,
With thousand thousand angels round.”—ANCIENT HYMN.

AFTER thus painfully surveying, according to the account given in several of the previous chapters, the present state of Jerusalem, in its filth, ruins, and dust—in its disgrace, oppression, and alienation from her people, our minds could not help looking forward to what we believe to be the brighter days in store for her, as the metropolis of her great and ancient, though now rejected, people, the city, (acknowledged to be so), of her great King, and the joy of the whole earth.

It was an honest and truthful, but yet pitiable remark, made by the Italian gentleman already alluded to :—“ That person,” he concluded, “ must be either poetical or else religious, who could find anything to admire in Jerusalem.” Now it has been justly remarked, that truth is

essential to good poetry, and we may distinctly assert of the poetry of the Holy Scriptures, that it is the essence of truth. And of nothing, perhaps, in all the Bible, do we find more glowing descriptions (unless it be of heaven itself,) than of Jerusalem, taken and viewed in all its phases and bearings. From Melchisedec, her king in the days of Abraham, until that new city which St. John saw in prophetic vision descending from God out of heaven, having the glory of God, the gradual unfolding and enlarging of God's purposes of love and unity for His church and people, seem to emanate from, and centre in Jerusalem.

For perspicuity, we may consider its various periods or phases, (so to call them), of elevation, as the five following :—

- I. In the time of Melchisedec.
- II. In the reigns of David and Solomon.
- III. The rebuilt city of Zerubbabel, together with the second temple, and Christ's subsequent presence.
- IV. The city of Ezekiel, identical perhaps with the "Camp of the Saints."*
- V. The heavenly city as seen by St. John.

The three first we will now only dwell upon, as a clue to the future, and as a guide to analogous views respecting the two latter.

I. It is here, on the first mention of it (Gen. xiv. 18), called Salem, "PEACE," and by implication, "RIGHTEOUSNESS." For King of Righteousness means more than Righteous King; the king's name, typically considered,

* Revelations, xx. 9.

affects the city, and imparts to it righteousness. It was Salem because of Melchizedec, first, King of Righteousness, then King of Peace. Observe also (1) the TIME, viz., after the slaughter of the kings. He meets Abraham, we may suppose, weary and fatigued, after the conquest of four conquering kings and kingdoms. Here, perhaps, are foreshadowed (as the names seem to indicate) Assyria, Media with Persia, Greece, and Rome; and then the fifth kingdom of Christ, Abraham representing the Church, as Melchizedec represents Christ. (2.) The PLACE—the King's dale—the valley of Jehoshaphat, *east* of Jerusalem, and just under the Mount of Olives. Part of this "dale" is still called, to this day, "the king's gardens." (3.) The CIRCUMSTANCES: briefly, eucharistic food representing union with Christ, and life from Him: blessing pronounced upon the Church, and blessing ascribed to God for the victory, and tithe-offerings in token of thankfulness.

Of Jerusalem, then, in this first phase, we seem to learn thus much:—

That her King was a Priest, and her Priest a King.

That in Jerusalem, at that time, the one true God was worshipped, and apparently with eucharistic rather than sacrificial offerings.

That her king, and inferentially his city, was in some measure respected, even among idolatrous and wicked kingdoms around.*

* Even in later and more idolatrous times, the name of the King of Jerusalem is distinctive and remarkable. Adoni-zedec, "Lord of Righteousness" (Joshua, x. 1-3). But the successor to the title, and name, and rule of Melchizedec was degenerate from his predecessor,

II. David removed, after seven years at Hebron (the place of meeting and gathering, or companionship), to Jerusalem. Hither he brought the Ark, from Kirjath-jearim (the city of forests), and perhaps from Bethlehem, in passing up to Jerusalem. (See Psalm cxxxii. 5, 6.) Jerusalem had now a two-fold phase—she was two cities (Hebrew Jerushalayim, a dual form); not so much two, as divided and separated, but rather two in one, as the Church Militant; and the Church triumphant are not so much two, but rather two parts of one. She had two forms of worship; the one sacrificial and expiatory, the other eucharistic, of psalms and choirs of thanksgiving. She had two places of divine service; first, the easily-moved tabernacle; second, the noiselessly rising, and firmly fixed temple.* The tabernacle in Jerusalem, in David's time, seems to have been chiefly, if not solely, for spiritual services of psalms and thanksgivings,† and so far (as more distinctly spiritual) ulterior to the temple.‡ (Compare Rev. xxi. 3, 22.) Her name was now not peace (Salem), but visions of peace (Jerusalem) not realized (see Ezekiel, xiii. 16),§ except slightly, and typically of

and perished miserably in the midst of defeat and ignominy. (Joshua, x. 22-27).

* 1 Kings, vii. 7; 2 Chronicles, viii. 16; Psalm, lxxviii. 69.

† See 1 Chronicles, xv. 16-24; xvi. 4-6, 37-42.

‡ The temple, however, wears a special honour and dignity, as exhibiting a pattern revealed throughout by the Spirit to David, committed to writing by him under God's more immediate guidance at the time, and thus handed down to Solomon his son to be faithfully executed by him. See 1 Chron. xxviii. 11, 12, 19.

§ In the name Jerusalem itself, there does not appear to be any allusion, (as some have supposed), to "possession or inheritance of

better peace hereafter. See also Psalm lxxii. 3-7, where the combined mention of righteousness and peace, as well as the name of her then king, Solomon, at once reflects back upon the days of Melchizedec, when her name was Salem, and also onwards to Messiah, her King, the Prince of Peace.

III. The Jerusalem of Ezra, Nehemiah, Haggai, and Zechariah, was consecrated (so to speak) by two companies of singers, &c., surrounding its newly completed walls, and meeting at last, eastward by the Temple. This seems to have been a very happy and encouraging moment for the city. “God had made them rejoice with great joy: the wives also and the children rejoiced: so that the joy of Jerusalem was heard even afar off.” (See Nehemiah, xii. 40-47.) This temple was clear from idolatry, and had co-temporaneously, and consistently with its worship, synagogues scattered throughout the land. This temple and city, with the temple, five centuries subsequent, became more honoured than Solomon’s: a greater than Solomon was here. In our Saviour’s time, this Jerusalem, even though abounding in hypocrisy, and other fearful sins, was yet the Holy City. (St. Matthew, iv. 5; xxvii. 53.) This Jerusalem was ruled over by PRINCES; even Herod, though King of Judea, had no title from Jerusalem.*

peace,” which would rather require some such form as Jerusalem. The first allusion to the name Jerusalem is in Genesis, xxii. 14. “The Lord will see, or provide;” “In the Mount of the Lord it shall be seen, or be provided.”

* Here next in order might be considered that remarkable pseudo-anticipation of things still future, exhibited in the Crusaders’ Kingdom

IV. We now come to periods and phases as yet future and of which, therefore, we must speak with the greatest caution, only advancing where the “sure word of prophecy” invites our steps. Although distinctly intimated in the prophecies of Isaiah, Micah, Zechariah, and others, it is in the prophet Ezekiel that we have the most remarkably minute and circumstantial detail of a Jerusalem, which, since it most certainly has never (as a simple matter of history) yet existed; so, as a plain matter of prophecy, it has still to be called into existence. If it be asked, “When?” a reply may be drawn from Christ’s answer to the inquiry of his disciples, that “it is not for us to know the times and the seasons, which the Father hath put in His own power.” We are concerned rather with prophetic facts and occurrences, than with prophetic times. Times are certain to God: to us they are most

of Jerusalem at the close of the first thousand years after Christ. The sovereigns of Sardinia, Tuscany, and Naples, (all, be it remembered, *Roman* kingdoms,) still style themselves Kings of Jerusalem. It is satisfactory to remember, as a matter of history, that the Kings of England never usurped that title—a title (so far as it goes) indicative perhaps of Anti-Christ, when used by Gentile Christian princes. It does not appear that Richard Coeur-de-Lion or his successors ever claimed the title of Prince of Antioch. The only existing coin of the Crusaders’ period which can be referred to Coeur-de-Lion is a very simple restamped one, having on the face a kind of Greek cross, with four crucifixion nails set in the four intervals, and having on the reverse, this simple prayer:—

KE	O LORD,
BOHΘ	HELP
RIKAR	RICHARD.

See De Sauley’s *Numismatique des Croisades*, Paris, 1847. Plate IV.

uncertain. Yet many detailed facts and distinct circumstances are laid before us as having yet to occur, and *signs* are given us, even of the times *generally*; though, of the day, and hour, and precise year, we apparently can have no knowledge. It is presumed, however, that no one can read with a simple and unprejudiced mind, the latter chapters of Ezekiel (chap. xl. to xlvii. 12; and xlviii. 15-20, 30-35), without perceiving therein a city, and particularly a temple, promised in the midst of their Babylonian captivity, far different, as to size and character,* from the city and temple raised, about fifty years subsequently, under Nehemiah and Ezra, Joshua and Zerubbabel, at the termination of that captivity, and also from the Jerusalem and temple of Herod, in the time of our Saviour.†

* See Sturm's *Skiagraphia Templi Hierosolymitani*, Leipsic, 1694. Part II. That writer remarks upon the structure described in Ezekiel, that "what architects regard as the most excellent rules of building are here employed in the very utmost, and, as it were, in unimaginable perfection." "Quæ pulcherrima habentur Architectis regula, summa atque inaudita perfectione hic adhibentur."—Chap. vii., p. 50. And, after speaking of the imitable proportions of the temple, and the wonderful combination of ease, gracefulness, and majesty, he concludes the preface to this portion of his work as follows:—"Hence I can truly testify, that in the matter of the study of Architecture, I owe much more to meditating on this very subject, than to all the other works on Architecture that I ever read."—Chap. vii., p. 52. "Hinc testari possum, huic ipsi meditationi multo plus in studio Architectonico quam omnibus scriptis Architectonicis me debere."

† Tacitus describes this city and temple in the following terms: "Hierosolyma genti caput. Illic immensæ opulentia templum; et primis munimentis urbs, dein regia." "Urbem, arduam situ, opera molesque firmaverant, queis vel plana satis munirentur." "Templum in modum acris, propriique muri, labore et opere ante alios:

The prophet was brought in the visions of God, far away from the land of his then captivity. "He brought me into the land of Israel, and set me upon a very high mountain, by which was as the frame (Hebrew *mivneh*, building or structure) of a city on the south" (chap. xl. 2).

We may observe here, that Jerusalem hitherto, though situate on mountains, can scarcely be said to be upon any very high mountain. The mention of its being on the south would lead us (1) to look generally to the southern part of the land of Israel, and (2) perhaps rather to the southward of the present Jerusalem, even though the present site and spot, so hallowed by the great events of our redemption, be included,* or (3) simply south of the temple.

ipse, porticus, queis templum ambiebatur, egregium propugnaculum."
Tacitus Hist., B. V. chap. viii. 11, 12.

The superior work of the temple walls lay in some measure in the enormous size of the stones; sixty-five feet in length by eight and ten. It is singular that the larger stones of Balbec present very similar dimensions. See St. Mark, xiii. 1, 2; St. Luke, xxi. 5.

* Some writers, as Mr. Wilson, Willan, and others, have supposed that the platform of Lebanon will be the scene and site of the future city. This view is grounded apparently on a supposed identification of Mount Sion (in Judah) with Hermon in Galilee. The following are some of the texts adduced: Deut. iv. 48; Psalms, lxxii. 16; lxxxix. 12; cxxxiii. 3; Canticles, iv. 8; Isaiah, lx. 13. Also Ezekiel, xx. 40; and Isaiah, ii. 2, with Micah, iv. 1, are supposed to indicate the same elevated locality. The two Hebrew terms, however, are different—Sion and Zion. And in the three last passages, which are the strongest, no mention is made either of Hermon or Lebanon; and both the platform mentioned in Zeehariah, (chap. xiv. 10), and the division of the whole land in Ezekiel, with reference to the city and temple in its centre, seem effectually to preclude a more northern and more elevated position on the mountains of Lebanon, whatever may be their future fertility.

The measuring of the temple and city, with reference to the temple, and lastly of the land itself, is made with the reed, being six cubits of the larger measure, and equal, probably, to nearly eleven feet. The prophet is first shown the temple's inner courts and porch, then the temple itself, the angel, or rather One greater than an angel, measuring meanwhile in the sight of Ezekiel the various portions. No gold or silver is here mentioned; the only material apparently is stone and wood, the only ornament is, in the courts and perhaps the porch, the palm-tree in the gates and arches, and in the temple itself, palm-trees and cherubim alternately as a continuous ornament throughout. The temple itself appears to be about six or seven times larger in its dimensions than the most holy place in Solomon's temple. Ezekiel is then brought to the outer court or space, which is measured on every side five hundred reeds. Thus the temple which is here spoken of would, with its courts, be nearly a mile square, being consequently seven times larger* than the previous temple, and, indeed, nearly as large as Jerusalem itself, which, at its greatest, could not (so far as appears) have

* The sevenfold greatness seems to appear in several points in the temple of Ezekiel. It is not improbable that the expressions used in Isaiah, xxx. 26, may have reference to this period. "Moreover, the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of seven days."

The site of the sanctuary would appear to correspond with Abraham's first altar (Gen. xii. 6, 7), and also with Gerizim. (Deut. xi. 29, 30), the mountain of blessing. Here also, as St. Stephen implies, were ultimately buried the Patriarchs (Acts, vii. 15, 16). Hither Joseph, sent by his father to his brethren, became eminently a type of Christ (Gen. xxxvii. 12, 13, 14).

been more than about four miles and a quarter in circumference. At this point a division seems to occur in the narrative, the measurements being now completed. The prophet is brought by the angel to the eastern gate, and there, by the way of the eastern gate, the glory of the LORD enters, and fills the house with His glory. Thence, while the angel stands by the prophet, issue forth, addressed to him, these awful and solemn, but yet most encouraging words :—

“ 7. Son of Man, the place of my throne, and the place of the soles of my feet, where I will dwell in the midst of the children of Israel for ever, and my holy name, shall the house of Israel no more defile, neither they, nor their kings by their whoredom, nor by the carcasses of their kings in their high places;

8. In their setting of their threshold by my thresholds, and their post by my posts, and the wall between me and them, they have even defiled my holy name by their abominations that they have committed : wherefore I have consumed them, in mine anger.

9. Now let them put away their whoredom, and the carcasses of their kings, far from me, and I will dwell in the midst of them for ever.

10. Thou son of man, show the house to the house of Israel, that they may be ashamed of their iniquities : and let them measure the pattern.

11. And if they be ashamed of all that they have done, show them the form* of the house, and the fashion thereof, and the goings out thereof, and the coming in thereof, and all the forms thereof, and all the ordinances thereof, and all the

* Hebrew, zoorah.

forms thereof, and all the laws thereof, and write it in their sight, that they may keep the whole form thereof, and all the ordinances thereof, and do them.

12. This is the law of the house; upon the top of the mountain the whole limit thereof round about shall be most holy. Behold, this is the law of the house."*

There is something very remarkable and encouraging in all these declarations, and in those of verses 10, 11, especially. The prophet was to show to his people this temple to induce repentance, and they were to measure its divinely ordered proportions and dimensions. Then, supposing repentance wrought in them by this promised mercy of a restored and greatly enlarged temple,† the prophet is directed to proceed to show them various details thereof, that they might put its entire plan in execution.

Then follow details for the offering of long-discontinued sacrifices, and arrangements for the worship to be offered by *the prince*, although the sceptre has now, as we know-departed from Judah for nearly twice nine hundred years. (Compare Hosea, iii. 4, 5.) As regards the directions to the priesthood, it may be remarked that the personal

* Ezekiel, xlivi. 7-12.

† It should be borne in mind what vast importance the Jewish nation attached of old, and continue to attach, to their temple, still living, as it were, in their hopes and prayers. Who has not heard that touching and affecting song and prayer of the Jew, still feeling himself a captive—

"Lord, build thy temple speedily,
In our days speedily,
Lord, build thy temple speedily."

regulations, enjoined of old upon the high priest only, are here enjoined upon the priests generally.*

After this, there follow (chap. xlv.) other more extensive measurements, no longer, however, made and taken by the angel, but directed to be made by Ezekiel, representing (as he does here) the Jewish nation in general, and more particularly the Jewish priesthood.†

It would require a separate treatise were we to enter into the details of these wonderfully-arranged and most perfectly adjusted measurements. By comparison, however, of chap. xlvi. 1-8 with chap. xlvi. 1-22, it is plain, I think, that the whole square or parallelogram, comprising the holy oblation, the city and its suburbs, and the two portions of the prince, is the centre of this central land, and that of this squared centre itself, the city is the subordinate, and the sanctuary the primary centre.‡ Truly and thoroughly indeed does the plan and platform, herein laid down, present the appearance of a church and a city, a priesthood, and kingdom, and people united closely together. Here is indeed visibly, as it were, set before us the Psalmist's prophetic Jerusalem, "built as a city which is compacted together, as a city which is at unity with itself." (Psalm, cxxii. 3.) In chap. xlvi. are described two

* See chap. xlvi. 17, 22. Progression is thus indicated, and extended sanctity. Kimchi has a singular view, not devoid, it may be, of instructive truth, upon the latter part of chap. xlvi. v. 18, 19, &c., where he supposes Ezekiel to be a priest in the resurrection, grounding this opinion probably, not without reason, upon chap. xxxvii., especially v. 11-13.

† Chap. xlvi. 18, 19; xlvi. 18; xlvi. 13.

‡ See Sketch Map, facing p. 180.

streams issuing forth from under the temple eastward, which in the space of about a mile and three furlongs become a deep river, no longer fordable. The river's brink is fringed, moreover, with trees of various kinds in great numbers, trees for food, trees of unfading leaf, trees of continual fruitfulness, and of healing virtue. And a reason is given for this their excellence, namely, the hallowed source of the waters that fed them, “because their waters they issued out of the sanctuary” (chap. xvii. 12).

With the mention of these healing waters ends for the present the notice of the city itself. The remainder if this chapter and a portion of the concluding chapter is occupied with the apportioning of the land from north to south, to the different tribes. The centre, however, of the land is occupied by I.—the holy oblation, (1.) for the Priests, having the temple in the centre, and also (2.) for the Levites.

II.—The city itself, its dwellings, suburbs, and fields.

III.—The prince's portion, on either side of the holy oblation.

The temple, itself, however, is the centre of these central portions.

Lastly, after enumerating the five southern tribes' portions, the prophecy concludes with a more minute description of that which was first mentioned, and which first met the prophet's view, the city itself. Its four equal sides are given, the number, position, and designation of its twelve gates, and lastly, and above all, the glorious appellation of this city of the Great King—no longer marked by mere visions of peace, or even by peace

itself in the abstract—no longer having a name of righteousness or holiness,* but possessing as it were inherent, and complete,—positive and effective righteousness and holiness in the very presence of her Saviour-God: “The name of the city from that day shall be, THE LORD IS THERE.”

* It is singular to observe the Greek corruption (as it appears to be,) of Jerusalem, *Hiero solyma*, and also the present Arabic name of the city. El Khôddee, “the Holy.” Even the imposed name *Elia Capitolina* carries with it a certain dignity, though given as a mark of subjection and slavery. Were other and stronger evidence wanting, a powerful argument in favour of the truth of revelation, might be drawn even from the providential names and unparalleled vicissitudes of this wonderful city, the enduring antagonist of Babel and Babylon in all its forms, the first and last centre of the Church upon earth, and the broad anti-type of heaven. Such is the city which men may call, not without reason, “the perfection of beauty—the joy of the whole earth.”

But the history of Jerusalem ends not with the earth, nor terminates with the Old Testament. It reaches as it were to heaven itself, and enlarges itself in extent, excellence, and beauty, even far beyond the divinely measured city of Ezekiel.

CHAPTER XVII.

“ But ye are come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel.”—**HEBREWS**, xii. 22-24.

“ Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee ?

Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs there
Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Shall join that glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home ;
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.”

HAVING briefly noticed in the preceding chapter the three past phases of Jerusalem, and having dwelt somewhat more in detail upon the subject of the city shown to Ezekiel, it remains for us to consider :—

V.—The Jerusalem seen by St. John in the closing chapters of the Revelation. May our meditation upon this exalted subject be so chastened, and prove so hallowing to our minds and hearts, that it may quicken our desires and endeavours to inherit the promise : “Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city” (Rev. xxii. 14).

Before, however, we proceed to this final view of Jerusalem, it seems desirable to make a few retrospective remarks, which may tend, in some degree to explain certain difficulties attaching to the descriptions of Ezekiel’s city, and also to illustrate the connection between the city of the prophet Ezekiel, and the heavenly city seen by the Evangelist, St. John, in the Apocalypse.

Respecting the concluding chapters of Ezekiel, the Jews have a pertinent tradition that they will continue unintelligible, until Elijah comes to explain them. Meantime, however, our duty is to study all, and not to neglect any portion of Holy Scripture, since, “*whatsoever* things were written aforetime, were written for our instruction.” Where we cannot understand all or much, we may be thankful to understand a little. Even that little may prove by no means unprofitable; and what we do not understand is at least profitable in promoting humility, from a sense of our weakness and inability to comprehend what is written.

With regard then to the city, and temple, &c., shown to Ezekiel, we may remark that, notwithstanding the great difficulty (as it will appear to most persons) of the re-establishing of sacrifices, still there appear even in those

sacrificial arrangements, indications of an enlarged and evangelical adaptation and character. The following are a few noticeable points :

1. The tribe of Dan, once last, is here in order first. *Joshua, xix. 40-49. Ezekiel, xlvi. 1, 2.*
2. The city is no longer in one tribe, but served by all the tribes. *Ezekiel, xlvi. 6, and xlvi. 19.*
3. While in the case of some sacrifices, there appears a seven-fold increase, the daily *evening* lamb is omitted. The proportion of flour and oil accompanying the burnt offering is increased, the wine omitted.* *Exodus, xxix. 38-41. Ezekiel, xlvi. 13-15.*
4. Though the term "altar" is not rejected, (*Ezekiel, xlvi. 13-27,*) yet the term table is given to a smaller altar, so that the altar is termed "Table." "And he said to me, this is the table which is before the LORD." *Ezekiel, xli. 22 ; xliv. 16.*
5. The Dead Sea is to be healed. *Ezekiel, xlvi. 8.*

That some form of a sacrificial ceremonial should reoccur, even our Lord's words seem to allow, if not to lead us to suppose. "Verily, I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." St. Matthew,

* The land set apart for the Priests and Levites appears to be a tenth of the whole. Besides which, their offered portion seems to be as follows :—of corn one sixtieth, of oil one hundredth, and "one lamb out of the flock out of two hundred, out of the fat pastures of Israel" (ch. xlvi. 14, 15). Of wine here also there is no mention. It is not uninteresting to observe that the uncomplicated decimal standard, of late years so much desired by several European nations, is here fully developed, and distinctly ordered. See ch. xlvi. 10-12.

v. 18. And again : “ It is easier for heaven and earth to pass, than one tittle of the law to fail.” (St. Luke, xvi. 17.) And is it not remarkable, that the 51st Psalm, setting forth more fully perhaps than any other the nature of the Christian repentance, should yet terminate with what we are inclined perhaps to consider a kind of bathos. After assuring himself that “ the sacrifices of God are a broken spirit ; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise,” David concludes as follows : “ Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion : build thou the walls of Jerusalem. Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt-offering and the whole burnt-offering : then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.”

With regard to the sacrifices generally, which are apt to be considered as subversive of the belief of a final atonement, once and once for all upon the Cross, it may be asked : Is not a commemorative use even of bloody sacrifices supposable ? And except upon the supposition of the completed and finished sacrifice upon the cross at the ninth hour ; how are we to account for the distinct omission here of the daily evening sacrifice (chap. xlvi. 13-15) ? The omission also of Pentecost, whatever we may infer from the omission, is no less remarkable (chap. xlv. 21-25). It may perhaps intimate, that the Christian, living, as he does, under a dispensation which is emphatically and pre-eminently the dispensation of the Spirit (see 2 Cor. iii. 6-8, 17, 18), should regard his whole life from baptism onwards, as a kind of Pentecost—a holy feast to that blessed Spirit, who vouchsafes to dwell in Christians’ hearts, and to find a temple in their

body. (St. John, xiv. 17; 1 Cor. vi. 19; 1 John, ii. 27.)

In respect also of the measurements of the land and city, objections have been raised, as if such dimensions would preclude the possibility of a literal and exact fulfilment. The following, however, appear to be the principal dimensions given, if we suppose "the reed" to be (as is usually allowed) nearly eleven feet (ten feet eleven inches, three hundred and twenty-eight decimals). See Ch. xl. 5; xli. 8; xlivi. 13.

1. Place of the Sanctuary; square, one mile, one hundred and ninety-two feet.

2. City, also square, nine miles, seven hundred and twenty-eight feet. (Both the city and the sanctuary appear to be, in different respects, centres of the whole land—the former a northern, the latter a southern centre.)

3. The Holy Oblation (for the Priests), having the Sanctuary in its centre. Fifty-one miles, four thousand three hundred and twenty feet from east to west, and twenty miles, two thousand eight hundred and forty feet from north to south.

4. Levites' portion; the same in every respect, only lying south of the Priests' portion, and not having the central Sanctuary.

5. The possession of the City, fifty-one miles, four thousand three hundred and twenty feet, from east to west; and ten miles, one thousand nine hundred and twenty feet, from north to south.

Thus the whole centre, composed of the Holy Oblation, and the possession of the City, forms an exact square,

of somewhat more than fifty-one miles on each side ; leaving for the Prince's portion, a narrow strip, apparently, on either side, east and west, but extending upwards of fifty-one miles north and south, and commanding the sea and the river.

It appears that "the offering" in chapter xlviii. 8, includes the two portions of the Prince's, and that the Sanctuary "in the midst of it," must accordingly be about equi-distant from the Mediterranean and the Prince's furthest eastern boundary.

The offering, in this largest extent of it, is in length as one of the other parts, from the east side unto the west side. Also, in xlv. 16, 17, it is said, "All the people of the land shall give this oblation for the Prince in Israel. And it shall be the Prince's part to give burnt-offerings," &c. The Prince, together with the Priests, the Levites, and those out of the twelve tribes that serve the city, are all regarded as being, as it were, consecrated property, set apart for the good of all ; and the land assigned for the maintenance of these three parties, as God's ministers, is all of the nature of a holy oblation.

The Sanctuary is thus beautifully placed at equal distances from the eastern and western, and probably, also the northern and southern limits of the whole land. Situated in the midst of the Priest's holy portion, as well as of the whole offering, it has on the *north* about ten miles of that holy land, and the portions of Judah and of six other tribes ; on the *south* it has, in like manner, ten miles of the Priests' portion, then twenty miles of the Levites' portion (also "holy unto the Lord"), then ten miles occupied by the city, and (further south) the por-

tions of Benjamin, and of four other tribes ; on the *west* of the Sanctuary are twenty-five miles of the Priests' portion, and the Prince's territory running fifty-one miles along the shore of the Mediterranean ; on the *east* twenty-five miles of holy land, and the Prince's eastern possession, fifty-one miles north and south.

A length of two hundred miles, and a breadth of one hundred, are probably a moderate estimate of the Promised Land ; and, as these give an area of twenty thousand square miles, the portions of the Priests and Levites (being together fifty-one miles by forty) are not more than a tenth of the whole. The Sanctuary is more than a square mile, and the city, without including its suburbs, eighty-five square miles.

As regards the dimensions of the Holy Land ; from Beyrouth (Berothah, Ezekiel, xlvi. 16) north, to Petra south, is about two hundred and forty miles, and from Damascus, north, to Tamar (Ezekiel, xlvi. 19), or to the present southern extremity of the Dead Sea, is upwards of two hundred miles. According, however, to Dr. Wilson's map of Palestine (Edinburgh, 1847), from the entrance of Hamath, to the border of Edom, or Meribah Kadesh (Ezekiel, xlvi. 19 ; xlvi. 28), would be a distance of about two hundred and eighty miles. As to the extent east and west, there seems but little difficulty ; an east border, including the Hauran, northward, and extending to Meribah Kadesh, southward, allows a wide portion, especially as it appears that the waters of the Dead Sea are to be healed.

From consideration of the extensive city and sanctuary of Ezekiel, we are naturally led on to consider the yet

more extended and ample city of St. John—the holy city, the new Jerusalem.

At the very entrance upon such a subject, one may well, and with reason, falter and tremble lest one should in any wise “add to,” or “take away from” the words which are written concerning it—lest one should in any wise, by the feebleness and sinfulness of mortal and human language, do dishonour to that glorious “CITY OF THE GREAT KING,” and in dishonouring her, dishonour her ever-blessed King Himself. (St. Matthew, v. 35; and xxiii. 21, 22.) Let me, then, be permitted to entreat the reader, before he goes further, to lift up his heart in humble prayer, that both he and the writer may, through the merits of Jerusalem’s once crucified King, be one day together partakers of His glorious city. May we both together experience, in blessed fellow-citizenship, the abiding reality, and actual fruition of those things which are here most feebly and imperfectly treated of, being seen only as “through a glass—darkly.” May our eyes hereafter be permitted to see “the King in his beauty,” and to “behold the land that is very far off.”

We seem, however, to be led on, as it were, by the hand from the one to the other, from Ezekiel’s heaven-measured city to the city seen by St. John, descending out of heaven. The two cities, although in many most important respects very dissimilar, yet have much similar, if not in common. While, however, the city of Ezekiel is regarded as a subject alike uninteresting and unprofitable, the city of the Revelation is usually regarded by the poor, and by the pious and devout poor especially, with the deepest and most hopeful interest, as their rest and

home, and as the bright accomplishment of their hopes and trust in Christ. How often has the solemn twilight stillness of some poor cottage death-bed scene been awakened and enlivened into holy joy by the reading of these thrilling descriptions :—

“ And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain : for the former things are passed away.”

And when the eyes, it may be of some aged parent, are now becoming yet more dim with the near approaching darkness of death, how cheering the words which point to a lasting habitation, where there is no night nor darkness. “ The city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of it” (Revelations, xxi. 23, 24).

Our home, then, as Christians, is not in a Jerusalem alienated from the Jew, and in which he has no distinct and proper ownership and right of inheritance. As “ salvation is from the Jews,” so is Jerusalem, from the days of Abraham and David until the closing visions of St. John, associated and connected with the Jews. The Jerusalem even of St. John, is not an isolated Christian Jerusalem ; it is not a Christian city in which the Jews have part

but rather a Jewish city, so to speak, comprehending Christians. In it, both are one in one Christ, its king, son of Adam, but more emphatically, son of David, son of Abraham, and sprung from Judah. The Jerusalem of St. John, the lasting habitation of both together under one Messiah, rises, as it were, out of, above, and in every respect, beyond the preceding cities; and yet the nearest approach to it, though far distant, is that of Ezekiel. Both are mentioned apparently in this same book, in adjoining chapters, the city of Ezekiel being spoken of in Revelations, xx. 9, as "the camp of the saints," and "the beloved city," while a few verses after, in chap. xxi. 2, St. John sees the holy city, new Jerusalem. The following are a few points of comparison:—

1. In Ezekiel the divine angel measures before the prophet's sight with a reed. To St. John himself, as "in the Kingdom of Heaven," and therefore greater than Ezekiel, the reed is given, and he is himself directed to "rise and measure the temple of God" (Rev. xi. 1). Afterwards, however, St. John says, "He that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the wall thereof."

2. In Ezekiel's city are twelve gates bearing the names of the twelve tribes, and similarly arranged with those in the Jerusalem of St. John, three being placed on each of the four sides. Here, however, "at the gates are twelve angels." Moreover, here "the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb" (chap. xxi. 14).

3. Yet these very foundations have a kind of Jewish reference; the twelve precious stones with which they

are adorned having evident reference, not so much to those which decked Solomon's temple (1 Chron. xxix. 2), as to those which graced and formed the oracular breast-plate of the High Priest (Exodus, xxviii. 15-21).

4. The city of Ezekiel, its temple, and the whole central area is, (as has been stated,) a most perfect square, a square surface or area, placed apparently upon an elevated mountain plain. The Jerusalem of St. John is a yet more perfect (being a cubic) square. "The city lieth four-square, and the length is as large as the breadth: and he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length, and the breadth, and the height of it are equal" (chap. xxi. 16).

5. In Ezekiel, the sanctuary and holy oblation occupy a large central portion, but yet appear to be distinct from the city. Here, in St. John, no temple is seen, but the city itself is, as it were, all temple throughout, being "the tabernacle of God" (Rev. xxi. 3). And thus we may, perhaps, understand what St. John says, v. 22. "And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it."

O what inconceivable splendour and glory and blessedness does such an intimation imply and indicate! How limited compared with this, was even the overpowering cloud of glory that filled Solomon's temple at its dedication. Even from Ezekiel's city its temple or sanctuary seems to be removed probably thirty miles distant. Here, in the heavenly city, all is, as it were one blessed temple; being the "tabernacle of God with men," and "the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb being the temple of it."

6. In Ezekiel the waters proceed out of the sanctuary,

and heal, apparently, barren lands and salt and dead waters. St. John says, "He showed me a pure river of water of life, clear (bright) as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb" (Rev. xxii. 1). In Ezekiel the trees on either side of the river are of various kinds, with unfading leaf and unfailing fruit; the fruit for food, the leaf for medicine. But St. John sees, "in the street" of the city, and "on either side of the river, the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

6. As regards the light and illumining of Ezekiel's city, we have no distinct intimation in the prophecy of Ezekiel itself. The expressions, however, of Isaiah, speaking perhaps of the same period, are these:—"Moreover the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of seven days, in the day that the **LORD** bindeth up the breach of his people, and healeth the stroke of their wound" (Isaiah, xxx. 26). Whereas the glory of God is the light of the heavenly city: "the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof" (Rev. xxi. 23). And again, "There shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun: for the Lord God giveth them light" (Revelations, xxii. 5).

7. Into the city of Ezekiel it appears that death still enters (Ezekiel, xliv. 22, 25), although it is possible that a restored length of life, as once in the early ages of the world, may then also be granted. Such a prolongation

of life seems to be indicated in the expressions of Isaiah (chap. lxv. 20-22), that “the child shall die an hundred years old,” &c., and in the promise, “as the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands.” Then too, perhaps, will occur a more extensive fulfilment than the world has yet seen of the promise attached to the fifth commandment—length of days in the land given by God. But into the new Jerusalem no curse, and no death shall enter. “God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away” (Rev. xxi. 4).*

* The writer feels that no apology is needed for the following extracts from that deservedly admired allegory of the seventeenth century, the “Pilgrim’s Progress to the Celestial City,” a work now purchasable in Hebrew at the gate of the earthly Jerusalem.

“Now upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them. Wherefore being come out of the river, they saluted them, saying, ‘We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those that shall be heirs of salvation.’ Thus they went along towards the gate.

“Now you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up the hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; also they had left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundations upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds; they therefore went up through the region of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted, because they got safely over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

“The talk that they had with the shining ones was about the glory of the place; who told them that the beauty and glory of it was inex-

What a fearful contrast to this is the condition of Babylon, a city whose character is described as the mother of harlots, and of earth's manifold abominations; whose judgment, not whose gaudy glory and usurping power, St. John is called by the angel to notice. For

pressable. 'There' said they, '*is Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect* (Hebrews, xii. 22, 23). You are going now,' said they, 'to the paradise of God, wherein you shall see the tree of life, and eat of the never-fading fruit thereof; and when you come there, you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the days of eternity (Rev. ii. 7; iii. 4, 5; xxii. 5). There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower region upon the earth : to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death ; for the former things are passed away. You are now going to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob, and to the prophets ; men that God hath taken away from the evil to come, and that are now resting upon their beds, each one walking in his righteousness.' The men then asked, 'What must we do in the holy place?' To whom it was answered : 'You must there receive the comforts of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow ; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers, and tears, and sufferings for the King by the way (Gal. vi. 7, 8). In that place you must wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and vision of the HOLY ONE ; for *there you shall see him as he is* (1 John, iii. 2). There also you shall serve him continually with praise, with shouting, and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the world, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh ! There your eyes shall be delighted with seeing, and your ears with hearing the pleasant voice of the MIGHTY ONE ! There you shall enjoy your friends again, that are gone thither before you ; and there you shall with joy receive even every one that follows into the holy place after you ! When He shall come with sound of trumpets in the clouds, as upon the wings of the wind, you shall come with Him ; and when He shall sit upon the

her is reserved a terrible ruin and downfall, such as will strike the nations of the earth with astonishment and fear, with sorrow and dismay. For her is reserved a hopeless and endless punishment—a visitation and judgment, which

throne of judgment, you shall sit by Him ! yea, and when He shall pass sentence upon all the workers of iniquity, let them be angels or men, you shall have a voice in that judgment, because they were His and your enemies ! Also, when He shall again return to the City, you shall go too with sound of trumpet, and be ever with Him.' (Thess. iv. 13-17 ; Jude, 14, 15 ; Daniel, vii. 9, 10 ; 1 Cor. vi. 2, 3.)

"Now, while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them They compassed them round on every side : some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, and some on the left (as it were to guide them through the upper region), continually sounding, as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high ; so that the very sight was, to them that could behold it, as if heaven itself was come down to meet them." "Here also they had the City itself in view." "But, above, all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there with such company, and that for ever and ever. Oh ! by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed ! Thus they came up to the gate."

"Now I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate ; and lo ! as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiments put on that shone like gold ! there were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave to them the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour." "Now just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold, the City shone like the sun : the streets, also, were paved with gold ; and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal.

"There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying : *Holy, holy, holy is the Lord.* And after that they shut up the gates, which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them."

(awful as is the thought) is matter of solemn and holy joy to the myriads of saints in heaven. As if to encourage Christ's people with threefold strength of hope, three angels are commissioned successively, and in various ways, to declare her fall (Rev. xiv. 8-12; xviii. 2, 21). As all the redeemed in Christ are associated and united in the heavenly Jerusalem, so is the ruin of all the lost, who reject and disown Him, associated with Babylon. "As Babylon hath caused the slain of Israel to fall, so at Babylon shall fall the slain of all the earth" (Jer. li. 49). Together with her downfall must fall and perish all hopes that do not centre in the heavenly Jerusalem. Those that escape are saved, not by remaining in her, but by flight from her. "Ye that have escaped the sword, go away, stand not still; remember the Lord afar off, and let Jerusalem come into your mind" (Jer. li. 50). Similar to this is the warning in St. John: "And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues" (Rev. xviii. 4).

We must choose our city, either the city of men, of the world, and of Satan, or the city of our God, the city of the great King, the heavenly Jerusalem.* Rather, as

* *Civitas Regis Magni: ipsa est Hierusalem spiritualiter. Ejus inimica est Civitas diaboli Babylon, quæ confusio interpretatur.*"—St. AUGUSTIN, *De Civitati Dei*, Book xvii. ch. 16.

"Quas mysticè appellamus Civitates duas, hoc est, duas societates hominum: quarum est una, quæ prædestinata est in æternum regnare cum Deo, altera æternum supplicium subire cum diabolo."—Book xv. ch. 1.

"Fecerunt itaque civitates duas amores duo, terrenam scilicet amor

► St. Paul shows, God has already chosen the latter for us : “ Ye are come,” he says, “ to Mount Zion, and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem.” Yet does it still remain for us to shun all participation with Babylon, whether pride, sensuality, luxury, hypocrisy, superstition, idolatry, a persecuting spirit, or wearing the outward garb and form of godliness, while we secretly deny and reject its constraining power within us. To see the heavenly Jerusalem, that most perfect cube of cubes, that most glorious city of cities, descending from heaven, all formed and all filled without us, including within it all best and holiest society, while we ourselves are, as unclean and unholy, shut out and excluded,—O what anguish must seize the awakened conscience; to see and realize in our own case this bitter and hopeless exclusion. “ There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, when ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets, in

sui usque ad contemptum Dei, cælestem vero amor Dei usque ad contemptum sui. Illa in se ipsâ, hæc in Domino gloriatur.”—Book xiv. ch. 28.

“ *Gloriosa dicta sunt de te, Civitas Dei.* Et in alio Psalmo legitur : *Magnus Dominus, et laudabilis valde in Civitate Dei nostri, &c.* Item in alio : *Fluminis impetus letificat Civitatem Dei, &c.* His atque hujusmodi testimoniis didicimus esse quandam Civitatem Dei, cuius cives esse concupiscimus illo amore, quem nobis illius Conditor inspiravit.”—Book xv. ch. 1.

The figurative, or (as it is often termed) the spiritual interpretation, adopted here as elsewhere by St. Augustin, does not preclude a more exact or literal interpretation : on the contrary, it rather leads the mind on to a more literal application. Things spiritual are not opposed to actual, exact, and real ; the only true and abiding realities are spiritual.

the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out" (St. Luke, xiii. 28).

And as the thought of final exclusion is, if we consider it, full of alarm and terror; so, on the other hand, who can comprehend the unspeakable joy of finding ourselves "caught up to meet the Lord in the air," included among the citizens of the heavenly Jerusalem, and being "ever with the Lord."*

If Abraham "looked for a city, which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God," much more ought we as Christians to look forward to that same city, that we may there in one Christ be "blessed with faithful Abraham." The earthly Jerusalem, deeply as it must ever interest the Christian, yet is but retrospective, unless we also take into view the expanded city and sanctuary of Ezekiel, and the yet more glorious city seen by St. John. As the earthly Jerusalem still testifies to the sufferings of Christ, so does the future and heavenly city testify to His glory that is to follow. The more definite our views of God's promises to His church and people, the stronger will be our hope, the firmer will be our faith. It is but a vague expression to say that we hope to go to

* Quod sequitur, ubi Psalmus iste (lxxxix.) concluditur, *Benedictio Domini in eternum, Fiat, fiat*; universo populo Dei ad caelestem Hierusalem pertinenti, satis congruit. Benedictio quippe Domini in semine David in eternum speranda est, in qua certissimâ spe dicitur, *Fiat, fiat*. . . . Domus enim David, propter genus David; domus autem Dei eadem ipsa, propter templum Dei, de hominibus factum, non de lapidibus, ubi habitet in eternum populus cum Deo et in Deo suo, et Deus cum populo et in populo suo; ita ut Deus sit implens populum suum, et populus plenus Deo suo, cum Deus erit omnia in omnibus."—ST. AUGUSTIN, *De Civitate Dei*, Book xvii. ch. 12.

heaven. Our hope is rather (as Scripture sets before us) to be with Christ in Jerusalem, fellow-citizens there with all his saints. This is a definite hope, calculated to meet and animate all our best affections, to live by anticipation as citizens of the heavenly and holy Jerusalem, the city of the Great King, until that city itself descends from heaven, and we ourselves, by God's infinite mercy in Christ, are caught up to meet Him, and find our happy place in the city of our God, in the blessed and constant presence of the Saviour and King of His Saints.

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO HIS COMMANDMENTS, THAT THEY MAY HAVE RIGHT TO THE TREE OF LIFE, AND MAY ENTER IN THROUGH THE GATES INTO THE CITY."—REVELATIONS, xxii. 14.

"O ALMIGHTY GOD, WHO HAST KNIT TOGETHER THINE ELECT IN ONE COMMUNION AND FELLOWSHIP, IN THE MYSTICAL BODY OF THY SON CHRIST OUR LORD; GRANT US GRACE SO TO FOLLOW THY BLESSED SAINTS IN ALL VIRTUOUS AND GODLY LIVING, THAT WE MAY COME TO THOSE UNSPEAKABLE JOYS, WHICH THOU HAST PREPARED FOR THEM THAT UNFEIGNEDLY LOVE THEE; THROUGH JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD. AMEN."

Collect for all Saints' Day.

ISRAEL'S ENGRAFFING.

SERMON

PREACHED BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.*

Sunday, March 23rd, 1851.

"How much more shall these, which be the natural branches, be grafted into their own olive-tree?"—*ROMANS*, xi. v. 24.

ST. PAUL, in the noble episode contained in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh chapters of this epistle, treats principally of the election and rejection, and final receiving again of Israel. The history of that nation, as it is here set before us, is at once a most marked instance of God's sovereignty and power, and also an awe-striking lesson of humility. God, in his power, and justice, and just severity, has broken off the natural branches of the olive, and in wonderful mercy has grafted us in from the wild olive-tree. It is then in connexion with the latter point, namely, God's wonderful mercy to us Gentiles, that the text presents itself. In the consideration of which let us implore the aid of that Holy Spirit, who forms and fills the universal Church of Christ, throughout the world, whether of the Jews or of the Gentiles.

Were there, then, nothing further or more for us to learn from this passage, than a lesson of deep humility, the passage would still be replete with the most important instruction and

* Agreeably to a recent foundation (1848-9) for a sermon to be preached annually before the University: "On the application of the Prophecies in Holy Scripture respecting the Messiah to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, with an especial view to confute the arguments of Jewish commentators, and to promote the conversion to Christianity of the ancient people of God."

most needful warning. For the lesson hence to be derived is the more appalling, according to the fancied prosperity of the Gentile Church, or the apparent welfare of any one Gentile Church in particular. “ If thou boast, thou bearest not the root, but the root thee.” “ Boast not against the branches.” “ Be not high-minded, but fear: for if God spared not the natural branches, take heed lest He also spare not thee.”

The line, then, of the Apostle’s argument in this chapter seems to be somewhat as follows:—You are not to suppose, (he seems to say,) that God has cast away the whole nation of Israel. I myself, through His great mercy, am an instance to the contrary; and as in the days of Ahab and Elijah, God had a remnant of true worshippers, 7,000, who had not bowed the knee to Baal, even so at this present time also. Are we, however, of the nation generally, to suppose that they have stumbled so as to fall away and be rejected for ever? Far from it. They have been permitted to fall, that salvation might come to you. Their loss and their rejection has been great gain and advantage to you. They through unbelief were broken off: thou through mercy and faith are now grafted in. But be assured of this, that God is able to graft them in again. Thy very position at this moment in the Christian Church is an *a fortiori* assurance of this. “ For if thou wert cut out of the olive-tree which is wild by nature, and wert grafted contrary to nature into a good olive-tree, how much more shall these which be the natural branches, be grafted into their own olive-tree?”

The words of the text, then, imply (1st) the fact that the Jewish nation, the natural branches of the good olive-tree, have been broken off. They declare (2ndly), most plainly, that they shall be grafted in again. And they imply (3rdly and lastly) a relative and reciprocal agency, developed in several particulars in other portions of this chapter, between the salvation of the Jews and the salvation of the Gentiles.

(I) Upon the first of these three points we need not dwell at any length. It is obvious to all the world, and still more is it before the eyes of all Christendom throughout the world, that the Jews as a nation have been broken off. Time was when the Jewish nation could say joyfully and hopefully in the words of her prophet King : "As for me, I am like a green olive-tree in the house of God ; my trust is in the tender mercy of God for ever and ever" (Psalm lii. 8). But now, rejecting her Saviour, His threatening is signally fulfilled in her : "If any abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered" (St. John, xv. 6). The things, which were done in that dry tree, are, by the prophecies of Moses and those of our blessed Lord himself, by the history of Josephus and all national Christian history to the present day, notable and notorious throughout the world. From Russia and Poland northward, to Dongola and central Africa southward; from Aleppo, Damascus, and Persia, eastward, to Spain and Toledo westward ; and alas, must we not add our own country also, in former ages, the Jew may with reason take up the complaint of the Trojan wanderer, and ask—

"Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris !"

Or if we consider periods and duration of time, now for nearly twice nine hundred years have the prophetic judgments, denounced in the Old Testament, been receiving with more or less acuteness their accomplishment, in their nation, their land, and their city. To this day is more or less applicable the touching lamentation of Jeremiah, "Is *this* the city that men call the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth?" Still may we apply to Jerusalem the complaint and prayer of that true patriot Daniel : "O Lord, I beseech thee, let thine anger and thy fury be turned away from thy city Jerusalem, thy holy mountain : because for our sins, and for the iniquities of our fathers, Jerusalem and thy people are become a reproach to all that are about us." "For the curse is poured upon us,"

and "under the whole heaven hath not been done as hath been done upon Jerusalem" (Dan. ix. 16; ii. 12). Or, (to refer to what is probably the basis of the apostle's simile in the passage before us), "The LORD," says the prophet Jeremiah, "called thy name a green olive-tree, fair, and beautiful, and of goodly fruit: with the noise of a great tumult hath He kindled fire upon it, and the branches of it are broken. For the Lord of Hosts that planted thee hath pronounced evil against thee, for the evil of the house of Israel and of the house of Judah, which they have done against themselves to provoke me to anger" (Jer. xi. 16, 17). And seen as the judgments upon the Jewish nation are seen, even by the unbelieving eyes of the nations of the world generally, may we not consider the prophetic declaration of God by his prophet Ezekiel to have been in great measure fulfilled? "And all the trees of the field shall know that I the LORD have brought down the high tree and have dried up the green tree I the Lord have spoken and have done it" (Ezekiel, xvii. 24).

But if, from their political and temporal state of cassation and rejection, we turn to their general moral and religious condition, so far as we have fair data to judge from, then their state of continued persecution, oppression, and ignominy, termed, as it is, by themselves, "the eternal captivity," is comparatively but a light evil. Regarded generally, notwithstanding many most bright and encouraging exceptions, their religious state seems to be, (so far as the heart and life are concerned,) either a mingled condition of hardness and blindness, of the vainest and most trifling superstition and most frivolous ritualities, or else of a vague theoretic rationalistic scepticism, and virtually atheistic self-satisfied Deism. So that sometimes the most ardent friends of Israel among the Gentiles, whether missionaries or patrons and promoters of missions, have been tempted as in an apparently hopeless cause, rather to despair than abide by the wise reference of the prophet to Almighty power: "And

he said unto me, Son of man, can these dry bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest."

But if, brethren, we would have faith and not despair in this cause, we must apply to the only sure ground of faith, the declarations and promises of the Almighty. If it be so, that there be no plain promise of their reception and restoration to His favour, then so far we shall do well and wisely to despair of, and so desist from, attempting, as His instruments, to bring about and accomplish that, which He has never and nowhere declared that He will bring about and accomplish. If the Jewish nation are not to be converted, vain is it and idle in us to attempt their conversion. While, besides colonial and home-born Heathenism, if one may use such an expression, a wide Gentile field is almost everywhere open to us, why spend and exhaust our energies unavailingly upon the comparatively few millions (seven, or perhaps eight,) of the Jewish nation? This is not the place or the occasion to meet this objection from facts, such as the thousands of (so far as man can judge) sincere converts in Germany, Poland, Russia, and elsewhere nearer home, nor from the circumstance that there have been nearly thirty ordained clergy of our Church, who were once Rabbis and learned men, deservedly esteemed and respected in their own nation, and of whom four-fifths are missionaries. Our encouragement and our action should rest not so much on subsequent facts as on preceding principles, not so much on apparent success as on Divine sanction.

(II.) And this brings us to consider, secondly, the divine promise implied in the text, that the natural branches are yet to be grafted in again into their own olive-tree. Time will only allow of a brief reference to a few of the prophecies of the Old Testament. I would only postulate that *restoration to their land implies either co-temporaneously or soon subsequently a restoration to God's favour*, the grafting of them in again into their own olive-tree.

Whatever may be the difficulties of interpreting the latter chapters of Ezekiel, (and the Jews themselves admit their difficulty by prohibiting their being studied before the Levitical age of thirty,) that entire passage cannot be regarded as isolated. The prophecies of Isaiah, Micah, Zechariah, although in less fulness of detail, present to our view an enlarged temple, a more spacious Jerusalem, of different elevation, dimensions, and character, from any that has arisen in that divinely honoured spot, from the days of Abraham and Melchizedek until now. Of such a restored kingdom and service as is there foretold, the Crusader's kingdom of the twelfth century was doubtless a divinely-permitted pseudo-anticipation ; but theirs were not the hands, nor was that (as has since been proved) the time for its true fulfilment. As the Church of Jerusalem was once honoured of old, acknowledged as "*Mater Christiani nominis*," "*Mater omnium ecclesiarum*," and as a centre of unity, from which none was to venture or presume to separate,* so does the sure word of prophecy indicate, not indistinctly, that to Jerusalem belong, and in Jerusalem shall one day be realized, those prerogatives of unity and comprehensiveness which many have sought, and yet seek in vain, in the Church of Rome†—a church which from age to age has systematically

* See Pearson's Minor Theological Works. Oxford, 1844, (Lectures on the Acts). Vol. i. p. 327. *Antiochena ecclesia sese efferebat, quod a sancto Petro fundata sit, et Romana multo magis. Cum liquido constet, ecclesiam Hierosolymitanam non tantum Romana, sed et Antiochena reliquisque omnibus antiquiore esse, et a S. Petro primo fundatam, imo ab omnibus Apostolis simul. "Sed et in Hierusalem primum fundata Ecclesia totius orbis ecclesias seminavit. Et pulchre, non dixit in Sion, et in Hierusalem erit, et manebit verbum, et lex Domini, sed egredietur; ut de illo fonte omnes nationes doctrinae Dei significet irrigandas."* (St. Jerome's *Commentary on Isaiah*, ch. ii.) Hanc igitur "matrem omnium ecclesiarum" appellat concilium Constantinopolitanum. Hanc igitur "matrem Christiani nominis" vocavit Justinus imperator, Epistola ad Hormisdam : "Ad colligendas et adunandas ubique venerabiles ecclesias, et Hierosolymitanam praecepi; eum tantum omnes favorem impendunt, quasi matri Christiani nominis, ut nemo audeat ab ea sese discernere." Quicquid igitur aliæ ecclesiæ pro primatu obtendant, prima et mater omnium ecclesiarum Hierosolymani fuit.

+ See Hollingsworth's *Holy Land Restored*, London, 1849, pp. 46, 47. Com-

oppressed and trampled under her foot, and by her idolatrous presentation of Christianity, has retained in obduracy of unbelief the exiled sons and daughters of Jerusalem. The familiar prophecy of Isaiah (ch. ii.), parallel to its repetition in the fourth chapter of Micah, describes the mountain of the Lord's house as established on the top of the mountains, and lifted up above the hills. This is not, and has never been, the past state of Jerusalem—the surrounding hills are higher than Jerusalem, and Zion higher than Mount Moriah. We might, however, and may still (in one sense) understand the passage figuratively; we may suppose, with that able commentator Vitringa, the old poetic Heathen mountains, Ossa, and Ida, and Olympus, laid low and prostrate, and, as it were, a substratum for the higher Gospel-mountain, the issue and result of the stone, seen by Daniel, cut out without hands (Dan. ii: 34, 35, 44). But if we turn to the latter part of Zechariah, we there find concomitant expressions which it seems impossible to interpret otherwise than closely and literally. “All the land shall be turned as a plain ; (it is now full two-thirds mountain) from Geba to Rimmon south of Jerusalem ; and it shall be lifted up and inhabited in her place.” And “Jerusalem shall be safely inhabited.” “And the LORD shall be king over all the earth : in that day shall there be one LORD, and his name one.”

It will however, no doubt, be objected that the time for these events is not yet arrived. As the Jews objected to Ezekiel, and eluded the urgency of his prophecies by saying, “The days are prolonged :”—“the vision that he seeth is for many days to come ;—he prophesieth of the times that are far menting upon Jer. iii. 16, 17, he says :—“The ark of God was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, and not restored in form under the roof of the second temple. Nor has Jerusalem been regarded by all the world, as God's throne and fountain of Religious Law ; for the Papal power has usurped and still continues to proclaim *herself* in her city, the Mother of Churches, and the throne of God on earth.”

off" (Ezekiel, xii. 22, 27); so, it may be, we are in danger of contenting ourselves with doing little or nothing, because it appears to us that God's time is not arrived for the accomplishment of all. It seems, however, that we have little to do with times and seasons; these the Father hath put in His own power. Christ would have us watch, as for His second coming, so also for the accomplishment of the various events, which are to be accomplished between His first and His second coming. Our duty is, in one word, to hasten within and without the coming of His kingdom. Of that kingdom how material a part are the Jews! First in the kingdom, and from whom the kingdom came to us—in the family of two sons, the elder son still without in the field. With the precise time of his future reinstatement to favour, the happy season, (as regards days or years) when those noble, but now dry and withered branches shall be grafted in again into their olive-tree—with this we have little to do; with the prophetic and (therefore in the purposes of God) historic fact we have much to do. Not only to produce humility in us, (the now highly favoured church of the Gentiles), has St. Paul, inspired by the Holy Spirit, here recorded that they shall be grafted in again, and that God is able to graft them in again, but also to give a definite encouragement and to point out a definite course of continued missionary action to us. Had the time been pointed out, we might have forborn acting and working till that time; but now the time is uncertain and unrevealed, that we might be kept watching and working at all times.

Let us proceed now to consider, in the New Testament, one or two passages indicating more or less distinctly the final restoration and engraving again of the Jewish nation. We will consider our Lord's words just before his death, and also after his resurrection, and then turn to the passage before us. In St. Luke we find him uttering this brief but pregnant and comprehensive prophecy:—"Jerusalem shall be trodden down

of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." In this expression (*έσται παρονμένη*) our Lord seems to refer to the language of Isaiah (ch. li.), where God speaks of those that oppress and afflict Jerusalem, "which have said to thy soul, bow down that we may go over: and thou hast laid thy body as the ground, and as the street, to them that went over." Immediately after which follow these glowing promises of release and restoration :—" Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city; for henceforth there shall no more come into thee the uncircumcised and the unclean. Shake thyself from the dust, O Jerusalem," and other language to the same effect. It appears, then, that when the times of the Gentiles are fulfilled, (and they appear alike in knowledge and in guilt to be fulfilling speedily,) Jerusalem shall no longer be trodden and trampled upon by the Gentiles. This implies her restoration to God's favour, her engraving again, and inclusively her general and national acceptance of Jesus as the Messiah. We next turn to the disciples' question : "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" Our Lord's answer is very observable—not a negation of the prophetic fact, but a concealing, a non-revealing of the prophetic time : "It is not for you to know the times and the seasons which the Father hath put in his own power." Upon this answer it need only be remarked that any *continuance* of an Israelitic kingdom in a state of unbelief and rejection of Jesus as the Messiah, is obviously an idea utterly untenable.

We now come to the passage from which the text is taken, the treating of which it may not be inconvenient to merge into the third and last portion of the subject, namely, the relative and reciprocal agency (in the matter of this engraving) between the salvation of the Jews and the salvation of the Gentiles.

(III.) The words of our text—" How much more shall these, which be the natural branches, be grafted into their own olive-

tree," indicate a relative, and the whole passage a reciprocal agency. We may, perhaps, profitably consider both these together. These words, then, "How much more," implies a greater ease and less difficulty, (if one may speak of ease or difficulty, where the agent is Almighty,) in the grafting in again of the Jews, than in the primary admission and engraving of the Gentiles, cut out of the wild olive-tree. To assure us of the latter, St. Peter's vision at Joppa is twice—St. Paul's converting vision near Damascus is thrice rehearsed in the Acts; and the significant symbol of the former, the ark-resembling sheet, was thrice repeated: "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common." It is, then, however difficult and seemingly impossible to the eyes of man, an easy thing for the heavenly Husbandman to graft in again these which, though withered and dry, are still the natural branches; easy is it for Him, who has made summer and winter, to graft them in again upon the holy root in the future spring-time of His love and mercy, and make them equally (ay, and it may be even more fully than us)—partakers of the root and fatness of their own olive-tree. Easy it is for Almighty power to do as He has said, to "plant the heavens and lay the foundation of the earth, and to say unto Zion, Thou art my people" (Isaiah, li. 16).

It appears, however, as may be instanced in what occurred at Pisidian Antioch (Acts xiii.), that as there was then a reciprocal rejection of the Jews and admission of the Gentiles, so, as the closing period of the times of the Gentiles comes on, the Jewish nation shall be received again. Of old and until now their fall and the diminishing of them has proved the riches and enriching of the Gentile world: how much more, (argues St. Paul,) shall their fullness, the full receiving and engraving of them, work the same blessed effect! The rejection of them—the breaking off of those natural branches—was the reconciling of the world; what then shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead?

In the mind of our heavenly Father, man's perfection is mercy.* The pattern of that mercy is the divine mercy itself. Unbelief has been the great occasion and place for the exercise of the Divine mercy: it is the occasion and opportunity for us to show mercy also. To the Jew, regarded as a nation, we owe a debt which we can never repay—"from whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever." There is no reason to believe that, considering the proportion of labourers, and the aggregate of difficulties, the success of missions among the Jews is less than among the Gentiles. And it is a remarkable fact that several warm advocates of the cause of Gentile missions have in their latter days given themselves rather to the cause of the Jews, not that they felt the former less, but the latter, in the Providence of God, more important. Our standing orders, brethren, never yet cancelled, never to be cancelled until He return again, are, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." How far, and in what particular way, these orders apply to each or any one of us must be a matter left mainly with God, and with our own consciences as in the sight of God. Few are the actual matters, (few, though most comprehensive,) for which our blessed Lord has in direct terms commanded us to pray; but this one may confidently assert, that His words, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest; that he would send forth ἑράλδοι labourers into his harvest;" and again: "Hallowed be thy name, Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven," imply at least threefold the interest in missions and missionary labours indicated usually and generally in our lives and actions. Sad it is, and not altogether honourable to us, considering our great advantages, that we should have been so long and so extensively beholden to foreigners to fill our missions, whether among Jew or Gentile. We have, (and so far it is well,) furnished a certain amount of funds and money, but have we not,

* St. Matthew, v. 48: St. Luke, vi. 36.

then, too many of us, been contented to sit still at home? As if, in some of the populous cities of our land, one should give the conventional sovereign or guinea to a District Visiting Society, but himself never visit, or at best be slow to visit, the fatherless and widow in their affliction. And so, perhaps, we shall for the most part let it go on, letting the times of the Gentiles run out, as it were, to their last sands, until to our astonished eyes, the Jewish nation in every land, and in every principal city in every land, awake up, a nation born at once, a native ministry in every country, a wide-spread nation of many-tongued missionaries; and the Gospel is no longer a treasure in our hands to disperse, but "salvation is," again as at the first, "from the Jews" (St. John, iv. 22).

But, brethren, this should not be so; nor does it appear likely in the providence of God, that this will take place, until more mercy, more truth, is shown by us to them. There seems no sufficient ground to set aside the rendering of the thirty-first verse of this chapter, as connected by Theophylact, and adopted by our authorized version, which points to mercy in store for the Jews, through the mercy and compassion yet to be shown to them by the Gentiles: "So have these also now not believed, that through your mercy they also may obtain mercy." O, if ever there was a case, and an occasion which called for mercy of man to man, surely it is this: that the prosperous and favoured Gentile Christian should show mercy upon the outcast and unbelieving Israelite. Ours is now all that he once in better days counted most precious, the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the service of God, and the promises—yea, Christ himself is ours, who should be, and shall one day be theirs. England, as some one has boldly and concisely remarked, with reference to her delegated office of evangelizing the world—England is the surrogate of Israel. Our duty is first reciprocal action, to give to them from whom and through whom we have largely received. The mother of

all the churches is now cast out and rejected, as a broken, dry, and withered branch. We partake, wild as we are by nature, of the root and fatness of that goodly olive-tree. O let our prayer be, as in the words of our Christian poet of the seventeenth century, that to that

“Poor nation whose sweet sap and juice
Our seyons have purloined,
Their own sweet sap may come again.”

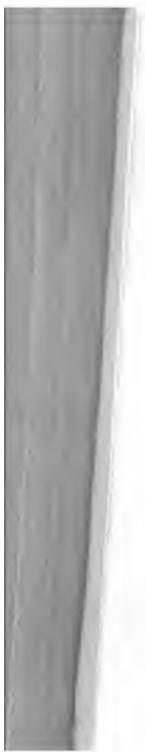
Let us each endeavour, by our studies, by our alms, and by our prayers, that these the natural branches may speedily, in God's good time, be grafted again into their own olive-tree. Let us, by deeper studying of the Holy Scriptures, and more particularly of the original Hebrew of the Old Testament, let us by more self-denial in bodily expenditure to increase missionary almsgiving, let us by more earnest and frequent intercessory prayers, daily, and more particularly on Fridays and Sundays, in the name of Him, whom they crucified, and whose blessed resurrection they yet deny—let us thus hasten the full bringing in of that wonderful and wonderfully punished nation, whose fulness shall be the untold spiritual riches and enriching of us Gentiles, and the engraving and receiving of whom is life from the dead.

Now unto Him, who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to His power that worketh in us, to Him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

“O GOD, THE GOD OF ABRAHAM, LOOK UPON THINE EVERLASTING COVENANT; CAUSE THE CAPTIVITY OF JUDAH AND ISRAEL TO RETURN. THEY WERE THY PEOPLE; O BE THOU THEIR SAVIOUR, THAT ALL WHO LOVE JERUSALEM, AND MOURN FOR HER, MAY REJOICE WITH HER FOR JESUS CHRIST'S SAKE, THEIR SAVIOUR AND OURS. AMEN.”

BISHOP WILSON's *Sacra Privata*.







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